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THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

AMONG the deaths of "distinguished men" during the year, few, if any, will be more lamented than that of Justice Talfourd. In announcing it, recently, we briefly referred to his literary career, in presenting now a portrait of him, we have no additional critical remarks to make, but confine ourselves to the more grateful task of noticing his rare characteristics

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as a man. The materials for a biographical sketch of Talfourd are yet meager: we hope that some one of his numerous literary friends (and no Englishman had more or warmer ones) will pay him the melancholy tribute which he paid so affectionately and worthily to his old literary associate, Charles Lamb. Meanwhile, we make up from what fragmentary

sources are at our command (chiefly the *London Spectator* and *Examiner*) a brief estimate of his character.

He was born at Reading in 1793. His father was a brewer; his mother, the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Noon, an Independent minister. Educated at the Reading Grammar School, under Dr. Valpy, young Talfourd came to London in 1813, and was a pupil of the late Mr. Chitty. He was called to the bar, by the Middle Temple, in 1821; and he married in the following year. Joining the Oxford Circuit, he made his way to the position of leader in a comparatively short period, and in 1833 assumed the Sergeant's coif. Elected in that year as member for Reading, he sat for the borough, in successive Parliaments, till 1841; and he was again elected in 1847. In 1848, while in the court-house at Stafford, the telegraph brought him intelligence that he was made a Judge of the Common Pleas. In private life he was much beloved; and among the testimonies to his character called forth by his death, is one by Mr. Justice Coleridge, delivered as a preface to his charge to the Grand Jury at the Derby Assizes:—

"He was sitting, as I do now, discharging the same duty in which I am engaged, and in the act of addressing the Grand Jury, when in an instant that eloquent tongue was arrested by the hand of death, and that generous unselfish heart was cold. Surely nothing can exemplify more strikingly the uncertainty of life. There he was sitting, as I am now, administering justice; people were trembling at the thought of having to come before him; but in a minute his function was over, and he was gone to his own account. Gentlemen, he was the leader of another circuit, and I believe had never visited this as a judge; he was probably not much known to you at the bar or on the bench. His literary performances you can scarcely be ignorant of; but, indeed, he was much more than merely a distinguished leader, an eminent judge, or a great ornament of our literature. He had one ruling purpose of his life—the doing good to his fellow-creatures in his generation. He was eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity."

Of the last scene and especially the last speech, referred to by Justice Coleridge—one of the noblest illustrations of the noble heart of Talfourd—we find a fuller report in the *London Spectator*. He appeared in good health, and had taken his customary early walk on the morning of his death. He took his seat on the bench, and

proceeded to deliver the usual charge commenting on the moral indications of the district afforded by the calendar. The offenses were of a very painful character. There were few cases of offenses against property; but there were seven cases of rape, seven or eight cases of stabbing, and no fewer than thirteen cases of manslaughter; not, however, entirely from lawless violence, for some deduction must be made of cases showing a different species of criminality arising from the neglect in the management of machinery.

"But," he continued, "that which points to the deepest moral degradation—which shows what brutal passion, when aroused and stimulated by strong liquor, will produce, is the fact that there are no less than eighteen cases of highway robbery, which include about thirty persons not charged with that guilt. These crimes come—I will not say exclusively, but in the far greater majority—from that district of this county which is most rich in mineral treasure, where wages are high, and where no temptation of want can for a moment be suggested to palliate or account for the crime; on the contrary, I have observed in the experience which I have had of the calendars of Staffordshire, and which, as many of you are aware, extends far beyond the period of my judicial experience—I have observed that in times of comparative privation, crime has diminished; and at those periods when wages were high, and work plentiful, and when the wages were earned with a less degree of work, and when there was strong temptation to vicious indulgence, that then crime has increased almost in proportion to the state of prosperity by which the criminals have been surrounded. This is a consideration which should awaken all our minds, and especially the minds of those gentlemen connected with those districts, to ascertain whence it proceeds, and seek a remedy for so great an evil. It is also not to be denied, gentlemen, that the state of education—that is, such education as can be provided by Sunday schools and other schools—in this district is not below the average of that to be found in agricultural districts. One must, therefore, search for other causes of the peculiar aspect of crime presented by these places; and I cannot help thinking that it may in no small degree be attributed to

that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we all, in our respective spheres, are in some degree more or less responsible. This separation is more complete in this district, by its very necessities and condition, than in agricultural districts, where there is a resident gentry who are enabled to shower around them not only the blessings of their beneficence and active kindness, but to stimulate by their example. It is so much a part of our English character, that I fear we all of us keep too much aloof from those dependent upon us, and they are thus too much encouraged to look upon us with suspicion. Even to our servants, we think that we have done our duty in our sphere when we have performed our contracts with them—when we have paid them the wages we contracted to pay them—when we have treated them with that civility which our habits and feelings induce us to render, and when we curb our temper and refrain from any violent expression toward them. And yet how painful the thought, that we have men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts, supplying our wants, and continual inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and tempers we are as little acquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling arises from a kind of reserve, which is perhaps peculiar to the English character, and which greatly tends to prevent that mingling of class with class—that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections—those gracious admonitions and kind inquiries which, often more than any book education, tend to the cultivation of the affections of the heart and the elevation of the character of those of whom we are the trustees. And if I were asked what is the great want of English society, I would say that it is the mingling of class with class; I would say, in one word, that that want is the want of sympathy.

“No doubt that the exciting cause in the far larger number of these cases—the exciting cause that every judge has to deplore in every county of this land—is that which was justly called in the admirable discourse to which I listened yesterday from the sheriff’s chaplain, ‘the greatest English vice,’ which makes us a by-word and a reproach among nations who in other respects are inferior to us, and have not the same noble principles of

Christianity to guide and direct them—I mean the vice of drunkenness. One great evil of this circumstance is, I think you will find, looking at the depositions one after another, that it is a mere repetition of the same story over again—of some man who has gone from public house to public house, spending his money and exhibiting his money, and is marked out by those who observe him as the fitting object for plunder, when his senses are obscured, and who is made the subject of an attack under those circumstances which enable the parties to escape from the consequences; because although the story may be perfectly true which the prosecutor in this case tells—although it may be vividly felt by him—yet he is obliged to confess—;”

As he spoke the last word, the judge fell forward with his face upon his book, and then swayed on one side toward Mr. Sansom, his senior clerk, and his second son, Mr. Thomas Talfourd, his marshal, who caught him in their arms. Dr. Holland and Dr. Knight, two magistrates on the bench, had rushed to his assistance; and these gentlemen with Lord Talbot and others carried him out, still wearing his scarlet robes. But medical assistance was useless; the attack had been so violent that in less than five minutes he was dead.

Sir Thomas Talfourd rose unaided to very high honors from the middle rank of life. He mastered by patient labor and incessant industry the desired vantage ground from which to exercise his various and remarkable powers. He was a brilliant advocate, an orator surpassed by few; he has connected his name as a legislator with two important acts of parliament; he was a liberal and earnest politician; he was a working man of letters, a subtle critic, a successful poet; he was a judge as competent to his high functions, and conscientious in discharging them, as any who has worn the ermine. Notwithstanding such varied successes, and the rank to which they bore him, there was that in the man himself which was far beyond them all. He never sank in his transitory vocation what in his nature was permanent and noblest. He did not forfeit what a man should live for, that he might the better succeed in life. In him it was not possible that mere worldly success or a selfish and satisfied ambition

should "freeze the genial currents of the soul." There remained with him to the last the great art of living happily by the great means of diffusing happiness. The variety of his own accomplishments qualified him to judge largely of those of others, and he never was more forward to praise than where he had himself gained distinction.

To say that he had no self-love would be to place him above human weakness, for this is a quality which resides in all men, with the difference that while it inclines some to please others, it inclines others only to please themselves. But with no less truth than feeling has a brother judge remarked of him, that the ruling purpose of his life was to do good to his fellow-creatures in his generation; and that it was this which made him always courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honor, and of spotless integrity.

What it was he left most impressed upon his listeners, in his displays as an advocate, was the grace, the charm, the interest with which his own character and temperament invested his subject, no matter how dull it might be, how dry and uninviting. Nor was he ever a slave to that kind of advocacy which merges all sense of right, and the reserves of personal honor, in the mere interest or the mere passions of his client. He never aspired to take rank among the bravoes of the bar. He did not hold that any sort of duty to his client could ever so absolve him from his duty to himself as to justify either the wicked perversion of truth or the solemn asseveration of falsehood. In common with the greatest ornaments of his profession he had a sense of its strict responsibilities, which entered into every part of his practice of it. Even while his own feelings and sympathies were in most eager unison with the hopes and fears he represented, the most susceptible feelings in an adversary might trust themselves to his delicacy and forbearance. And on those rare occasions in a professional life, of which he had his share, when a really high issue challenged him to corresponding exertion, his courage was as remarkable as his genius.

The world is seldom unjust to such a man as Talfourd. It welcomes freely what is so frankly and generously offered, and such qualities go far to inspire the

feelings in which themselves have originated. No man ever descended to the grave more widely honored and respected even by those who did not personally know him, or more tenderly beloved by those who did. Well was it said in the *Times* that the only pang he ever caused to those who had the happiness of his friendship was by his untimely death. Nor should we perhaps call that untimely which followed fifty-nine years of glad endeavor and high success; which was withheld till enough had been done for fame, and enough for at least the moderate wants of those most dear to him; and which came when he was solemnly engaged in his highest duties, and when words of mercy and peace were on his lips. The latest breath of one whose whole life was kindness, was spent in a solemn enforcement of the duty of kindness to others. He was urging upon his countrymen, on behalf of the fallen and the falling, the need in which we all stand of "a reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections," when, as we have said, his voice was hushed forever.

Noble indeed would such a doctrine have been, and most fit to be delivered, if it had been no more than it was meant to be, a voice of mercy from the judgment seat, a voice of justice perhaps more true than speaks in many a judicial sentence. But the lofty pleading of the judge was also the true and personal conviction of the man. He was discharging his official duty; but he was urging not less the lesson of his own generous life, when he attributed the frequency of crimes to the denial of that best education which is given by the sympathy that should exist between high and low, by the active kindnesses and the gracious admonitions that ought to bind us more nearly to classes from which habits of reserve keep us now too proudly aloof. He was speaking that which he knew, and his breath, were it to cease forever during his grave utterance of that warning, could not expire in a strain more sweetly accordant with the whole life's music that had gone before. That such *should* be the end was the will of God; and never did robed and ermined judge, dying thus in open court in the fulfillment of his duty, meet a death so like that of a hero. With Talfourd's name the memory of his last hour can never cease to live.



MON PLAISIR, PETERHOFF.

A TRIP FROM ST. PETERSBURGH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

BEFORE leaving St. Petersburg for the south, let us jot a few more observations, hastily and casually, but not the less truthful on that account; for how else can we daguerreotype a great metropolitan panorama like this?

At every corner of the streets and squares of St. Petersburg is a station-house, as it would be called in New-York. Here it is called a *boutki*; and it is quite a snug, little domestic establishment, with cooking and sleeping accommodations for three policemen, or *boutschniks*, whose home it is while they are in the service. Each of them alternately acts as house-keeper for his companions, providing the meals and keeping the fires in good order. Meanwhile the others are not idle: one patrols his round, wrapped in a gray cloak, and armed with a halberd; while his comrade stands ready to take any offender arrested by him to the general office. None of these situations are sinecures in Russia, for there are superior officers whose duty it is to see that every *boutschnik* is at his post. The streets are faithfully watched during the night; and, as

far as personal safety is concerned, no European capital can be compared with it. It is very rarely that any disturbance takes place, though thefts are almost innumerable. The paternal consideration shown to thieves by the police is really touching; only let a robbery be politely done without noise, or quarreling, and nothing is to be feared from these guardians of the city. We doubt if there exists a genteeler set of thieves; they seem to be entirely ignorant of those vulgar resorts of blows and brutalities which characterize their class elsewhere. They take your purse as delicately as your friend would take your hand; and the loss of your watch is not discovered till you wish to ascertain the hour, when you find, instead, that a dainty little instrument has gently filched it from its resting-place. If the possessor does not detect his loss, can he complain that the police fails to do it for him? Nevertheless, they are not always on as good terms as might be supposed from this state of things. Knowing ones in St. Petersburg would explain this seeming inconsistency with the old proverb,

that "two of a trade," &c. It is very certain that many thieves are detected, punished, and despoiled of their ill-gotten gains; but it is also equally certain that the loser seldom recovers his property. Indeed, so well is this understood that losses of this kind would never be reported, were it not compulsory to do so. Those experienced in such matters, when they complain, refuse to receive the missing article on any terms, well knowing that it will never be returned, unless redeemed with quadruple value.

The sagacity and daring displayed by these violators of the eighth commandment would honor a better cause. A story is current here respecting the loss of a costly vase by one of the city authorities. After many months of unavailing search, a policeman called at the owner's residence in his absence, with a request from him that the pedestal, which was equally valuable with the vase, should be sent to the police-office, where he was waiting, in order to identify the discovered treasure. But vase or pedestal were never identified by the owner. The audacious thief had donned the police uniform, and applied at the house of the head officer, carrying off in broad daylight the remainder of his plunder by his bold stratagem.

The old adage of honor among thieves is everywhere quoted; but the religion of this class is certainly more questionable; yet Italian banditti scrupulously keep the prescribed Church fasts, and a Russian robber would refuse to kill or eat a pigeon, because the Holy Spirit descended in its form upon the person of the Saviour. So these sacred birds are almost innumerable in the city. They understand their position so well, that they scarcely disturb themselves for the most furiously-driven equipage.

Another characteristic class of St. Petersburg are drochkis-drivers, or *isvoshtshik*, belonging to the monjiks already described. Hired vehicles are not, as elsewhere, peculiar to cities. They are everywhere in Russia, in the villages as well as in the larger towns. They are not a luxury only, but an absolute necessity; for the most accomplished pedestrian would soon weary of traveling the interminable streets, where a full half-hour is necessary to walk the length of three public buildings. Altogether too

much time is consumed in arriving at objects of interest in this manner, not to mention the inconvenience from the snow, the dust, and the mud in their seasons.

A single glance will bring all the assistance you require; indeed, if you stop to look at anything in the street, half-a-dozen drivers are proffering their services, at as many prices as there are voices raised on the occasion. The moment your bargain is made with one of these volunteers, he becomes the butt for his rejected companions, who assure you that he is so drunk he will be unable to sit upright ten minutes, that he will take you to the wrong place, or his horse will fall at the first corner. The victim, however, bears it all coolly, laughs in his beard, and tells you not to be afraid, he will take good care of you; and he keeps his word; for, as a class, they are generally very obliging and faithful to their promises. It is, however, always necessary to arrange the terms when you engage them, as there is no legal rate by which their prices are regulated, although they are seldom unreasonable in their charges.

Most of them begin their career in the same manner, engaging when very young with some proprietor, and retaining the situation only long enough to acquire the means of commencing business independently. Once provided with a horse and drochkis, the *isvoshtshik* will make his way in the world. If he does not succeed in St. Petersburg, he goes, with true Yankee enterprise, from city to village till he does succeed. No enormous sum is requisite to secure the independence of these tough characters. The vehicles they drive are the only homes known to many of them; they are apparently perfectly indifferent to changes of temperature, often spending entire days, and even nights, in the open air. Notwithstanding all these privations, as a class they are the best-natured fellows in the world, frequently transporting a pedestrian across one of their wide, muddy streets gratuitously. If one is alone, you will almost always find him extended on his back, gayly warbling an air remarkable for nothing but its simplicity, probably learned in the forests where he was born. They are very social, however; and it is quite amusing to see half-a-dozen of them chatting, joking, or wrestling together till the signal of the passer-by transforms them into jealous rivals, with an inexhausti-

ble vocabulary of abuse to hurl at each other.

The horses are as tough and as good-natured as their drivers, and as unmindful of cold or heat; they eat and sleep when and where they can. They carry, like the Arabs, their sack of grain about the neck, and bundles of hay can always be purchased whenever they have time to eat them. They start off with a brisk trot, however tired they may be.

The manner in which these enduring animals are treated soon betrays the nationality of the driver. The German, who makes little use of his tongue with any one, communicates with his horse only by means of whip and reins. The Finlander sits like a statue, occasionally growling *naw, naw*, between his teeth in various intonations. The Livonian cries *nooa* when his horse stops short, or obstinately takes the wrong direction. The Polander is the most excitable; he is constantly moving, jumping up and down, whistling, shouting, shaking the reins, cracking the whip, and, with all kinds of grimaces, producing sounds of which no other language could convey an idea. The Russian, on the contrary, seems to pride himself upon his persuasive eloquence. He never strikes anything but the shafts or some part of the harness to give gentle warning to his steed; but he talks with him, in the tenderest tones, addressing him with all kinds of pet names. "My brother, my friend, my love, my little father, my white pigeon," he says, as he recommends him to turn right or left, or to hasten his pace.

The moment your agreement is made with an *isvoshtshik*, he becomes your serf; and if you are tyrannically inclined, you can indulge yourself to your satisfaction. He never speaks to you but with uncovered head; he obeys all your orders; he hears your reproofs humbly and submissively; and if you choose to handle him with a cane he cannot help himself, for he is not his own master. The slightest in-



ISVOSHTSHIK (COACHMAN).

jury to a pedestrian, whether resulting from carelessness or unavoidable accident, is punished by Russian law with the whip; and if one is knocked down, the unfortunate driver is condemned to exile and confiscation in addition. Notwithstanding this severity, and the spaciousness of the streets, accidents are not unfrequent in St. Petersburg, for the upper classes are fond of driving as rapidly as possible, and, like other fast people, they are exceedingly vain of distancing their fellow-travelers. *Shivage!* they shout, at the top of their voices, to hasten the speed of the helpless *isvoshtshik*, who is obliged to obey, though he risks the cruellest penalties for the gratification of these unreasonable whims.

But I have not yet described the peculiar vehicle of this peculiar class. In winter, of course, it is a sleigh, and every one knows what a sleigh is; but one must travel in Russia to understand the odd affair for which it is exchanged when the snow disappears and the mud commences. The *drochhis* is a low, open, four-wheeled wagon, with a leather-covered stuffed seat, extending lengthwise, upon which the traveler sits, as upon a saddle, his

feet resting on a kind of stirrup on each side, but without any support for the back or head. Quite an apprenticeship is necessary to preserve a dignified equilibrium on the rough and badly-paved streets of St. Petersburg. A good degree of skill is also necessary in the management of the cloak, which is the only protection against the wind, snow, rain, and mud. Of course, no female ever employs one of these barbarous vehicles, unless it may be a domestic; but gentlemen of the highest rank use them unscrupulously whenever it suits their convenience.

In most parts of St. Petersburg quite elegant carriages may be hired, but at very high prices. It is said most of them belong to government officers, who transform their private equipages into a means of replenishing their purses during their absence from the capital. This would seem an extreme measure in any other country, but here every variety of character and appearance are such matters of course, that no one is shocked by it.

St. Petersburg might not inaptly be termed the city of contrasts. All European nations are represented in it, their varying costumes and ceremonials producing an effect almost dramatic. The religious observances are very striking. On Friday, which is the Mussulman Sabbath, the turbaned Turk, the black-bearded Persian, and the closely-shaved Tartar may be seen sauntering to their places of worship; the Jews, in their black silk cafetans, throng to their synagogues on the following day; while Sunday belongs to the various Christian sects, who have also many high festivals during the week. Here the Lutherans are performing their annual penitence, and entire families of Germans, accompanied by their servants, make a pilgrimage to their church; and now, with all the bells of the Greek belfries ringing out their peals, the wives and daughters of the Russian merchants display their richest attire in some grand religious procession. On fete-days, or emperor's days, as they are called here,



MARKET OF FROZEN PROVISIONS.



TEA ON THE ISLAND OF KRESTOFSKI.

the city presents a most animated and picturesque appearance, displaying all the varieties of costume between Paris and Pekin.

The shops of St. Petersburg depend more on the display of their contents to attract customers, than upon large-lettered signs and flaming hand-bills. If the real objects are inconvenient for exposure, pictures of them take their places. The butcher has the signs of his occupation, with his portrait, or that of an ox, suspended in a conspicuous position. The baker shows specimens of all the varieties which he produces. Other trades indulge themselves in symbolic devices. The barber's is a most complicated collection of designs. The blood is represented spouting from the white arm of a fainting woman, while a phlegmatic philosopher is enjoying the lathering process without the slightest manifestation of sympathy with the touching scene at his side; the whole is bordered with a kind of arabesque formed of drops of blood, and a barbarous combination of dental and surgical instruments.

The people of St. Petersburg are capricious and extravagant; so the mer-

chants have an easy time of it, for everything sells,—good, bad, and indifferent. One of the finest squares in the city is occupied by an immense, low, quadrangular building, which is the most important center of trade; it is called the *Gostinnoi Dvor*. In the numerous shops which it contains, every possible variety of merchandise may be found; every passer-by is urged to enter and examine the tempting wares. About ten thousand tradesmen, including peasants, are collected here. It has the appearance of a perpetual fair.

An excursion to the Tshukin Dvor, another of the great bazars of the city, afforded me infinite amusement. This establishment, and another of similar character, contain, perhaps, five thousand shops; and everything is Russian within the inclosure—buyers, sellers, and goods. In the midst of the motley and filthy crowd collected there, one might easily imagine himself transported back to the middle ages. The number of chapels within its precincts nearly equals the drinking-shops; but the piety learned in them does not improve the morals of their frequenters. Over the shops are also sacred images of the Virgin,

St. John, &c., and brazen crucifixes. Lamps are kept constantly burning before them, but no other fire or flame of any kind is allowed within the inclosure. It is closed at dusk, and left to the care of the police, and to watch-dogs chained to their stations.

Amulets find a ready sale in these places, for, besides adorning their churches, houses, chambers, and doors with them, the Russian hangs them about his person to keep his Satanic majesty at bay.

Whichever way you turn, some characteristic spectacle meets your eye. Here a bridal outfit, from the slippers up to the flowery wreath for the head, attracts your attention; there a display of dried fruits is arranged so tastefully as to tempt the pencil of an artist. Here is a broker's table, covered with glittering coins, untouched by the thieves, numerous and expert as they are. Still further on is a pastry-stand; but beware how your eyes linger in that direction. It is covered with *pirogas*, a kind of cake eaten hot with oil, greatly esteemed by the natives. If you indulge the slightest glance toward the cloth, beneath which they are concealed, one of them is quickly seized, plunged in a pot of oil, sprinkled with salt, and offered to you with the air of a prince. No Russian in a sheep-skin robe could resist such a temptation. Seated on a bench provided for the purpose, he regales himself with these delicacies till his black beard glistens like polished ebony.

My eyes and ears were more agreeably entertained in the bird-market than my palate would have been with the *pirogas*. Every description of game is here found in the greatest abundance. The profusion of winter is even greater than that of summer. All provisions are then brought into the city in a solid state. On the shores of the Baltic, partridges from Saratoff are eaten, with swans from Finland, heathcocks from Livonia, and bears from Lapland. The sale of frozen meat is one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg; fish, flesh, and fowl are transformed into marble, and the tradesman makes his sales with hatchet in hand. It is a great misfortune to him and the poor farmer if the winter is *bad*, which means *mild*, in Russian parlance. Provisions are so abundant and cheap, that the slightest suspicion destroys the sale of the choicest produce. With a sudden thaw, savings for months

are sometimes melted away. In such circumstances everything is rigidly examined by the police, and summary work is made of the condemned articles, which are either buried or thrown into the Neva.

The suburbs of St. Petersburg are crossed by the sixtieth degree of north latitude. Certainly, since the creation of the world, no city has appeared in such size and splendor, within so short a distance of the eternal ices of the poles. It is doubtful if such an attempt could have succeeded elsewhere. In the same parallel in which the imperial palaces are erected, surrounded by their gardens, the Ostiaks of Siberia scarcely find sufficient moss for the nourishment of their rein-deers; and the Kamschatkans are drawn in sleighs by dogs over ice which never melts. The same parallel touches the southern point of Greenland and the Esquimaux territory, on the American continent. From the calendar, not more than ninety pleasant days can be expected out of the year in this northern region, and many of these are cloudy and severe. At noon the sky is almost always gloomy; but the mornings and evenings are superb, the atmosphere and the apparently shoreless ice of the river are illumined with flashes of light—celestial fire-works which are never seen in any other capital of the globe. Twilight, which lasts here full three-fourths of the time, is full of picturesque effects; the summer sun, which disappears a moment at midnight, seems to swim on the edge of the Neva's bed and the low lands surrounding it, darting into the upward space rays of fire, which would make the poorest landscape beautiful. The emotion awakened by these novel scenes is not the enthusiasm produced by the rich vegetation of more southern climates, but something like the mystery of dreams—of a half-waking state, full of hopes and memories.

Many things are wanting for the composition of a legitimate picture in these situations; but nature is more powerful than art over the imagination, and ministers in some way under almost every zone to the instinctive necessities of the soul. The vicinity of the poles, reduced to the last degree of barrenness, has, nevertheless, eloquent interpretations of the Creator's designs.

In the delta of the Neva forty islands may be counted, though several of them

are quite uninhabitable on account of the annual inundations to which they are exposed. They were formerly all unhealthy marshes, covered with oaks, pines, or worthless brush-wood, but they are now the favorite promenade and summer residence of the inhabitants of the city. Each of them has a particular appropriation. Kammenoi is the aristocratic island; it is covered with Swiss, Italian, Chinese, English, and Gothic villas, and to the curious presents a specimen of the most eccentric architecture of all times and of all people.

The Germans have taken possession of Krestofski; it is their favorite resort for smoking and tea-drinking. It is not entirely destitute of Russian establishments; but the cafés, the dairies, the saloons, are easily recognized as German.

Krestofski is the resort of the lower orders of Russians. It has some fine views of the Gulf of Finland from the avenues which have been cut through its primitive pine forests. It is the favorite spot for the sports of the *moujiks*, who there amuse themselves with swings, slides, songs, and social chats, over the smoking *somovar* or tea, which is an invariable accompaniment in such festivities. The "Celestials" themselves can hardly exceed the Russians in their enjoyment of this favorite beverage. It is the only presentable article in the execrable hotels of the empire. Even those of its capital are sadly deficient in almost everything essential to a traveler's comfort; but the most miserable inn or tavern of the furthest interior can set before him a better cup of tea, than he will find in any other European country. The explanation of this is, that instead of transporting it by sea, as is necessary elsewhere, by which the original delicate aroma of the plant is exchanged for something much less agreeable, it is brought here by

caravans on an overland route. Every year, in the month of July, immense quantities of it are sold at the great fair of Nijni Novgorod, on the Volga, from whence it finds its way through the country from the White to the Black Sea, from the Baltic to the Caspian.

The preparation of the beverage is worthy of its quality. None of the infusions presented in elegant china from stately urns at aristocratic tables, can compare for a moment with the *somovar* of a Russian peasant. The upper classes in the larger cities have elegant saloons, where, lounging on luxurious divans, they can sip their favorite drink over their newspapers. The preparation in these places is yellow-tea, made from the flowers of the plant; but little shops are to be found every few steps where good black tea is sold, or it is hawked about the streets, and for a trifling sum those whom it refreshes in summer, can be warmed by it in winter. It is the inviolable demand in all journeys and pleasure



TEA SELLER.



FETE AT PETERHOFF.

parties; and this, and the air, are the only two things in Russia which are common to the human race, to the rich and poor of the country. I wish it was in my power to add, that the intoxicating drinks were displaced by it.

My first excursion beyond the walls of St. Petersburg was to Peterhoff, which, as its name implies, originated with the great Peter, whom the nation delights to honor. The city which sprung forth at his word, as at the touch of a magician, had scarcely risen from its marshy foundation, when the Czar began to plan delightful summer residences in its environs.

The situation of Peterhoff, at the mouth of the Neva, is one of the finest imaginable. Upon an elevated cliff overlooking the sea, to which the royal park, several miles in extent, descends in terraces, it

presents some of the grandest views I have yet seen in Russia. The coast of Finland may be seen in the distance; still nearer the Marine Arsenal of the island of Cronstadt, with its granite ramparts defying the waves; while to the right you discover the white walls of Petersburg, with its painted roofs and numerous gilded spires, which resemble a flaming forest in the slant rays of the setting sun. Majestic forests offer their refreshing shade. Magnificent flights of steps conduct you over the terraces, everywhere ornamented with temples, statuary, fountains and cascades. Amid all these splendors I was most interested in the oaks and lindens planted by the hand of the great founder of St. Petersburg.

The building originally planned by him now forms the center of the palace; it has been enlarged, restored, and embellished

in every succeeding reign, and is consequently deficient in architectural character. It is still of insufficient dimensions for the accommodation of the imperial family. Several smaller residences have been appended to it: among these are the pavilion of *Mon Plaisir*, the little palace of Marley, the English palace, presented to the empress by her husband, and occupied at the festival by the foreign ambassadors and invited guests of the court.

To see Peterhoff in its glory, it should be visited on the 13th of July, which is both the birth and wedding-day of the empress. It is celebrated by festivities truly national in grandeur and extent. St. Petersburg transfers itself to this delightful locality. It is said that six thousand carriages, thirty thousand pedestrians, and innumerable boats usually leave the city to partake the enjoyments given by the court. The village contains only a small number of houses, and a room in one of them at this season would command any price. Everything is therefore brought into requisition for the crowd; immense tents are spread; carriages and carts, encamped in and around the royal domains, are the lodging-places of whole families; while many more repose unsheltered around large watch-fires, forming a most striking and grotesque bivouac.

A military parade is one of the ceremonials of the day, and the troops are cantoned around the palace. Their uniforms, mingled with the graceful national garb, give a most picturesque effect to the crowds wandering over the beautiful grounds. Officers, soldiers, merchants, serfs, and noblemen, all seem overflowing with enjoyment.

At seven o'clock in the evening the royal apartments are thrown open to the people. The Autocrat of all the Russias allows his subjects these few hours of democracy, and the reddest republican could not be dissatisfied with the perfect appearance of equality. The national garb of the *moujik*, and the floating *cafetan* of the merchant, are mingled indiscriminately with the jeweled and costly robes of the courtiers and diplomatic corps. The official and military uniforms are concealed beneath a kind of Venetian mantle; for this is intended to be a masked ball.

You think it is quite impossible for another individual to find entrance in the crowd, when, at the sound of the music,

the imperial family make their appearance. The delighted people fall back, and an ample space is opened for the free passage of the royal cortège. The noble figure of Nicholas leads the empress in the *Polonaise*. This can scarcely be considered a dance; it is merely a promenade to the sound of music. It is continued for an hour or two by the court through the magnificent saloons, concluding always in the apartment where it commenced. The people, though at the height of enthusiasm, are quiet and well behaved, never for a moment impeding the movements of the imperial procession.

At ten o'clock the ball closes, and the empress gives the signal for the illumination, which is the most brilliant exhibition of the festival. The whole scene, as far as the eye can reach, is suddenly lighted up with a splendor exceeding the dull daylight of the north; for it is said here that the Czar makes the sun turn pale. Eighteen hundred men are employed to light the two hundred and fifty thousand lamps, producing an effect so magical as to be indescribable. Immediately in front of the palace balcony is a canal, extending a great distance through the park to the sea. This is bordered with lights so numerous, and reflected so clearly from its surface, that it seems like a stream of fire. Every fantastic device conceivable is blazing before you; vases, arbors, obelisks, wheels, pyramids, columns, cascades, are flashing light all around you. The trees seem transformed into forests of diamonds. The waters of the fountains are flaming with all the hues of the rainbow. The fairy creations of the Thousand-and-one Nights no longer seem unreal amid the dazzling, bewildering, almost blinding light.

The royal family, and the court next, make their appearance in very odd and original state-carriages. They are long, open, highly gilded, with antique harnessings. They are capable of accommodating about eight persons comfortably; but the occupants are placed back to back, thus allowing the crowd, which is as thick in the park as it was just before in the palace, another opportunity of seeing their rulers. Nothing can be more striking and picturesque than this procession, which divides itself into two parts, disappearing in opposite directions, but frequently crossing each other's path in the blazing avenues. One may well rub his eyes to



assure himself that he is not in fairy-land ; and they must be rubbed hard to recall what is nevertheless true, that only a few degrees further north the year is divided into two days and two twilights of three months each. Such is a glance at what may be called the mere splendor of royalty in Russia. We are taking but glances, and must hasten on, for we know not how soon the agitations of war may drive us out of the country.

Before taking leave of it, I must indulge myself with a few words in regard to one more illustration of Russian life—the Easter festival. Among the holidays of the Greek Church, none is more popular than

this. It is celebrated with great magnificence, far exceeding any display of the Romish Church, even in the Eternal City, because the entire population are actively and seriously engaged in it ; it is made a duty to assist in its services, not to heighten the splendor of the parade, but from motives of sincere devotion. Skepticism has not yet found its way, to any extent, amid this young and confiding people. Faith is still in their midst, blind and full of errors, but nevertheless

earnest and sincere. She may be recognized, debased and perverted it is true, where the kneeling crowd throng the altars, striking the breast, or humbly kissing the



ground before the crucifix, or some saint's image.

Easter is, in Russia, the time of festivity and congratulation, like Christmas in England, and New-Year's in Paris and New-York. For six weeks after its celebration all letters commence with the sacred words, "Christ is risen." The only salutation heard between friends during the same time is, "Christ is risen;" and the response is invariably, "He is risen indeed." This formula is used precisely as our New-Year's and Christmas felicitations are exchanged, only it is much more universal.

Another custom which comes with this sacred holiday is still more peculiar. When the officiating priest pronounces these magical words of the Church, it is the signal for a joyful and universal embrace. Relatives and friends kiss each other, of course; but that is not all—for the time all men are equal, all are brethren. Servants kiss their masters, serfs kiss their lords, *moujiks* kiss the noblemen, and the poor kiss the rich. The ceremony invariably comprises three kisses on the cheeks, in allusion to the Trinity. Within and without, the sound of kissing is universal, interrupted only with the congratulation, "Christ is risen," and the glad response, "He is risen indeed." The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the laughable positions in which tall and short, fat and lean persons, find themselves in these affectionate demonstrations.

More solid manifestations of love and charity accompany this general joy. To give at this time is a duty, and it is no disgrace to ask. In every house, according to the means and station, money, food, and clothes are distributed to the needy. Preparations are made for these charities on a large scale. Gifts of love and friendship, and social visits are also exchanged. The great fair of toys and Easter eggs is a peculiar feature of the time. It is held on the place of the Admiralty, before the *Gostinnoi Dvor*; notwithstanding the vast space of this locality, it is thronged from commencement to close.

During the last week of Lent, the Russian churches are crowded with all classes and all ages, performing their devotions, which comprise confession and the receiving of the communion. This is formally enjoined, not only by ecclesiastical

canons, but by civil statutes, which very strictly enforce the communion service, at least once a year, upon all persons employed by the government, whatever may be their rank or occupation. The penalty of neglect of this command is a severe reprimand, and, in some cases, removal from office.

The Saturday which precedes Easter is consecrated to a household ceremony well understood in the latitude of New-York: this is a general house-cleaning, and preparation of cakes, meat, and colored eggs, which are to be served to visitors the next day, with wine and liquor. Fashionable people content themselves with a formal exchange of visiting cards.

The bakers, who are almost all Germans, prepare cakes of enormous size for these occasions; some of them in imitation of eggs, sufficiently capacious to be filled with any quantity of confectionary. There are also porcelain eggs ornamented with ribbons, which are afterward suspended to the crucifix or image of the tutelary saint, before which a lamp is kept burning in devout families.

The Russian people are generally quite abstemious; their diet consists usually of black bread and sour cabbage, cooked with a little meat. But they balance this abstemiousness in food by frequent and copious draughts of brandy. During the six weeks of Lent, abstinence from meat is rigorously maintained; during the last two, even the lower classes eat only dried mushrooms, cooked and seasoned with oil. Scarcely any amusements are allowed—the theaters are shut, dancing is prohibited, and concerts are the only recreations of the people. The capital is crowded with musicians, and there are often several concerts a day, all well attended, for the eager multitude rush from one to another with inexhaustible interest. In this, as in everything, their enthusiasm is as capricious as it is extravagant. The favorite of to-day is forgotten to-morrow.

From the first Sunday of this festival to the following Sabbath, detachments of the different corps of cadets, military schools, and troops of the garrison present themselves in the square in front of the palace, to make their congratulations to the imperial family. The emperor and the grand duke proceed from rank to rank, bestowing upon the soldiers the paschal kiss.



LUTHER'S DISPUTATION WITH DR. ECK AT LEIPZIG, 1519.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

IN Augsburg Luther had contended with the proud prince of the Church of Rome; at Leipzig he was to defend his doctrine against the men of the schools in learned debate. On this occasion he spoke the decisive word to Dr. Eck: "I do not recognize any man as the head of the Church militant but Jesus Christ only, on the ground of Holy Scriptures." "For Luther, like the true Samson, pulled down the pillar on which the Romans rested the power of the pope, and said, 'that the text on which Dr. Eck relied—Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church—did not refer to St. Peter, still less to any of his successors, but to the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the true rock on which Christianity might stand against all the attacks of hell.'" (Mathesius.)

The two principal warriors, Luther and Eck, stand opposite each other in the hall of the Pleisenburg, the first advancing boldly to the attack, the other dexterously turning aside each blow, but cunningly enticing his opponent to further advances.

At Luther's side sits the youthful Melanethon, in silent, anxious thought, while the more lively Karlstadt seeks to assist his own weak memory by referring to books. In the centre of the hall Duke George of Saxony is listening attentively to the disputants, until, at the words of Luther, "that even some of the propositions of Huss and of the Bohemians were perfectly Christian and evangelical," he angrily cries out, "Plague take it!" At his feet sits his one-eyed fool, wildly staring at Dr. Eck. Artists and poets



LUTHER BURNING THE PAPAL BULL.

are fond of introducing into matters of solemn import, agreeable equally to legend as to history, some amusing trait of human folly, as in this case, into the midst of the princes and warriors of the Church, the court-fool of an earthly prince.

LUTHER BURNS THE PAPAL BULL.

NEITHER cardinals nor doctors, neither negotiations nor disputations, could adjust the quarrel. A rupture ensued: Rome condemned the Wittenberg doctor; the doctor solemnly declared the Roman judgment to be naught.

When the bull of condemnation reached Germany, the whole people was in commotion. At Erfurth the students took it out of the booksellers' shops, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the river, with the poor pun, "A bubble (*bulla*) it is, and as a bubble so it should swim." Luther instantly published his pamphlet, *Against*

the Execrable Bull of Antichrist. On December 10, 1520, he burnt it at the city gates, and on the same day wrote to Spalatin, through whom he usually communicated with the elector:—"This 10th day of December, in the year 1520, at the ninth hour of the day, were burnt at Wittenberg, at the east gate, near the holy cross, all the pope's books, the *Decree*, the *Decretals*, the *Extravagante* of Clement VI., Leo X.'s last bull, the *Angelic Sum*, Eck's *Chrysoprasus*, and some other works of Eck's and Emser's. Is not this news?" He says in the public notice which he caused to be drawn up of these proceedings, "If any one ask me why I have done this, my reply is, that it is an ancient practice to burn bad books. The apostles burnt five thousand deniers' worth of them." The tradition runs that he exclaimed, on throwing the book of the *Decretals* into the flames, "Thou hast tormented the Lord's holy one; may the ev-

erlasting fire torment and consume thee!" These things were news, indeed, as Luther said. Until then, most sects and heresies had sprung up in secret, and conceived themselves fortunate if they remained unknown; but now a monk starts up who treats with the pope as equal with equal, and constitutes himself the judge of the head of the Church. The chain of tradition is broken, unity shattered, the *robe without seam* rent. It must not be supposed that Luther himself, with all his violence, took this last step without pain. It was uprooting from his heart, by one pull, the whole of the venerable past in which he had been cradled. It is true that he believed he had retained the Scriptures for his own; but then they were the Scriptures with a different interpretation from what had been put upon them for a thousand years. All this his enemies have often said; but not one of them has said it more eloquently than he himself. "No doubt," he writes to Erasmus in the opening of his book, *De Seruo Arbitrio*, (The Will not Free,)—"no doubt you feel some hesitation when you see arrayed before you so numerous a succession of learned men, and the unanimous voice of so many centuries, illustrated by deeply read divines, and by great martyrs, glorified by numerous miracles, as well as more recent theologians and countless academies, councils, bishops, pontiffs. On this side are found erudition, genius, numbers, greatness, loftiness, power, sanctity, miracles, and what not beside? On mine, Wiclif, Laurentius Valla, Augustin, (although you forget him,) and Luther, a poor man, a mushroom of yesterday, standing alone with a few friends, without such erudition, genius, numbers, greatness, sanctity, or miracles. Take them all together, they could not cure a lame horse. . . . *Et alia quæ tu plurima fundo enumerare vales*, (and innumerable other things you could mention.) For what are we? What the wolf said of Philomel, *Vox et præterea nihil*, (a sound—no more.) I own, my dear Erasmus, you are justified in hesitating before all these things; ten years since, I hesitated like you. . . . Could I suppose that this Troy, which had so long victoriously resisted so many assaults, would fall in one day? I solemnly call God to witness that I should have continued to fear, and should even now be hesitating, had not my conscience and the truth compelled

me to speak. You know that my heart is not a rock; and had it been, yet beaten by such billows and tempests, it would have been shivered to atoms when all this mass of authority was launched at my head, like a deluge ready to overwhelm me." Elsewhere he writes: ". . . Holy Scripture has taught me how perilous and fearful it is to raise one's voice in God's church, to speak in the midst of those who will be your judges, when, on the day of judgment, you shall find yourself in presence of God, under the eye of the angels, all creation seeing, listening, hanging upon the divine word. Assuredly when this thought rises to my mind, my earnest desire is for silence, and the sponge for my writings. . . . How hard, how fearful to live to render an account to God of every idle word!" On March 27, 1519, he writes, "I was alone, and hurried unprepared into this business. I admitted many essential points in the pope's favor, for was I, a poor, miserable monk, to set myself up against the majesty of the pope, before whom the kings of the earth (what do I say? earth itself, hell, and heaven) trembled? . . . How I suffered the first and second year. Ah! little do those confident spirits who since then have attacked the pope so proudly and presumptuously, know of the dejection of spirits, not feigned and assumed, but too real, or rather the despair which I went through. . . . Unable to find any light to guide me in dead or mute teachers, (I mean the writings of theologians and jurists,) I longed to consult the living council of the Churches of God, to the end that if any godly persons could be found, illumined by the Holy Ghost, they would take compassion on me, and be pleased to give me good and safe counsel for my own welfare and that of all Christendom; but it was impossible for me to discover them. I saw only the pope, the cardinals, bishops, theologians, canonists, monks, priests; and it was from them I expected enlightenment. For I had so fed and saturated myself with their doctrine, that I was unconscious whether I were asleep or awake. . . . Had I at that time braved the pope as I now do, I should have looked for the earth instantly to open and swallow me up alive, like Korah and Abiram. . . . At the name of the Church I shuddered, and offered to give way. In 1518 I told Cardinal Caietano, at Augsburg, that I would thenceforward be

mute ; only praying him, in all humility, to impose the same silence on my adversaries, and hush their clamors. Far from meeting my wishes, he threatened to condemn everything I had taught, if I would not retract. Now I had already published the Catechism to the edification of many souls, and was bound not to allow it to be condemned."

LUTHER'S RECEPTION AT WORMS.

LUTHER is led from the quiet cell of the cloister, from the lecture-rooms of the university, from the midst of his powerfully-roused community, upon a yet greater scene : all Germany looks upon him as upon no other ! The monk, the preacher, and the teacher of Wittemberg has become *the man of the German nation*.

Therefore does the artist represent him, in this picture, in the midst of his people, who joyfully greet the man upon whom they found their hopes ; old and young, men and women, high and low, clergymen and laymen, all unite in one group.

Beside Luther in the carriage sit his friends, Amsdorf, Petrus von Suaven, and

the monk Pezenstein ; Justus Jonas and many Saxon noblemen, who had gone to meet him, follow on horseback. Thousands of people from all ranks accompany him to his abode in the "Deutschen Hof."

ABOVE, LUTHER PREPARING HIMSELF BY PRAYER FOR HIS APPEARANCE BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPIRE.

The principal scene shows Luther and Frondsberg at the entrance of the Imperial Hall.

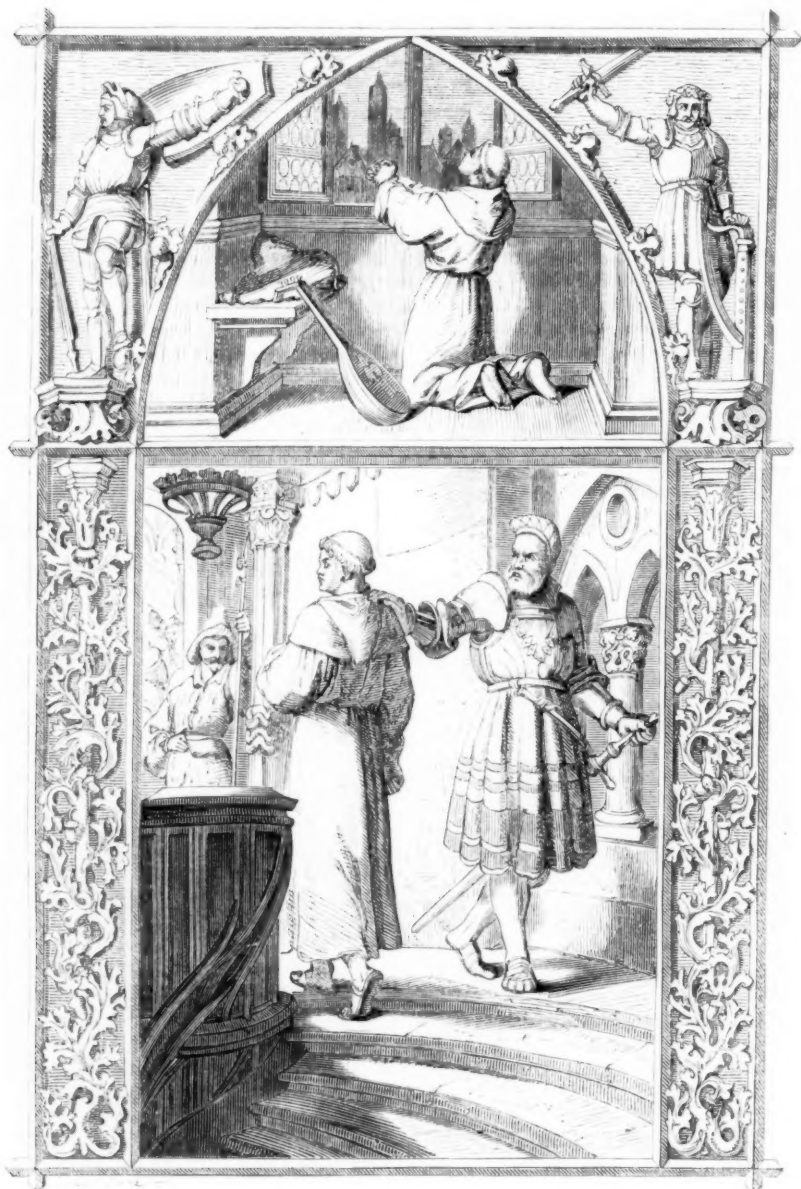
BUT this waving flood of the people, which on that day bore him upward so mightily, is not the principal nor the strongest shield of his heart. This beating, warring heart appeals to a higher protection,—to the eternal Rock amidst the flood of time and of nations.

Streets and hosteleries have become quiet, the masses which to-day shouted his welcome are silent ; but he seeks to compose his mind with music, and by gazing upward into the sacred stillness of the starry sky. He prays :—

"Almighty, eternal God, how poor a thing is this world ! how little a matter will cause the people to stand open-



LUTHER'S RECEPTION AT WORMS.



LUTHER PREPARING HIMSELF BY PRAYER FOR HIS APPEARANCE BEFORE THE
EMPEROR AND EMPIRE.

THE PRINCIPAL SCENE SHOWS LUTHER AND FRONSBURG AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE IMPERIAL HALL.

mouthed! how little and mean is the confidence of man in God! Do thou, O Lord, assist me against all worldly wisdom and understanding; do this, thou *must* do it, thou alone! It is not indeed my cause, but thine own; I myself have nothing to do here and with the great princes of this world. But it is thy cause, which is just and eternal; I rely upon no man. Come, O come! I am ready to give up even my life patiently, like a lamb; for the cause is just; it is thine, and I will not depart from thee eternally. This I resolve in thy name: the world cannot force my conscience. And should my body be destroyed therein, my soul is thine, and remaineth with thee forever."

The evening afterward, when he was about to appear before the emperor, he met at the very threshold of the hall the knight George of Frondsberg, who, laying his hand upon Luther's shoulder, said kindly, "Monk, monk, (*'Mönchlein'* being a caressing diminutive,) thou enterest upon a path, and art about to take up a position, such as I and many other commanders have never braved even in our most serious battle-array. If thou have right on thy side, and be sure of thy cause, then go on, in the name of God, and be comforted; God will not forsake thee!" Thus spoke, if we are to believe in tradition, the knight of this world to the spiritual knight,—the military hero to the hero of the faith; he spoke with noble modesty, as the inferior to the higher warrior.

The two protecting figures above, to the right and left of Luther, represent two other German knights: Hutten, with his harp and sword, and the laurel-wreath of the poet on his brow; and his friend, the valorous Sickengen, with the general's baton in his hand. They were ready to protect their "holy friend, the unconquerable theologian and evangelist, at Worms, by their word and their sword," if necessary.

LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPIRE, 1521.

THE decisive moment has come! Before the emperor and the empire Luther is to prove whether the power of conscience is stronger in him than any other consideration. And it was stronger. "My conscience and the word of God," he says, "hold me prisoner; therefore I may not nor will recant! Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen!"

"I was summoned in due form, and appeared before the council of the imperial diet in the Guildhall, where the emperor, the electors, and the princes were assembled. Doctor Eck, the official of the Bishop of Trèves, began, and said to me, 'Martin, you are called here to say whether you acknowledge the books on the table there to be yours?' and he pointed to them. 'I believe so,' I answered. But Doctor Jerome Schurff instantly added, 'Read over their titles.' When this was done, I said, 'Yes, these books are mine.' He then asked me, 'Will you disavow them?' I replied, 'Most gracious lord emperor, some of the writings are controversial, and in them I attack my adversaries. Others are didactic and doctrinal; and of these I neither can nor will retract an iota, for it is God's word. But as regards my controversial writings, if I have been too violent, or have gone too far against any one, I am ready to reconsider the matter, provided I have time for reflection.' I was allowed a day and a night. The next day I was summoned by the bishops and others who were to deal with me to make me retract. I told them, 'God's word is not mine, I cannot give it up; but in all else my desire is to be obedient and docile.' The margrave Joachim then took up the word, and said, 'Sir doctor, as far as I can understand, you will allow yourself to be counselled and advised, except on those points affecting Scripture?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'such is my wish.' They then told me that I ought to defer all to the imperial majesty; but I would not consent. They asked me if they themselves were not Christians, and able to decide on such things? To this I answered, 'Yes, provided it be without wrong or offense to the Scriptures, which I desire to uphold. I cannot give up that which is not mine.' They insisted, 'You ought to rely upon us, and believe that we shall decide rightly.' I am not very ready to believe that they will decide in our favor against themselves, who have but just now passed sentence of condemnation upon me, though under safe-conduct. But look what I will do: treat me as you like, and I will forego my safe-conduct and give it up to you.' On this, Baron Frederick von Feilitzsch burst forth with, 'And enough, indeed, if not too much.' They then said, 'At least, give up a few articles to us.' I answered, 'In God's



LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPIRE.

name, I do not desire to defend those articles which do not relate to Scripture.' Hereupon, two bishops hastened to tell the emperor that I retracted. On which the bishop * * * sent to ask me if I had consented to refer the matter to the emperor and the empire. I replied that I had never, and would never, consent to it. So I held out alone against all. My doctor and the rest were ill-pleased at my tenacity. Some told me that if I would defer the whole to them, they would in their turn forego and cede the articles which had been condemned by the council of Constance. To all this I replied, 'Here is my body and my life.' * * * Then, after some worthy individuals had interposed with, 'How? You would bear him off prisoner? That can't be'—the chancellor of Trèves said to me, 'Martin, you are disobedient to the imperial majesty, wherefore you have leave to depart under the safe-conduct you possess.' I answer-

ed, 'It has been done as it has pleased the Lord. And you, in your turn, consider where you are left.' Thus, I took my departure in my simplicity, without remarking or understanding all their subtilities."

Next to the young Emperor Charles sits his brother Ferdinand: at their sides the three spiritual and the three temporal electors—the wise Frederick of Saxony sits in front; opposite, on the bench for the princes, we see Philip of Hesse looking attentively at Luther. Dr. Hieronymus Schorf stands behind him as his legal adviser; opposite to him, at the table covered with Luther's works, we see the imperial orator and official of the Archbishop of Trèves, Dr. John Eck; nearer to the emperor, the Cardinal Alexander holds in his hand the bull containing the condemnation of Luther. In the background are seen the Spanish sentinels who mocked the German monk as he retired from the presence.



SUNSET.

Is it the foot of God
 Upon the waters, that they seethe and blaze,
 As when of old he trod
 The desert ways,
 And through the night
 Fearful and far his pillar pour'd its light ?

O for quick wings to fly
 Under the limit of yon dazzling verge,
 Where bright tints rapidly
 In brighter merge,
 And yet more bright,
 'Till light becomes invisible through light !

What wonder that of yore
 Men held thee for a deity, great sun,
 Kindling thy pyre before
 Thy race is run,
 Casting life down
 At pleasure, to resume it as a crown !

Or that our holier prayer
 Still consecrates thy symbol, that our fanes
 Plant their pure altars where
 Thine Eastern glory reigns,
 And thy bright West
 Drops prophet-mantles on our beds of rest ?

Here, watching, let us kneel
 Through the still darkness of this grave-like
 time,
 Till on our ears shall steal
 A whisper, then a chime,
 And then a chorus : earth has burst her prison,
 The sign is in the skies ! the Sun is risen !

[For the National Magazine.]

CHARITY.

O, OPEN-HANDED, open-hearted maid !
 Whose silent bounties ever ceaseless flow,
 Thy generous hand to poverty convey'd
 The sweetest blessings of the earth below.
 "God loves a cheerful giver," and, like love,
 The more we give, the more we still receive ;
 Our mite's at interest in the land above,
 We only lend what charities we give ;
 And they who hoard their useless thousands up,
 While hundreds round them, helpless cry for
 bread,
 Shall drink, at last, the dregs of that cold cup,
 Whose bitter draught their fellow-mortals fed,
 For earth belongs, with all its wealth, to God,
 And he that robs him well deserves the rod.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

THEIR INSCRIPTIONS AND LESSONS.

IN a preceding article we gave a description and brief history of the Roman Catacombs. We propose now to present some examples of their inscriptions and symbols, preparatory to the deductions to be hereafter drawn from them respecting theological and ecclesiastical questions.

We have already referred to the simplicity, we should, perhaps, say meagerness, of these epitaphs, and of their almost total lack of artistic style; the reader must not therefore follow us in our reverent walks among them, with any exaggerated or fastidious expectations. They speak but the more affectingly and powerfully to the Christian heart by their direct, their humble and unpretending speech. They prove to us, what Christ assumed to be the glory and demonstration of our faith, that *the poor had the gospel preached to them*. They prove to us, too, what the history of the Church generally attests, that the poor are not only the first but the purest fruits of the faith; and there, in those dark and labyrinthine aisles—the great subterranean cathedral of Rome—hallowed by the saintliest memories of primeval Christian worship, of heroic suffering, and of innumerable martyrs, what a contrast have we with the superb, but meretricious pomps of the fallen Church above them!

We give an engraving of one of these earliest Christians—one of the fossors, or quarrymen. The inscription reads:—“Diogenes the Fossor, buried in peace on the eighth before the kalends of October.” Maitland, in explaining it, cannot avoid some suggestive and very relevant remarks: “On either side is seen a dove with an olive branch, the common emblem of Christian peace; the pick-ax and lamp together plainly designate the sub-



“Diogenes the Fossor, buried in peace on the eighth before the kalends of October.”

terranean excavator; while the spike by which the lamp is suspended from the rock, the cutting instruments and compasses used for marking out the graves, and the chapel lined with tombs among which the fossor stands, mark as distinctly the whole routine of his occupation, as the cross on his dress his Christian profession. The painting is on a retiring part of the wall, and beneath it is the opening of a grave. From the instruments represented in this valuable painting, as well as from the testimony of authors, we conclude that the fossors were employed to excavate and adorn parts of the Catacombs. A great portion of their work must have been connected with the chapels, which were very numerous, and afterward became elaborate in their details. This rude attempt of a cotemporary artist to represent the occupation of a poor Christian, employed in burying in secret the deceased members of a community to whom no place on the face of the earth was granted for their long home, suggests some serious reflections on the change which Christendom has since undergone. Could we imagine the humble Diogenes, whom we see engaged in his melancholy task, to

look out from the entrance to the crypt, and behold, in their present splendor, the domes and palaces of Christian Rome—to see the cross which *he* could only wear in secret on his coarse woolen tunic, glittering from every pinnacle of the eternal city—how would he hail the arrival of a promised millennium, and confidently infer the abolition of idolatrous service! Glowing with the zeal of the Cyprianic age, he hastes to the nearest temple to give thanks for the marvelous change: he stops short at the threshold; for by a strange mistake he has encountered incense, and images, and the purple-bearing train of the Pontifex Maximus. What remains for him but to wander solitary beside the desolate Tiber, by those ‘waters of Babylon to sit down and weep,’ while he remembers his ancient Zion!”

Such was the estimation in which these humble men—the grave-diggers of the martyrs—were held, that old Jerome says: “The first order among the clergy is that of the fossors, who, after the manner of holy Tobit, are employed in burying the dead.”

This underground city, larger even than the one above, doubtless had a vast population—a class the very lowest, it is probable, among the urban masses of the empire. Our fine dreams of classic culture and luxury are relevant only to the higher grades of Greek and Roman life. The lower strata of the masses, like these *arenarii* and fossors, were but the more depressed and crushed by the superincumbent pressure of luxury and magnificence. To them the new religion, with its humble but angelic virtues, its humane sympathies, and its pledges of future and eternal deliverance, could not but be acceptable. Hence the first prayers to the “unknown God” uttered in the eternal city were breathed in these dark caverns of toil, and the first hymns of Christian hope and gratitude flowed along these dreary mazes.

The earliest inscriptions everywhere bear testimony to the illiteracy of these poor but devout men. They are often mere scratches, the letters presenting all kinds of irregularities. The orthography is so bad in some instances as almost to defy the

attempts of the learned to decipher it. The Latinity is often utterly barbarous. Bishop Kip gives examples. Here is one:—

DOMITI
IN PACE
LEA FECIT

DOMITI IN PACE. LEA FECIT.

Domitius in peace. Lea erected this.

Roughly carved upon the slab, says the bishop, over which its letters straggle with no attention to order, it tells plainly that it was placed there by the members of a persecuted and oppressed community.

Here is another of an old saint, who selected, himself, his resting-place among his departed brethren. The Latinity is so imperfect as to puzzle the antiquary—

✠
MRTURUS
UIXLTANUDN
XGIELEXITD
OMMUIUSINPACE

“In Christo. Martyrius vixit annos XCL.
Elexit domum vivus. In pace.

“In Christ. Martyrius lived ninety-one years.
He chose this spot during his life. In peace.”

Here is another, whose irregular letters show the effect of an unskilled but affectionate hand to record, in hasty brevity, perhaps in momentary apprehension of the persecutor, a name and a blessing for a departed disciple.

LEGURIUS SUCCEUSUS

Legurius Succensus. In peace.

In some instances an emblem for the name was rudely drawn, as being more intelligible to the unlettered survivors of the family of the departed, than the literal inscription. The lion was hastily carved,



to show them where "Leo" [lion] slept, and even the outline of a young pig was necessary to designate the resting-place of young "Porcella" to her untaught family.

One of these irregular scratches (probably inscribed at an early date) shows at once the unskillful art yet sublime faith of these men "in caverns of the earth," of "whom the world was not worthy." The formula D. M. S., with the monogram of our Lord interplaced, (of which more directly,) and the repetition of the monogram at the end with the Alpha and Omega, tell us what was the "orthodoxy" of that day. The old heathen formula, D. M., which they used for *divis manibus*, it has been argued, was retained with a Christian meaning as applied to our Lord, and is to be interpreted DEO MAXIMO:—

D M † S

VITALIS DEPOSITA DIAESABATV KLVGV Q
Q-VIXITANNISXXVMESSIII FECITCVMMARITAVVISXDIESXXX



Sacred to Christ, the Supreme God.

Vitalis, buried on Saturday, Kalends of August. She lived twenty-five years and three months. She lived with her husband ten years and thirty days.
In Christ, the First and the Last.

It is not possible to ascertain the earliest interments in the Catacombs. The oldest date yet discovered is not, however, later than forty years after the death of our Lord, under Vespasian:—

"VCVESPASIANO III COS IAN."

An architect, who was a martyr for the faith, and who had been employed by the emperor, is commemorated at about the same date, showing how early the new religion had won its way to the west, and that its very infancy there was baptized

with blood. The first consular date is in the ninety-eighth year of the Christian era; the next was under the consulship of Surra and Senecio in A. D. 107:—

"N XXX SVRRA ET SENEC. COSS."

From these early dates down to the beginning of the fifth century, it is believed that "the whole Christian population of Rome" found here their final resting-place, and we have reason to suppose that the Christian population of the city very soon became immense; for at an early period, when the metropolis included above a million of souls, complaint was made that the heathen temples were deserted through the popular prevalence of the new faith. It is estimated that there are at least seventy thousand epitaphs in the Catacombs, besides the countless number of uncommemorated interments. Thousands after thousands of martyrs were laid to rest there. One of the inscriptions reads, "This is the cemetery of Priscilla, in which are the bodies of three thousand martyrs who suffered under the emperor Antonine." Prudentius, in his Hymn on the Martyrdom of Hippolytus, refers to the *polyandria*, or tombs for a multitude of the dead. "Many sepulchers," he says, "marked with letters, display the name of the martyr, or some anagram. There are also dumb stones closing silent tombs,

which tell only the number interred within,—so that we know how many human bodies lie in the heap, although we read no names belonging to them.

I remember finding that no less than sixty were

buried under one mound, whose names Christ alone preserves, as those of his peculiar friends."

On one of these *polyandria* is the inscription:—

"MARCELLA ET CHRISTI
MARTYRES
CCCCCL"

"Marcella and five hundred and fifty martyrs of Christ."

This probably refers not to the number of the dead actually inclosed, but to the

number who perished in the persecution in which these suffered.

The *Lapidarian Gallery* of the Vatican is now the studio for antiquarian researches among these inscriptions. Some years ago, the most important tablets, amounting to some three thousand, were placed on the wall of one side of this extended corridor, and there they stand in expressive contrast with the sepulchral records of heathen Rome, which are displayed on the opposite wall. The inscriptions, if such they can be called, on the former, are, as we have said, often merely scrawls; in other instances, they are cut into the soft material from half an inch to four inches in height; the lettering is usually tinged with a red color. The pagan epitaphs are on splendid marble tablets; they are elegantly executed, both in their Latinity and their sculpture. "I have spent," says a French author, Raoul Rochette, "many entire days in this sanctuary of antiquity, where the sacred and profane stand facing each other, in the written monuments preserved to us, as in the days when paganism and Christianity, striving with all their powers, were engaged in mortal conflict. * * *

And were it only the treasure of impressions which we receive from this immense collection of Christian epitaphs, taken from the graves of the Catacombs, and now attached to the walls of the Vatican, this alone would be an inexhaustible fund of recollections and enjoyment for a whole life."

Not more contrasted is the style of execution on these two walls than their moral significance. The pagan epitaphs and emblems are pompous and rhetorical, but hopeless and mostly destitute of moral dignity; the confronting Christian testimonials are as brief, and as direct as language could well make them; and yet, by a simple word, often express the fullness of religious hope and peace. The splendid mythology of Greece could decorate the life of the old Roman, but it could not arm him against death; his philosophy and his heroism might fortify him somewhat against it, but only as they did against "Fortune." He might sternly defy it, but he could not welcome it. Mabillon found the following pagan epitaph in Rome:—

"PROCOPE·MANVS·LEBO·CONTRA
DEVM·QVI·ME·INNOCENTEM·SVS·
TVLIT·QVAE·VIXIT·ANNOS·XX
POS·PROCLVS"

"I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched away me, innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set up this."

How contrasted is the following, found by Sponius:—

"QVI DEDIT ET ABSTVLIT
OMINI BENEDIC
QVI BIXIT ANN
PACE CONS"

"The remainder of this inscription," says Maitland, "has been destroyed, as far as mere perishable marble is concerned; but the immortal sentiment which pervades the sentence supplies the loss. Like a voice from among the graves, broken by sobs yet distinctly intelligible, fall the few remaining words upon the listening ear: "—who gave and hath taken—blessed—of the Lord—who lived—years—in peace—in the consulate of—."

This moral contrast strikes the eye throughout the Lapidarian Gallery. On one of the classical epitaphs a bereaved mother cries out in a hopeless agony:

"ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVAE FVNERE
CAVDES
QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS
ERIPITVR."

"O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, Why is Maximus so early snatched from me?"

While on the opposite wall looks down upon the spectator this simple, but sweet passage, speaking volumes:—

"ACCERSITVS AB ANGELIS VII·IDVS IANVA."

"Borne away by angels on the seventh Ides of January."

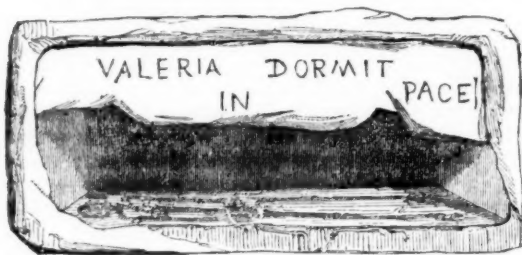
And not far off is this rude, but beautiful sentence:—

GEMELLA DORMT
IN PACE

"Gemella sleeps in peace."

Blessed contrast! Christian reader, does not its simplicity and yet ineffable significance touch your heart, as no pompous rhetoric could? Stephen, says the sacred narrative, "fell asleep" under the missiles of his persecutors, and the apostle speaks of "them that sleep in Jesus:" you read the same sentiment

here, unqualified by the augmented terrors of the imperial persecutions. Penetrate the dark aisles of the Catacombs, and you will find there, amidst innumerable other instances, a broken tomb in which the slow decay of ages has left the configuration of the body in mere dust, and yet on the broken slab still speaks out the all-significant, never-failing sentiment :—



"Valeria sleeps in peace."

"Domus Eternalis," the "eternal home," is ever recurring on the pagan tablets; regrets of life unrelieved by hopes of the future. At best they affect but an Epicurean or Anacreontic lightness:—

"D · M
TI · CLAVDI · SECVNDI
HIC · SECVM · HABET · OMNIA
BALNEA · VINVM · VENVS
CORRVMPVNT · CORPORA ·
NOSTRA · SED · VITAM FACIVNT
B · V · V ·"

"To the divine manes of Titus Claudius Secundus, who lived fifty-seven years. Here he enjoys everything. Baths, wine, and love, ruin our constitutions, but—they make life what it is. Farewell, farewell."

So in this, where life is looked upon as a play :—

"VIXI · DVM · VIXI · BENE · JAM · MEA
PERACTA · MOX · VESTRA · AGETVR
FABVLA · VALETE · ET · PLAVDITE
V · A · N · LVIL ·"

"While I lived, I lived well. My play is now ended. Soon yours will be. Farewell, and applaud me."

Look up to the rude scrawls on the opposite tablets; what a new and pure and loving faith do they reveal!—

"DORMITIO ELPIDIS."

"The sleeping place of Elpis."

"VICTORINA DORMIT."

"Victorina sleeps."

"ZOTICVS HIC AD DORMIENDVM."

"Zoticus laid here to sleep."

"IN PACE DOMINI DORMIT."

"He sleeps in the peace of the Lord."

"RELICTIS TVIS IACES IN PACE SOPORE
MERITA RESVREGIS TEMPORALIS TIBI DATA
REQVETIO."

"You, well-deserving one, having left your [relatives,] lie in peace—in sleep. You will arise; a temporary rest is granted you."

And trace along the unpretending slabs; there you read :—

"NICEFORVS ANIMA
DVLCS IN REFRIGERIO."

"Niceforus, a sweet soul, in the place of refreshment."

And yonder :—

"ARETVSA
IN DEO."

"Arethusa, in God."

And still further :—

"ESSE IAM INTER INNO-
CENTIS COEPISTI."

"You have already begun to be among the innocent ones."

And yonder again, in a rude outline with its simple emblems, is a parent's loving tribute to his pious child, consecrated, not lost in death :—

Q VALE SABINA
DVXIT ANNOS VIII MENSES BO
VIII DIES XXII
VIVAS IN DEO DVLCS

"VALE SABINA VIXIT ANNOS VIII MENSES VIII
DIES XXII. VIVAS IN DEO DVLCS."

"Farewell, O Sabina; she lived viii years, viii months, and xxii days. Mayst thou live sweet in God."

And there, with its emblem of a ship, is a fond, a yearning tribute of parental affection for a Christian maiden, departed in her bloom, but in peace :—



"NABIRA IN PACE ANIMA DVLCS
QVI BIXIT ANOS n XVI M V
ANIMA MELEIEA
TITVLV FACTV
APARENTES SIGNVM NABE."

"Navra, in peace, a sweet soul,
Who lived sixteen years and five months:
A soul sweet as honey.
This epitaph was made
By her parents—the sign, a ship."

Natural as well as Christian affection speaks everywhere—"A most loving wife—she lived in peace." "To the blessed Paul, his brother Hedulales"—"Aurelia, our sweetest daughter"—"Our son, dear, sweet, most innocent, and incomparable."

Several interesting inscriptions refer to conjugal attachment:—

"To Claudius the well-deserving and affectionate, who loved me. He lived twenty-five years, more or less. In peace."

"Cecilius the husband, to Cecilia Placidina, my wife, of excellent memory, with whom I lived well ten years, without any quarrel. In Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour.

"To Domina, my sweetest and most innocent wife, who lived sixteen years and four months, and was married two years, four months, and nine days: with whom I was not able to live, on account of my traveling, more than six months. During which time I showed her my love, as I felt it. None else so loved each other. Buried on the 15th before the Kalends of June."

"Sweet Faustina, may you live in God."

And yonder is the affectionate tribute of a Christian lady to one who, though her servant, was also her sister in Christ:

"Here lies Paulina in the place of the blessed. Paeta, to whom she was nurse, buried her, an amiable and holy person. In Christ."

And still further is a rough but striking figure: it represents, according to Boldetti, one of those caldrons of boiling oil in which the martyr was sometimes immersed—a baptism of agony—it spoke only of excruciating torture and death to the Christians of the Catacombs, and this martyr was a woman, one of their wives or daughters; yet how unpretendingly they lay her down in her rest after the deadly anguish:—



"VICTORINA IN PACE ET IN CHRISTO."

"Victorina in peace and in Christ."

We feel reluctant to leave this view of the subject—there is something inexpressibly touching and even beautiful to us in these brief and humble inscriptions; and their significance is enhanced even to

moral sublimity, when we consider the dismal subterranean realm whence their mute speech comes up to us from the silence of ages, and the terrible tragedies, that set history itself aghast, from amid which, like angel whispers of benediction, they come upon our ears. Reader, we know not how you consider them, but we confess to the weakness of tears, as we trace them on this page for your perusal, and we do feel like taking up the strains of praise that once swelled amid the groans of martyrs and the sobbings of the bereaved along these winding arches—to Him "who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." One of the most affecting facts about these inscriptions is the total absence of revenge, or complaint against their relentless enemies. Scenes were constantly occurring in the Colosseum which must have made angels veil their faces with their pinions: old men, little children, beautiful and saintly women, denuded and cast in among commingled tigers, lions, bulls, elephants, snakes—gored, stung, tossed, and torn asunder amid the shouts of hundreds of thousands of spectators. Their humble brethren gathered their bleeding fragments when the multitude had retired to other scenes of vice, and placed them here to rest, with these simple words of love and hope, or at most exclaiming, in their tears, as we quoted from an inscription, in our last, "O, sad times, in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us!" "The absence," says Bishop Kip, "of every feeling but those of trust and hope, is most remarkable in these epitaphs. No word of bitterness is breathed against their persecutors,

by whom their brethren had been doomed to death. Succeeding generations relied upon distinguishing the tombs of the martyrs, more by the emblems placed over them, uncertain as this test was, than by

the words of the inscriptions. In very few cases is the manner of their death mentioned. We believe there is but a single instance of one picturing martyrdom to the eye; and that is the representation

of a man torn in pieces by wild beasts." "To look at the Catacombs alone," says Rochette, "it might be supposed that persecution had there no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering." And D'Agincourt says:—"The Catacombs, destined for the sepulture of the primitive Christians, for a long time peopled with martyrs, ornamented during times of persecution, and under the dominion of melancholy thoughts and painful duties, nevertheless everywhere represent in all the historic parts of these paintings only what is noble and exalted, (*des traits heroïques.*) There is no sign of mourning, no token of resentment, no expression of vengeance; all breathes softness, benevolence, charity." And well did the pilgrim from whom we quoted in our last, and who penetrated these caverns more than five hundred years ago, inscribe on one of the crypts:—"Gather together, O Christians, in these caverns, to read the holy books and to sing hymns. . . . There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs."

Arringhi, in his *Roma Subterranea*, discusses through twenty chapters the inscriptions of the martyrs of the Catacombs. Whenever an allusion is made to the sufferings of the victims, it is heroic but brief. Sometimes the epitaph ends with an affecting intimation that a beloved hand had contributed the memento. Here is a tribute from a bereaved wife; there is heroism as well as affection in it:—

"PRIMITIVS IN PACE QVI POST
MVLTA ANGVSTIAS FORTISSIMVS MARTYR
ET VIXIT ANNOS P.M. XXXVIII CONIVC SVO
PERDVLCISSIMO BENEMERENTI FECIT.

"Primitus in peace. A most vallant martyr, after many torments. Aged 38. His wife raised this to her dearest, well-deserving husband."

The following is from a humbler hand, but one that did not disdain to acknowledge her lowly relation to the noble martyr:—

ΘΗΣ ΥΠΟΨΗΛΟΥΣ ΟΥΛΛΗΕ ΠΥΡΧΟΥΣ ΗΥΟΥ
ΛΑΤΥ Γ ΤΡΩΦΗΣ ΕΥΦΑΜΗΔΗΚΤΩΙΑ
ΟΥΗΣ ΟΥΝΥ ΤΗΡΤΑΚΕ
ΥΟΦΗΛΑΡ ΧΗΛΑΦΕ ΧΗΤ

"Hic Gordianus Gallie nuncius, jugulatus pro fide, cum familia tota. Quiescent in pace. Theophila ancilla fecit."

"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who was murdered, with all his family, for their faith. They rest in peace. Theophila, his handmaid, set up this."

Here is one which indicates that it was set up while a persecution was actually raging. It is very characteristic, expressing at once faith, sadness, and heroism:—

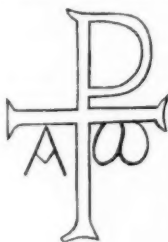
"TEMPORE ADRIANI IMPERATORIS MA
RIUS ADOLESCENS DVX MILITVM QVI
SATIS VIXIT DVM VITAM PRO CRO
CVM SANGVINE CONSVNSIT IN PACE
TANDEM QVIEVIT BENEMERENTES
CVM LACRIMIS ET METV POSVERVNT
I D. VI."

"In the time of the Emperor Adrian. Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with his blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear, on the 6th, Ides of December."

There are some emblems on the tablets which are supposed to have allusion to martyrdom, though not without dispute. Among them is the ungula, or hooked forceps, which is usually regarded as an instrument of torture, some of which have been found within the tombs, and are now shown in the museum of the Vatican. Another is a hooked comb, which it is contended was used in tearing the flesh of the martyrs. The palm by itself, which is found on so many tombs, is now allowed by most writers to be no certain evidence of martyrdom. It was rather a Christian emblem, showing the triumph over sin and the grave, in which every true follower of our Lord had a right to claim his part. Another is the cup, which was often found without the graves, and is represented in some of the engravings we have already given. It was contended that this was placed at the martyr's grave filled with his blood. But while in writers of that day we find abundant evidence of the care of the Christians in collecting the remains of their friends and the blood shed in martyrdom, it was that they might possess the latter as a precious memorial. There is nowhere a mention made of their burying it. The furnace is also frequently found as an emblem. It is sometimes in this shape. This is said by some writers to signify, that the individual suffered death by fire, or that these were caldrons filled with boiling oil in which the martyr was immersed. It is exhibited in another form in an engraving given elsewhere.

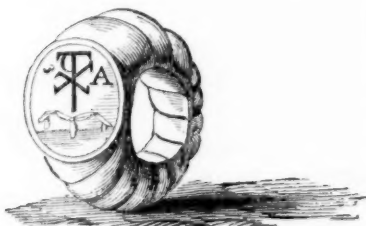


Among the inscriptions in the Catacombs the monogram of the name of Christ is the most frequently seen. It consists of a cross bisected by a P. It is thus explained:—"The Greek letter X (Ch) resembles our X, and is the first letter in the word Christ. The Greek letter P (R) resembles our P, and is the second letter in that name. The sign, therefore, of the X, with the P passing through its center, was precisely the same as if we for the name of Christ wrote the abbreviation *Chr.* placing the *r* between the *c* and the *h*. It was not properly a symbol of anything, but simply a contracted name—a monogram. Of this we have further confirmation in the fact, that even to this day we use the same sign as a contraction of the word Christ; for we write *Xtian* for Christian, and *Xmas* for Christmas. But after a time, taking the the X as a cross, and by the change of shape called decussation, it was thrown out of its natural form into that of a cross.



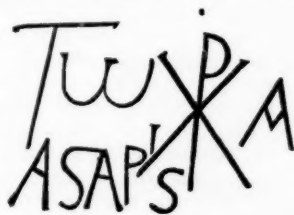
its occupant had peace in Christ the crucified, the first and the last."

Bishop Kip gives an engraving of a seal ring which was found in the Catacombs, and which represents the monogram as supported by two doves. He gives also



a rudely-sculptured design, which presents (probably through the ignorance of the sculptor) the symbolical letters as in-

verted: the name of the deceased is blended with the letters and the monogram:



it reads therefore:—"Tassaritis, in Christ, the First and the Last."

"Boldetti," says Maitland, "found upon the plaster of a grave, the impression of a stamp an inch and a half in diameter:



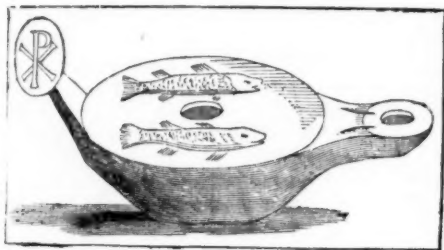
"Christus est Deus."

some zealous adherent to the true faith, probably in Arian times, had 'set to his seal' that 'Christ is God.'"

The spectator in the Catacombs and the Lapidarian Gallery is struck with the frequent occurrence of the fish as an em-

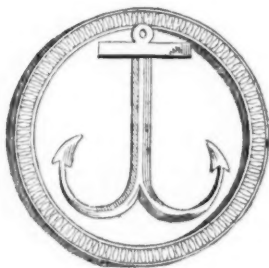


blem, and when the emblem is not used, often the Greek word for it is inscribed. "The idea," says Bishop Kip, "was originally derived from the Greek word for fish, *ιχθυς*, which contains the initials of *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος Σωτηρ*, JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, THE SAVIOUR. Among the religious emblems which St. Clement (A. D. 194) recommends to the Christians of Alexandria, to have engraven on their rings, he mentions the fish." It was generally used among the Christians during the persecutions, because while it expressed the fundamental idea of their faith, it was almost beyond any possible detection by their enemies. A lamp was found in the Catacombs which represents both the emblem

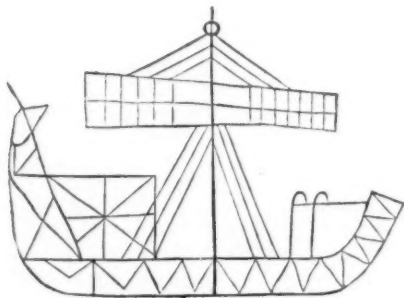


of the fish and the monogram of Christ's name.

The anchor is also a device which is very common on the tablets, indicating that the voyage of life was over, and the departed safely reposing in the final harbor.



"A similar idea," says Bishop Kip, "undoubtedly dictated the choice of a SHIP as one of their most common emblems, and which the Church of Rome has re-



tained to this day. It was supposed to be sailing heavenward, and they referred to the expression of St. Peter—"So shall an entrance be ministered unto you abun-

dantly"—which they endeavored to illustrate by the idea of a vessel making a prosperous entrance into port. It was not a symbol confined to the Christians, but was with the heathen also a favorite emblem of the close of life. It may be seen at this day carved on a tomb near the Neapolitan Gate of Pompeii. Perhaps, from them the early fathers derived it, yet they gave it a Christian and more elevated meaning. The al-

legory of the ship is carried out to its fullest extent in the fifty-seventh chapter of the second book of the 'Apostolical Constitutions,' which is supposed to have been compiled in the fourth century. It is represented also on a gem found in the Catacombs, where the ship is sailing on a fish, while doves, emblematic of the faithful, perch on the mast and stern; two apostles row, a third lifts up his hands in prayer, and our Saviour, approaching the vessel, supports Peter by the hand when about to sink. It was probably one of the signet-rings alluded to by Clement of Alexandria, as bearing the *ναῦς οὐρανοδομοῦσα*—the ship in full sail for heaven. Sometimes the mast was drawn as a cross, in allusion to our Saviour."

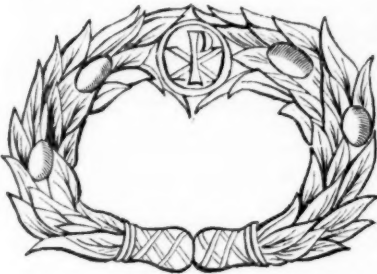


The dove was a familiar emblem of the meekness and peacefulness of the new faith. It is often accompanied with the word Pax, peace.

Besides the *Palm*, so common on the tombs, which we have already mentioned, there were also the *Stag*, to show "the hart which thirsteth after the water brooks;" the *Hare*, symbolizing the peaceful, retiring Christian, pursued by persecutors; the *Lion*, sometimes for the proper name "Leo," at others symbolizing the "Lion of the tribe of Judah;" and the *Phoenix* and *Peacock*, emblems of the resurrection.



The *Crown*, signifying victory, is often carved on the tablets, sometimes joined with the monogram of Christ. We give



“FL·IOVINA·QVAE·VIX
·ANNIS·TRIBVS·D·XXX
·NEOFITA·IN·PACE·XI·K.”

“Flavia Jovina, who lived three years and thirty days—a neophyte—in peace.
(She died) the eleventh before the Kalends....”

below an example of the *Crown and Palm*, surrounding the monogram.

Such are specimens of the *Inscriptions* and *emblems* of these remarkable monuments. The reader will be struck by both their simplicity and purity. There is no intimation among them all of the innumerable superstitions and monstrous symbolism of the Papal Church. The primeval integrity of the faith—the faith once delivered to the saints—was still maintained; there is no mariolatry here—not a word of it—no invocation of saints—no prayers for the dead—no allusion to purgatorial fires. The most elementary ideas of the faith expressed in the purest symbols—symbols which were evidently used chiefly as abbreviated forms of expression—the briefest, the most unpretending commemoration of the martyrs, without prayers or worship to them; simple expressions of sorrow, resignation, heroism; of faith, hope, charity, intermingled with momentary, but touching utterances of natural affection—such are the characteristics of these records in stone—records of the greatest era and the greatest nobleness in the history of human nature. But of the Scriptural and theological lessons taught by these memorials, we shall treat in our next.

ENVY—ITS EVIL EFFECTS.

THE envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to those who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valor and wisdom, are provocations of their displea-

sure. What a wretched and apostate state is this; to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is emphatically miserable. He is not only incapable of rejoicing in another man's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

[For the National Magazine.]

SKETCHES IN EUROPE.

WE visited the Tower, the old palatial fortress of the English kings, said to have been built originally by Julius Cæsar, though it is well known that no part of the existing structure dates further back than the time of William the Conqueror. To the man acquainted with English history from his youth, no place on earth is so full of strange, mysterious, fearful interest as this. Here formerly stood the throne of almost unlimited power and of boundless ambition,—here, in these prisons, the groans of the prisoner and the clanking of his chains greeted the ear and chilled the blood,—here rolled from the block the heads of many of the chief nobility of the land, merely to gratify royal thirst for blood,—here, too, were the saloons of luxury and gayety where fashion sat enthroned, and lust and pride and vanity regaled themselves with dainty dishes and choice wines, and arrayed themselves in gorgeous trappings, and where the tread of the dance made echo to the stroke of the instrument of death, and its music mingled with the prisoner's moan. As we went in, the past seemed to return—the former inmates of the place seemed to spring up from their ashes and dust and blood, and become our attendants; and haughty forms of noble and royal dames, of kings and knights in their coats of creaking steel, and of headless trunks of men and women, seemed to form our retinue, and to follow us through the various apartments.

We had to buy tickets, one for the apartment containing the royal jewels, and another for the armories, and had for our guide a man in the dress of the time of Henry VIII., called a warder. His coat was of scarlet cloth, trimmed with copper lace. In the armories are rows of figures, representing, for the most part, certain characters of English history, mounted on chargers, and clad in various sorts of armor, according to the age to which they belong. Some of these coats of mail were beautiful and ingenious specimens of what is called chain-armor, and a few of them were plated with gold. Some suits of armor weighed as much as a hundred pounds, and a few of them are worn by the figures representing the very knights for whom they were made, and by whom

they were used in battle or in the tournament more than a hundred years ago. Arms of various descriptions, of every age of the world and of every country, from the slender arrow to the two-handed sword; from the clumsy matchlock to Colt's revolver, all hung around the walls, and fantastically wrought into stars and sunflowers; thus converting the deadly instruments of man's ambition and cruelty into symbols of calmness and peace. We were in the prison in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for sixteen years, and from which he went forth to die, a victim to the treachery of a pusillanimous king. The Earl of Essex, the chief favorite of the virgin queen, was also confined in this room, and was beheaded within the walls of the Tower: the very ax which severed his head from his body was shown us: it bore considerable resemblance to the common broad-ax used by our ship carpenters. We also saw in the same room the block on which Lord Lovat was beheaded, the last person who suffered death in that form in England. This relic was hollowed out on two sides, in order to make room for the breast on one side, and for the chin on the other, and that the neck might lie firmly upon the wood and be severed at a single stroke. There are three deep cuts in the block; but whether they were all made in the decapitation of Lovat, we cannot say. To lose the head at a single blow has generally been very much desired by persons about to die this death. Monmouth, at his execution, besought the headsman to keep a steady nerve, and to finish him at a single stroke; but such was the depth of the poor man's sympathy for the people's favorite, that he played the part rather of an awkward butcher than of a skillful executioner: it required seven strokes of his trembling and hesitating hand to complete the desperate task. Sir Walter Raleigh, however, seems to have felt but little interest in the manner in which the headsman might perform the last offices for him; for when that functionary politely asked him how he would have his head laid, he promptly replied, "If the heart is right, it matters but little about the head." The iron collar, with the goads inside; the thumb-screws, and several other instruments of torture, the remnants of a barbarous age, and now no longer in use, except perhaps secretly in some of the papal states of Europe, were

objects of great interest to us as Americans. We were thankful that our country had no such past as that to which these things belong. These goads have no doubt been forced into many a neck; and these screws have excruciated many a hand, and perhaps wrung confession, true or false, from many a tongue.

Before entering the apartment containing the crown jewels, we were required to lay aside our canes and umbrellas, lest such mischievous articles should break the glass case containing the treasured toys. These consisted of a golden walking-stick of one of the kings; scepters of gold, crowns decorated with gold and diamonds; the golden communion service, used once a year upon the occasion of the visit of the royal family to the Tower, when Mr. Melville, who is chaplain here, preaches and administers the communion; and finally the silver gilt baptismal font, out of which the royal children are baptized. I had a very strong impression that the queen's state crown, consisting of a cap of purple velvet, inclosed by hoops of silver and decked with uncounted diamonds, as also with a splendid ruby and a sapphire, would have made a most excellent smoking cap. It made me think of my *meerschaum*.

We leave the Tower with its prestige of ancient and bloody memories, its mailed and mounted knights, its thumb-screws and heading-axes, its trumpery of royal baubles and useless wealth, and proceed to an institution of modest pretensions, the offspring of modern benevolence, and the parent of a thousand blessings to multitudes of the most wicked, degraded, and neglected inhabitants of London. "Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge for the utterly destitute," was founded about twelve years ago; and from the smallest beginnings, the corresponding streams of liberality and usefulness flowing into the treasury of the school and out among the victims of wretchedness and crime, have been constantly deepening and widening, until it now holds a place among the indispensable charities of the metropolis. The Earl of Shaftesbury is the president, and the Duke of Argyll vice-president; and without touching our hat to their titles, or intending in any way to inveigh against the constitution of our country, which forbids letters of nobility, we give it as our opinion, that such dukes and earls are of some use—that this sort

of ducal government ought to have been thought of earlier in the history of the world. These gentlemen do not hold their offices as sinecures, merely to throw the shadow of their names over the society, but they attend its meetings, and labor to promote its interests.

The school embraces infants, boys, girls, men, and women, appropriately divided into industrial and reading classes, some meeting at night, others in the daytime. We ascended the gallery where the scholars were employed at their tasks, mechanical and literary; and the spectacle that met our eyes was at once grotesque, ludicrous, and affecting. There sat a boy looking as though he had never been washed in his life, except in the mud of his native gutters; his hair lying, or rather standing in no particular way; his eye wearing a strange glare as if unaccustomed to be so near the gaslight, his shirt split down the back, and his left leg protruding from his trowsers, which were rent from the pocket to the hem at the bottom. He was sitting in the midst of his equals, tailor fashion, essaying to restore the fallen fortunes of his corduroy jacket, and seemed to be making his maiden effort to bring his sight and the point of his thread to a simultaneous bearing upon the eye of his needle. I pitied his trowsers, thinking it would be a long time before their turn could possibly come. But there was the patient teacher rendering all needful assistance. This lad was only the culminating figure of a series possessing similar characteristics of person, garb, and skill—the topping out of a pyramid of rags. The rest—whether tailoring, cobbling, or studying—needed only to look at him to see what they themselves had been when they first entered the school, and to which they still made the nearest possible approach—a finished ragamuffin. Yonder, a seat or two off, sat a man apparently fifty years old, with a countenance as vacant as a pasteboard, with his eyes fixed upon a card containing the letters of the alphabet, and by his side another of equally unpromising appearance, and but little younger, laboring to fathom the mystery of his b-a-b-a-s. And here, just by my side, in his second or third visit, sits a dirty, little squinting German Jew, who does not even know where or who his parents are. Near Charley, the poor little Jew, is a young man of about twenty-

two or three; his countenance is one of great gentleness, though bearing the infallible marks of poverty and suffering; he eyes little Charley with great tenderness, as our question draws from him the confession that his parents are unknown to him, and he hesitatingly ventures the remark:—"If Charley knew his parents he might still be like some of the rest of us. I know my father, but he can do nothing for me; sometimes he may have a little job, and then again, perhaps, have nothing to do for days together."

At a tap from the principal everything stops,—hammering, sewing, and reading,—and scholars and teachers all join in singing a hymn and in prayers, and then return to their work. "The lodge for the utterly destitute" is in the same building, below, and its sleeping arrangements consist of a number of boxes or berths, each just large enough to contain one person. All comers are received and allowed the use of a berth and a blanket, together with the luxury of a good bath, which has a most civilizing effect, for filth is the evidence of degradation, and when it is removed the difference between a loafer and a gentleman is sensibly diminished. Besides the lodging, they receive a six ounce loaf of bread morning and evening. This is poor boarding and lodging, and is intended to be so; they wish to avoid encouraging vagrancy and idleness, and therefore they only make the night lodge a little better than remaining in the street. When we left, which was after the time for closing the lodge, we found a large number of poor creatures at the door who had reached the place too late, and begged us for a penny or two to get into some cellar where they might pass the night.

St. Paul's Cathedral is said to be the largest building in the world devoted to Protestant worship. It is five hundred feet long, over four hundred feet high, and cost about four millions of dollars; all collected as a tax upon the coal brought into the port of London. It deserves, therefore, as the guide-book says, to wear, as it does, a smoky coat. I accomplished the feat and brought off the honor of ascending the more than six hundred steps, and putting my head into the ball, which is said to be large enough to contain eight persons. We descended from the garret to the cellar, from the ball to the crypt, where are the graves of many of the most

renowned personages of English history—Wren, the architect of the building, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and many others, of not much inferior note. Nelson is buried in a sarcophagus which was prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for the burial of Henry VIII., and his coffin was made of a part of the mast of one of the ships taken by the hero in the battle of the Nile. His friend, Ben Hallowell, had it made, and presented it to him with the remark:—"I send it that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your own trophies." Sir Christopher Wren, of whose comprehensive and elegant genius the Church is at once the monument and the product, was deeply mortified by an innovation upon his plan. The Duke of York, afterward James II., true to those popish instincts which blinded him to everything else and which finally proved his ruin, persisted in putting in the side oratories, so as to have them ready for the Romish service, at the new era which he hoped soon to install. Wren wept to see his beautiful work disfigured, but the duke persisted in the popish botch. The Duke of Wellington's body was taken down into the crypt through an opening in the marble floor, though he might easily have descended by the flight of steps down which his predecessors and ourselves were compelled to go. This was a mark of special honor; he who had cut his way through the mighty armies of the enemies of his country, and had brought the proud conqueror of Europe, scarcely less than archangel fallen, to the dust at his feet, cannot but die, die like other men, like other men he must decay, and be buried out of the sight of his friends, but the prestige of his name outlives the vital spark; the nation wails and all the Church bells of Europe respond; the procession moves toward the sepulcher, followed by masses of human beings as immense as those that had obeyed his nod and followed him to victory on the embattled plains; and as he had forced his way to distinction through a path such as no other Briton had ever trod, the marble floor of the grandest church in the kingdom, which had never before been disturbed for the proudest name in history, must be torn up, making for him a highway, proud and strange, down to the dust of the grave, and leaving the still rent and gaping pavement to testify of the vast distance between

nim and every other British soldier, and of the nation's unbounded admiration. Wellington is the one man honored by the English nation; his memory seems as fresh and fragrant in the hearts of the people now as when they first sung their anthems of praise for the victory of Waterloo. There are more monuments in London erected in honor of him than of all others put together. Europe has no man to fill his place, nor is she likely soon to have, unless the present war should produce another "Iron Duke," who, not content with shutting up the czar in his own territories, shall enter St. Petersburg with his army, and dictate terms of peace to the autocrat in his patrimonial halls.

The church and the sepulcher are much more generally and closely united in London than in our American cities. True, we have our country church-yards, where the sleep of the dead seems to lend its intense stillness and religious solemnity to the simple services in the inclosed meeting-house; even in our populous towns there are connected with churches some small cemeteries through which improvement has not yet driven his desolating plowshare; but these are fast disappearing before the advances of a Vandalism which, hyena-like, tears up the graves and exposes the anatomies of our ancestors to the profane gaze. We are rapidly adopting the old Athenian policy of burying our dead out of the city. Very soon the last trace of the thought of death and the sepulcher will be lost from the associations of the city church, and every city preacher will be compelled to catch his inspiration on Sunday morning somewhere else than among the tombs of the former members of his flock. No swelling mound will catch the eye, and send seriousness to the heart of the thoughtless youth as he enters the house of God; no stately monument or unchiseled lowly stone will read lessons of the vanity of riches, and the equality of the rich and the poor in the communion of death. In London the case is far different: every church has its grave-yard; all the walls of the older churches are covered with inscriptions and epitaphs; even the outside of the building is sometimes thus marked, and literally every stone on which you tread within the yard is a monument, whose record has been partly or wholly worn away by the feet of several generations of worshipers. In these churches

not only the minister preaches, but the floor, and yard, and walls also; rocking beneath the step, and meeting the eye, they echo back the words of the lively preacher. In attending service in these places, one is reminded of the lively figurative passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," &c.: the dead seem to gaze upon us from their rows of tablets and monuments as from a gallery. Let it not be supposed, however, that one can go down into the damp crypt of St. Paul's and see the moldy shrines, or drag one foot after the other up the hundreds of steps and put his head into the ball, all without charge: the lessons to be gathered from the tombs are considered by the government so valuable, and the struggle with gravitation in ascending to the ball so excellent and healthful an exercise, as to be worth about eighty cents of our money. The English government is Protestant, and therefore does not deal in relics, that is, not in detail, nor for religious purposes; but she is willing, for secular purposes, to show you whole ranks of her departed saints and heroes if it can only be made to pay. "From nothing nothing comes," is a prime axiom of English economy, whatever place it may hold in their philosophy. It may be partly owing to these enormous entrance fees at many places in London that the French have charged the English with having no God but the shilling, which, although we say nothing of its divinity, is certainly an object of national favor and universal pursuit among them. You go nowhere for nothing, get nothing for nothing, and very little for the adored shilling. But I ought not to indulge in this ill-natured strain against the British, for I have since found out to my sorrow, that if you can get more for your shilling in France, Germany, and Switzerland than you can in England, the people of the latter country are less likely to resort to low, fraudulent arts for the purpose of emptying the traveler's pockets than their continental neighbors.

Before we leave the neighborhood of St. Paul's, let us step across into that semicircular row of buildings, known as St. Paul's Church-yard, containing some of the finest shops in London. The largest among them in the drygoods line, and the largest in that line in the city, is the estab-

lishment of Messrs. Hitchcock, inferior, in its outward appearance, to Stewart's, in New-York, but employing as many as a hundred persons. The enterprising and excellent proprietors have connected with the house, a library and a chapel, (a regular chapel, fitted up with seats and pulpit,) and employ a preacher at a salary of about five hundred dollars a year, whose duty it is to minister dayly to this unique and most interesting congregation, preaching a short discourse, accompanied with prayer, every morning. We had read of the church in the house; but here was one in a shop, or store; here was a preacher, not to the University or Senate, but to clerks and salesmen as such—a house of worship, an altar, a sacred desk, in the midst of piles of broadcloth, silk, and calicos. After this our readers will not be surprised to hear that the "Young Men's Christian Association" had its origin in this house—a worthy offspring of so good and pure a place. "Of this man it shall be said, He was born in her."

We can scarcely conceive of a worse predicament for an honest man, than to be in the English metropolis without money; and yet such instances are, no doubt, very numerous; there are many people in London without money. Such was very near being my own case. I kept my draft in my pocket, as my friend Mr. Read did his, until I had almost entirely emptied my *porte-monnaie*; and then we went together to the bank to establish each other's identity, and get our money. To my utter discomfiture, I found that my bill of exchange was drawn at three days after sight, and that the bank allowed itself three days grace besides, so that it would be six days before I should get my supplies. I only had two or three gold dollars left, which was absolutely nothing before the demands of cabs, omnibuses, and sight-seeings, not to mention a considerable bill which my landlady was expecting in a day or two at most. I walked the streets moodily, thinking of the thousands of poor fellows in the great Babylon who had no money, and that I was one of them. I looked scrutinizingly into the faces of the multitudes who were passing me, and all seemed absorbed in themselves, at least it was plain that none of them were thinking of me, and that it would be impossible to borrow a farthing from one of them. The case was, of course, not desperate, but it was

awkward. I might have obtained money by getting my bill of exchange shaved, but of that I never thought; I might, perhaps, have borrowed a little of the new friends I had made in the city, but the acquaintance seemed too recent, and my feelings revolted at the thought. I was not in want, but felt a sympathy I had never known before with those that were. I was "neighbor to him that fell among thieves." A happy thought brought instant relief. I remembered that a friend in New-York had given me a letter to one of the bankers of London, as a provision against contingencies, by which I might get any money I wanted. The smoky air seemed to clear up a little.

We attended a "tea meeting" at the Sunday-school rooms of the Hackney-Road Chapel; the object of which was the payment of a church debt. At these meetings tickets are sold at sixpence or a shilling apiece; different families send tea-trays and bread and butter, and the company eat and drink, and engage freely in conversation. When the meal is over, which is necessarily frugal, the president takes the chair and the speaking begins, which is as free and jocular as the conversation had been; and finally the begging, by propositions, somewhat after our own style at anniversaries, ends the meeting. We mention this, however, merely as an illustration of the eating propensities of the English. They have a healthy climate and good constitutions, and therefore, as a general thing, good appetites; so that it is an easy matter to get them together around smoking tea-pots and piles of buttered slices of good English bread. A gentleman in Paris, who had frequently been in England, asked me if I had observed the difference between the clothing of the London and Parisian poor. I replied, I had noticed that the former were ragged, while among the latter I had not seen a single person who was not clothed in whole garments, which were mostly clean. His explanation strikingly illustrates the characteristics of the two nations: the English are the people for good cheer, and roast beef and plum pudding are the national emblems; the French are the people for good clothes, dictating the fashions to the civilized world. The Frenchman will be well dressed, whatever becomes of his stomach; and the Englishman will be fed, let go as it may with his back.

[For the National Magazine.]

QUIETISM IN FRANCE.

THE boasted uniformity of the Church of Rome is well known to be much more nominal than real. The name is, indeed, the same everywhere; and so, to some extent, is the external form; but as to material doctrines, there are among its votaries even greater and more violent antagonisms than any that divide the various sects of orthodox Protestants. But especially is the whole Church of Rome divided into two great sections, relative to the essential nature of religion itself. Of these, one division, comprehending the great mass of all social ranks, led on by the politic and interested great, who draw after them the unthinking multitude, embody religion in forms, and use it as a means of personal aggrandizement, and of security to political and ecclesiastical placements. The other section, comprising only a remnant, are endowed with a deeper spirituality, and are possessed by more exalted conceptions of the nature and designs of religion, considering it a matter of personal experience and of soul-compelling vitality. These two classes severally constitute the ecclesiastical and the mystical religionists of Romanism; and they have, to a good degree, their corresponding classes among Protestants.

Mysticism, in its better sense, is as old as Christianity, for it is of its very substance and vitality. In this sense, the New Testament is a mystical book. He who talked to the Jewish ruler of the necessity that a man should be "born again," that he might see the kingdom of heaven,—who declared the union of his disciples with himself to be like that of the branches with the vine, a vital and life-giving union,—and who promised to his believing ones a perpetual conscious communion with the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,—was certainly a teacher of high mysteries. The author of the Pauline epistles, was certainly a mystic, not only when he wrote of "dreams and visions," but especially when he declared to his brethren in Christ, "Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost." St. John's Gospel and Epistles are full of spiritual mysticisms: they treat of things beyond the range of sensible observation—of things unknown to man's discursive faculties, of which only faith can take cognizance, and

with which only the rectified reason can discourse. Mystery is, indeed, an essential element in all real religion, whether the object of such religion be true or false. A modern divine has remarked, as justly as forcibly, "A religion without a mystery is a temple without a divinity." Just as far, therefore, as any ecclesiastical body retains the vital principles of religion, so far does it embody and set forth mysteries, and is itself a system of mysticism.

It will not be denied, we presume, by any but the most extreme anti-Romanists, that the Church of Rome retains in her bosom, to a very considerable degree, both the truth and the spirit of Christianity,—that whatever may be thought of the hierarchy, the Church, as a whole, embraces essential Christian truths, and embodies among its individual members many sincere worshippers. And, if so, there cannot fail to be with such a yearning for a deeper spirituality, a higher life, than is found in merely outward ceremonies and observances. Nor has the Church of Rome at any time wholly repudiated such spiritualism. It is evident, however, that when once we pass beyond the boundaries of sensible knowledge, and enter the regions of things transcendental, there is great danger of mistaking our guides, and of following our own fancies instead of the teachings of that Spirit which alone is able to lead into all truth. To those who have the Bible in their hands, and have learned to make it their sole authoritative rule of truth and duty, this danger is not imminent, since, by the word of God, every movement of the spirit may be brought to an infallible test. Not so, however, with those who enjoy not this advantage. With them the active forces of spiritual religion are constantly in danger of being either subjected to priestly superstitions, or of running into fanatical extravagances.

The mystical party in the Church of Rome has been known and recognized during the whole period of its history; but in the latter part of the seventeenth century it received a peculiar and monstrous manifestation. Michael de Molinos, a Spanish monk, residing at Rome, by his ardent piety and devotion obtained a great reputation, and made a considerable number of disciples. A book, published by him in 1681, called the *Spiritual Guide*, greatly alarmed the doctors of the Church, and

was esteemed dangerous alike to the faith and the morals of Christians. According to his views, "the whole of religion consists in the perfect calm and tranquillity of a mind removed from all external and finite things, and centered in God; and in such a supreme love of the Supreme Being, as is independent of all prospect of interest or reward." As to the practice of religion, he taught, that "the soul, in pursuit of the supreme good, must retire from the impressions and gratifications of sense, and, in general, from all corporeal objects, and imposing silence upon all the motions of the understanding and will, must be absorbed in the Deity." From this the disciples of Molinos were called *Quietists*, and his system *Quietism*, though it differs only in its form and verbal dress from the systems of the older mystics. As this system seemed to make religion a work of the interior life, in opposition to the teachings of the Jesuits, it was construed as a censure of the practices of the Church, and therefore violently opposed, especially by the Jesuits, and by the French ambassador at Rome. Though favored by the ruling pontiff, and many other persons of rank, Molinos was unable to resist the storm that was raised against him. His doctrine was condemned, and he ended his days in prison.

But this triumph over the new spirituality achieved by the Jesuits, aided by the emissary of the French monarch, was doomed to be a very brief one. Mysticism was soon after revived in the French capital itself, and its contagion spread widely into the highest grades of society, and even invaded the private household of the great monarch. Only about five years after the publication of the *Spiritual Guide* of Molinos, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, after having spent several years in traveling from place to place,—to Geneva, to Marseilles, to Turin, Gex, and to Grenoble,—inculcating the spiritual in religion, and drawing all who would be led by her to the culture of the interior life. Her course had not been unobserved from the high places of the French court and the hierarchy; but though the monarch and the more politic of his Churchmen were little pleased with her peculiarities, there were others, not a few, who decidedly sympathized with her earnest spiritualism. Her social rank, the goodness of her heart, and the irreproachable purity of her life,

all united to increase the interest that her erratic course of conduct and the mystical character of her conversations tended to inspire. Though resembling Molinos in many things, she was no disciple of his; for it is not certain that she had any considerable knowledge of his writings. She derived her ideas of religion, for the most part, from her own feelings,—always a most delusive and unsafe guide,—and described its nature to others as she felt it herself. While abroad she had become acquainted with the Duchess de Chevreuse, who now received her with much cordiality, and introduced her to her sister, the Duchess de Beauvilliers, and other ladies of rank. These two ladies were daughters of the great Colbert, and seem to have inherited no small share of their father's intellectual greatness, which in them was combined with the softening influences of piety. Their husbands, both of whom occupied high offices in the state, sympathized with them in their religious tendencies. They, too, became personally acquainted with Madame Guyon, and with her religious views and opinions, and learned to esteem both her piety and the strength of her understanding.

Madame Guyon possessed, to an almost unparalleled degree, a fascinating influence over the minds of those with whom she came into contact. Her wit, her personal beauty, and her felicitous powers of conversation, adapted her to shine in the most refined society; but when she discovered, back of these, the earnest workings of a soul absorbed in holy contemplations—when her words, half understood, seemed to speak of the mysteries of a hidden life, and her whole manner and history set her forth as one actuated by a spirit of which the world has but little knowledge, the effect of all these facts combined became strongly and powerfully great. Accordingly, her conquests in the highest circles of Parisian society were both more rapid and more complete than had been those which she had made among the rustic inhabitants of the provinces. She soon numbered among her acquaintances, and, of course, to a good degree among her disciples, persons equally distinguished for rank, piety, and learning.

Father La Combe, her early disciple, and subsequently her spiritual director, had returned to Paris with her; and while she was engaged in making disciples among

the higher classes, he was impressing the masses by his earnest eloquence and evangelical zeal. Though scrupulously canonical in all his proceedings, his teachings seemed unlike those usually dispensed by the Church. He said little or nothing against ceremonies and observances; but by dwelling chiefly upon the inward power of religion, he made them appear relatively unimportant; and as he constantly insisted on the efficacy of faith as the great instrument of salvation, his instructions seemed to supersede the necessity of merely formal observances. The movements of this evangelical Barnabite were all this time carefully watched from a high point of observation. The new spiritualism, notwithstanding its inoffensive form and canonical conformity, alarmed and exasperated the king. He listened willingly to the statements of La Combe's enemies, but allowed him no opportunity to answer them; and presently the zealous monk was arrested on a royal warrant, and cast into the Bastille; and to justify this act of tyranny, certain dark intimations were given out, designed to blacken the good name of both La Combe and Madame Guyon.

The imprisonment of La Combe was not sufficient to quiet the fear of his enemies. They indeed very well understood that, though he was the ostensible head of the new spiritualism, another, though less conspicuous, was really the more efficient agent; and accordingly it was determined that she also must be in some way so disposed of, that she should be incapable of doing further harm. Menaces, vituperation, and slanders most foul, having failed to reduce her to silence and submission, in January, 1688, she was arrested by an order from the king and confined in the convent of St. Marie.

At this time there was in Paris a lady greatly distinguished for piety and good works, Madame de Miramion, who was well known in the highest circles of Parisian society, and had been especially favored in her efforts by the king. Among the establishments that shared the attention of this excellent person was the convent of St. Marie, and here her visits very naturally brought her to a personal acquaintance with the history and the person of Madame Guyon. Her real story, so unlike what had been received from common fame, her apparently deep devotion, and the charm of her conversation,

greatly affected the benevolent lady, and induced her to endeavor to effect her liberation. She first interceded with Madame de Maintenon, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, and, with the assistance of some others of the distinguished friends of the prisoner, succeeded in making so favorable an impression on her mind, that she consented to bring the subject before the king, and the result was the liberation of Madame Guyon after an imprisonment of eight months.

Madame de Maintenon, through whose good offices this favor was obtained, was a person whose history, character, and position were alike remarkable. Born in the prison of Niort, where her father was confined for an offense against Cardinal Richelieu, she was at a very tender age removed to America with her parents, who settled in the Island of Martinique. In her eleventh year her father died, when her mother returned to France, leaving her daughter a pledge in the hands of her creditors; but the child was soon after sent home also, and committed to the protection of an aunt at Poictou. Her education had been hitherto in the Protestant religion; but an order from court was at length obtained to remove her from these influences; when, being placed under the care of a relation of the opposite faith, her conversion was effected by the united agencies of artifice and persuasion. At twenty-five years old she was married to the poet Scarron, who was a wit and a favorite at court, but old and deformed. Nine years after she was left a widow, without property or friends, or any other means of subsistence than her own efforts, and the aid of benevolent strangers. For ten years she endured this state of privation, when, through the influence of the king's mistress, Madame de Montespan, she was first made a royal pensioner and soon after appointed governess to the infant Duke de Maine. Madame Scarron, when she entered the court of Louis XIV., was in her forty-sixth year. Her life had been one of painful vicissitudes, which, together with her early education, had given her a deep seriousness as well as great energy of character. The courtiers were half amused and half horrified by her plainness of attire and the straightforward earnestness of her manners. The king's pension was received with unmixed satisfaction; but she had a strong repugnance to

a residence at court, as wholly unsuited to the life of piety that she desired to lead. The king was at first little pleased with the extreme gravity and reserve of the proposed governess, but yielded to the importunity of his favorite, and commanded her to be brought to the court. His repugnance to the reserved and severe governess, however, gave way by degrees, or rather passed into respect and admiration. He then offered her the means to purchase the princely estate of Maintenon with its dependant marquisate; and when this was done, he publicly addressed her as *Madame de Maintenon*.

The place held by Madame de Maintenon, though full of responsibility, was yet a humble one; but a more elevated position was soon after assigned to her, and the royal favor toward her more distinctly marked. The king's career had for a long time been one of open profligacy, to the great scandal of religion and good morals, for which he had been admonished with unusual freedom by some of his bishops. No one was more earnest in the purpose to recall him to a sense of duty than was Madame de Maintenon, who now willingly availed herself of her growing influence to effect that purpose. Calling to her assistance the celebrated Père la Chaise, she with him approached the haughty monarch, and reminded him that though he was still in the full vigor of manhood, his youth was already spent, and that it now became him to attempt something toward his eternal salvation; nor were the appeals thus forcibly presented without their happy influence. From this period dates a marked revolution in the manners of the court of Louis XIV. The piety, the rigid propriety of manners, and the indifference to displays and amusements, that at first rendered Madame de Maintenon the butt of the courtiers' jests, at length became the ruling fashion of the court; while the removal of the king's mistress, and the death of the queen—the amiable but unfortunate Maria Theresa—and the inflexible virtue of the new court favorite, led at length to her marriage with the king. Thus strangely elevated to the second place in the kingdom, Madame de Maintenon behaved herself with great prudence; meddling but very sparingly with public affairs, she employed the influence of her position to promote works

of charity, and to extend the influence of piety. Her favor was therefore readily obtained for Madame Guyon, and her influence with the king proved sufficient to accomplish what probably no other means could have effected.

Upon her enlargement, Madame Guyon went to reside with her benefactress, Madame de Miramion, where she continued for more than a year, and resumed, to some extent, her former practice of giving religious instruction to such as desired it. With the lapse of time the flames of her enthusiasm somewhat abated, but its fires became more intense. Formerly she had inculcated many duties, and embodied her ideal of piety in the form of activities; but now her mind and heart became intensely and exclusively occupied with one all-pervading notion—*pure love*—a state of holy, quiet, and rapturous contemplation.

It was during this period that she first became acquainted with the Abbé de Fenelon, afterward the renowned Archbishop of Cambray. Few names in the history of the race are surrounded with so bright a radiance as that of Fenelon, for which he was probably about equally indebted to his constitution and his personal virtues. His person is described as strikingly expressive and imposing. He was tall, thin, and well made, and of an open and benevolent countenance, his eyes beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his entire expression presenting a wonderful harmony of alluring gravity, and a kind of solemn gayety bespeaking alike the theologian, the bishop, and the nobleman. As a speaker he was eloquent and argumentative, captivating the hearts of his hearers while he convinced their judgments, and charming them to believe rather than compelling them by the authority of his arguments. He was also of a gentle and quiet cast of mind, but fervidly zealous in any cause in which he became really interested.

He was descended from the illustrious family de Salignac, in Navarre, and was himself the son of the Count of La Mothe Fenelon. His education had been directed by his uncle, the Marquis de Fenelon, of whom the great Condé used to say, that "he was equally qualified for conversation, for the field, or for the cabinet." The youthful Fenelon made an early choice of the ecclesiastical state, and his studies were directed accordingly;

and coming to Paris he became attached to the order or congregation of St. Sulpice. Impelled by the ardor of his spirit, he desired to join himself to the Jesuit Missions in Canada, and though his biographers generally agree in saying that this purpose was never carried into effect, yet more recent developments give plausibility to the contrary opinion. No account is given of him for the three years immediately succeeding his ordination, while his name is mentioned by Father Hennepin among the missionaries at Montreal.

Upon the revocation of the edict of Nantz, in 1685—a consummation toward which all the measures of the government for many years had tended, but which was at last granted under pretence of religious zeal, at the solicitation of Père la Chaise and Madame de Maintenon—a simultaneous effort at proselytism was made in every part of the kingdom, and especially in the south of France, where the Calvinists were most numerous. The method of proceeding was to send out the missionary with crozier and missal, accompanied by a band of soldiers, to enforce the required conformity and hasten the work of conversion. These soldiers were generally mounted, and from this circumstance the term “dragooning” became one of common use for forced conversions.

To the honor of the clergy of France, it is said that many of them condemned not only the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day, but also the whole system of coercion in matters of religion, and among these none more decidedly than both Bossuet and Fenelon. The missionary portion of the work was approved by both of them, and Fenelon gladly devoted himself to that work, having Poietou assigned him as the field of his operations; but before he would enter upon his task he required as an indispensable condition *that the dragoons should be removed from the province, and that military coercion should cease.* While occupied in this mission he first heard of Madame Guyon; and though the reports that reached him were greatly perverted, yet he seemed to see in these imperfect statements of her doctrines a deeper spirituality than he had before heard of, but for which he had long felt a painful, though indefinite longing. Returning to Paris, he passed through Montargis, the place of her nativity and frequent

abode, where he heard a strong and unanimous testimony to her piety and active goodness: but when he came to the metropolis he was surprised to find her imprisoned on a charge of heresy, with a dark intimation of other crimes of the nature of which nobody seemed to be definitely informed. With characteristic boldness and independence, he determined to suspend his opinion till by certain knowledge he should be prepared to judge rightly in the matter.

Soon after Madame Guyon's release from imprisonment, Fenelon saw her at the house of a mutual friend, the Duchess of Charost. The expectations of the ardent young abbé were greatly excited, and all his soul awakened with interest; and the fair enthusiast saw in him a prize worthy of her utmost endeavors. Their conversation, in which they naturally and by mutual though tacit consent, assumed the relations of teacher and inquirer, turned chiefly upon inward religion. Fenelon found his own heart attesting the want that this new power proposed to supply, and probably he was not a little affected by the fascinating manners and earnest eloquence of his fair instructress, around whose history was thrown a kind of romantic shading of peculiar sorrows. He accordingly retired not a little impressed by the interview. The impressions thus begun, were increased by subsequent interviews. Madame Guyon became greatly interested for Fenelon's conversion to her own faith and experience, and conceived herself in some way so united to him, by a kind of spiritual magnetism, that his perplexities and indecisions deeply affected her; till at the end of eight days her spirit rested in the assurance, though she had not heard from him, that the desired work was accomplished in him. All these exercises and impressions were reported to Fenelon as they occurred; and though he hesitated for a while to outrun his reason in the matter, yet he presently surrendered his judgment to his feelings, and became a thorough convert to the system of his instructress—its excellences and its faults.

Fenelon's high reputation at the court at this time is attested by the mark of royal confidence given in his appointment to be the preceptor of the young Duke of Burgundy, the king's grandson, and presumptive heir to the throne. This

appointment was unsought by Fenelon, but granted at the instance of the Duke de Beauvilliers, whom Louis had made governor of his grandchildren. The duty thus devolved upon Fenelon was at once the most responsible and the most difficult and delicate conceivable. The young duke was of a fierce and intractable temper, and through want of proper government he had become irritable, impetuous, and impatient of control; while his intellectual powers were strong and the force of his will almost entirely ungovernable. But the preceptor proved himself equal to the task assigned him. His learning, his personal accomplishments, his unrivaled powers of persuasion, his piety, and all his accidental advantages, were devoted to his new duties. For the instruction of his royal pupil he wrote several of those works which remain to perpetuate his memory and shed luster upon his name. His Fables and Dialogues were prepared on special occasions, and were designed to reprove some fault into which the prince had fallen, or to commend to his imitation some needed virtue. As a more complete system of instruction for his illustrious charge, he composed "*Telemachus*," which, though not given to the public till many years later, was rehearsed by the author to the prince, thus mingling amusement with grave and earnest instruction.

We have seen that Madame Guyon had been released from her imprisonment, at the convent of St. Marie, by the favor of Madame de Maintenon. Soon afterward she was brought into contact with her illustrious patroness. Though gifted by nature and refined by cultivation, and endowed with whatever wealth could purchase or royalty bestow, the wife of the greatest monarch in Christendom confessed that she was unhappy,—that there was still in her heart a "dreadful vacuity." Her occasional interviews with Madame Guyon increased her own unhappiness, and also served to assure her that there was a source of comfort to which she had not access. So deeply was she interested in the matter, that she had the lone victim of persecution and slander brought to the palace of Versailles, where, like Herod with John the Baptist, or Felix with St. Paul, she would listen to her story of the "interior life," and her exhibitions of the victorious power of faith.

The institution of St. Cyr, for the education of young females of families of rank, whose poverty rendered them unable to procure such advantages for themselves, had been founded by Madame Maintenon some time previously, and was now as dear to the *quasi* queen as was Carthage to the wife of Jove. Here she spent her seasons of repose and meditation, preferring its sacred quiet to the pomp and splendor of Versailles. Here also she brought Madame Guyon, that, in this seclusion, she might learn more fully from the suspected heretic the nature of that mysterious "interior life,"—that *pure love* and *holy quiet* of the soul, of which she had heard in part. Liberty was also given her to converse without restraint with the inmates of the seminary, and, as might have been anticipated, the new doctrine soon spread through the whole community, producing no little seriousness, which was not unmingled with some extravagances. This affair aroused her old enemies from the false security into which they had fallen; when, perceiving that a storm was gathering against her, she, at the advice of her friends, retired into absolute obscurity, where she remained for some months,—the place of her retreat being known to but few of her adherents. The opposition to her and her doctrine, however, were not allayed by her retirement; and it seemed now the fixed purpose of her adversaries that their condemnation should be final and complete.

The growing notoriety of the new doctrine, and especially the character and rank of some of its more recent adherents, began to alarm the dignitaries of the Church. At this time Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, at the full maturity of his intellectual manhood, was enjoying the plenitude of an unrivaled reputation, which he had earned in the service of the Church,—of which, as to his native kingdom, he was acknowledged to be the ablest and most illustrious defender. He had not been unmindful of the earlier indications of the storm that was now manifestly impending; but the time for action had not yet arrived. Perhaps, indeed, after so many victories had been won by him, against some of the first champions of Christendom, he may have disliked to enter the list against this new disturber of the Church's peace. But the extent to which the contagion had already spread, and the fact that many

very considerable persons were implicated in it, at length availed to overcome his scruples. But he who had so skillfully, and so much to his own satisfaction, exposed "the variations of the Protestant Churches," was not ignorant of the fact that these were no less irreconcilable variations in the Roman Catholic Church. He accordingly proceeded with great caution and commendable moderation. He first proceeded to thoroughly acquaint himself with the particulars of Madame Guyon's doctrine, by consulting her writings, and by personal conversations with her. At their interviews, after he had examined her books, Bossuet stated his objections, and she endeavored to commend the censured doctrines to his understanding; and when at any time she failed, she attributed it to "his imperfect knowledge of the way of the Holy Spirit." Meantime the agitation concerning her doctrines continued without abatement. They were very generally looked upon as novelties; and, with the Church of Rome, the charge of novelty is equivalent to that of heresy. Conscious of her integrity of purpose, and confident of her ability to demonstrate the orthodoxy of her opinions, she petitioned the king, through Madame de Maintenon, for a commission of learned divines to examine the whole subject, and report the result. This request was granted, and Bossuet, with Noailles, Bishop of Chalons, and afterward Archbishop of Paris and a cardinal, and M. Tronson, the superior of the seminary of St. Sulpice, were named as the commissioners,—the whole affair very clearly evincing the importance attached to the matter in question. To this commission Madame Guyon submitted all her writings, and to facilitate their inquiries, as well as to present her case to the best advantage, she drew up, with almost incredible labor and with much ability, a paper, which she called her "Justifications," in which she endeavored to fortify her positions from the writings of a great number of ecclesiastical authors of undoubted orthodoxy, extending over the whole period of the Church's history.

The commissioners first met some six months after their appointment, (August, 1794,) but only Bossuet and Noailles were present. The Duke de Chevreuse accompanied Madame Guyon to the place of the session, but was not allowed to be present at the examination. It was soon perceived

that Bossuet had come to the investigation in a state of mind unfavorable to the fair enthusiast. He seems, indeed, to have rallied all his giant energies to confound her in debate; and also to have so far forgotten his own sense of propriety and decorum, as to stoop to a degree of insolence in the examination. Noailles was differently affected toward her; and though he said but little at the formal inquiry, at a private interview a few days afterward, he spoke kindly to her, but advised her to live as much retired as possible, on account of the clamors of her enemies. She also soon after waited upon M. Tronson, who likewise, after examining her very carefully, dismissed her with strong expressions of satisfaction. Bossuet, too, acknowledged himself generally satisfied with her explanations, though he still hesitated as to several important matters. It is indeed not strange, that Bossuet and Madame Guyon did not see alike as to the subjects under examination; it is more strange that they approached each other in their views as nearly as they did, which could have been effected only through a mutual and earnest desire for an accommodation. Their minds were cast in dissimilar molds; their habits of thinking were essentially unlike, and their several stand-points so remote from each other, that the same objects presented to each very different aspects.

The system of Quietism, whose elements had been cherished by the Mystics from the times of the primitive Church, and which had been elucidated and reduced to a system by Molinos, was at this time widely diffused in the Romish Church. The system of Madame Guyon, evidently for the most part original with herself, was very nearly related to that of Molinos, though, admitting her own explanations, she avoided the more objectionable features of his system. The prevalence of this system, rather than anything immediately connected with the person as to whose opinions the commissioners were directed to make inquiry, was the occasion of the great interest that was felt in the affair. Under the circumstances no condemnation could ensue against either the opinions or practices of Madame Guyon; but the reverend commissioners felt themselves obliged to take some measures to stay the progress of the heresy.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGION OF THE POETS.

THOMAS MOORE.

WHAT were Moore's religious principles?—and what was his religious life, as exhibited in his poetry? In seeking an answer, we may safely follow the friendly verdict of Lord John Russell: he would be dead to genius, to the beautiful in poetry, to the exquisitely pathetic in sentiment, or the melodious in rhythm, who can for a moment deny to Moore one of the highest places among our sons of song. Lord John is not averse to place him side by side, though in a separate sphere, with Byron, Burns, and Scott, and we do not dispute the decision. Brilliant talents, ever-sparkling wit, an affection to those whom he loved, whether parent, wife, child, or friend, which refused to be damped by adversity, or diminished by distance, all signalized Thomas Moore. The man who could write to his mother twice each week during his whole public life, as Moore punctiliously did, must have been possessed of an affection as deep as it was persistent; and one loves him for that, far more than for the beauty of his verses, or the exhaustless fertility of his genius. His independence also, of which his friendly biographer says that he "would not sully its white robe for any object of ambition or of vanity," commands our homage, especially when we know that he was often pressed by poverty, and had not seldom to purchase by the labors of the brain what was needed for the wants of the body. That much conceded, however, we fear that we have nearly exhausted our praise. Throughout his life we miss the fear of God; we cannot see the recognition of the great remedial system, and the principles which spring from it. We trace a generous and a gifted nature through its meanderings on earth toward eternity; but the ever-present *One* in whom we live, and move, and have our being, has not his place in that heart. Amid all that is beautiful in affection, or exquisite in taste, God is an exception, the Redeemer does not appear; all proceeds much as if he had never alighted on our world to take away sin, and guide men to purity and virtue.

But hear his noble biographer speak of the poet's "strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longings after life and immortality, and his submission to the will

of God;" of "his love of his neighbor, his charity, the Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good-will to all men." Hear Lord John continuing, "In the last days of his life, he frequently repeated to his wife, 'Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God.' That God was love, was the summary of his belief; and that a man should love his neighbor as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life."

Now, in all this, it would appear that the poet of Ireland was much in the habit of keeping the first, and the great commandment—love to God; and the second, which is like unto it—the love of our neighbor as ourselves: and did facts warrant the conclusion, O, who would not rejoice in the verdict! But *do* facts warrant the decision? Ah, no. We follow Thomas Moore from land to land, and see him through decade after decade of his life. We see him amid the tropical glories of Bermuda, and the grandeur of some of the noblest scenes in North America. We accompany him to Italy, and the sunny South—the lands which have "the fatal gift of beauty." We notice how he luxuriates amid such scenes: how he weeps for very joy at sunset among the Alps; or stands in awe, as if "the fountains of the great deep had been broken up," before Niagara. Everywhere he is captivated with

"The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills;"

and everywhere he pours forth poetry beautified all over with exquisite versification, with deep passion, and with eager patriotism. Lord John Russell may be right when he speaks of his "longings after life and immortality;" but it does not appear that it was the life and immortality brought to light in the gospel.

And it is just here that faithfulness to the truth of God commands us to enter a solemn protest against what passes so often for devotion, especially among our poets. It is not by the poetry of religion that men are prepared to grapple with the ills, or master the temptations of life: it is by the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ: and wherever that simple truth is ignored, the Christian will lodge his protest, even though the error be held by a genius like that which exalted Moore among the sons of fame.

And we notice that the religion of sen-

timent, or poetry, is utterly insufficient to fortify man for the rude onset which virtue must sustain in life. Nay, the most exquisite of our poets, the men whose "feelings of devotion" were the deepest, or in whom "the poetry of religion" was the presiding power, were alternately the victims and the dupes of something far worse than folly. This was notoriously the case with Burns, with Byron, and many more; and the poet Moore is no exception to the general law. His noble biographer attempts, indeed, to defend his licentiousness; but surely a Christian child can understand the strange incongruity between confessed "licentiousness" and deep "feelings of devotion." It may be true that Horace was very licentious, and that, notwithstanding, he is "the delight of our clerical instructors;" but what has the heathen Horace to do with a professing follower, as Moore was, of the holy Saviour of the lost? Or was it safe in one breath to confess that some of Moore's poems "should never have been written, and far less printed;" and in the next breath to palliate their licentiousness—their offense against all that is pure and holy—by gently "classing them with those of other amatory poets who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe." A strange concession that, regarding one whose devotion was so deep, whose charity to all men was so like the good Samaritan's! Even Moore himself has confessed to the wildness of his verses; and we must ask again concerning such "melodious advocates of lust," in the name and for the honor of true devotion, can it coexist with a licentiousness which modesty dare not quote, a wildness which even self-love cannot disguise? To argue on that supposition is to do all that man can to degrade devotion; it is to mingle the heavenly and the human, the pure and the polluted; it is to insnare the ignorant and efface the eternal distinction which God has appointed between the religion which comes from heaven, and the religion which originates in the heart of man. Another poet has said that "the man, woman, or child, who is not delighted with the songs of Burns, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in heaven;" and it is not an uncommon sentiment, we fear, that the poetic temperament, with its "fine

frenzy," and its "longings after life and immortality," is a preparative for heaven—a substitute for that holiness of nature and of life which the holy God requires, and has made rich provision for imparting to man.

We are aware of the aversion which many feel thus to uncover the sins of the gifted, and we feel it. We are alive to the appeal not to drag their frailties from their dread abode. But truth has stronger claims than the memory of gifted men. Against all attempts to vindicate them at the expense of truth, or upon its ruins, we must again and again protest; and when the man who is thus defended could vindicate his attacks upon religion as Moore did, by quoting Pascal, and saying, "There is a wide difference between laughing at religion, and laughing at those who profane it by their extravagant opinions," we must beware lest that be the name by which worldly men assail the true religion of God, the truth which the Saviour taught, which Paul and John taught, the very truth which came from heaven to guide men to its glory and its God.

If we turn to Moore's own views of purity, we find him saying in his preface to "The Loves of the Angels," that he had "tried allegorically to shadow out the fall of the soul from its original purity, the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of the world's perishable pleasures, and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impiety, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited." And since Moore has told us so, we must believe that he meant what he said. But has he done what he attempted? Nay, does not the very poetry to which these words form a preface, rank among the most impure and seductive in our tongue? Have not the licentious quoted them, and felt their licentiousness increased? Has not the libertine gloated over them, and deemed his libertinism excused? Such productions, indeed, emanating from one who is eulogized for his devotional feelings, and his longings after life and immortality, are only a fascinating way of scattering firebrands, arrows, and death. It is Satan in the garb of an angel of light; the meretricious, the polluting, and the gross, veiled with the flimsy covering of,

exquisite versification, or adorned with the brilliants of fancy.

But this man, the summary of whose creed is said to have been "God is love," and the rule of whose life was good-will to all, has enabled us to judge by another test besides his poetry. He once fought a duel; and there are incidents connected with that transaction which shed a very lurid light upon his feelings of devotion. When preparing for his work, which might have been one of blood, and which was so in the eyes of God, it does not appear that he was checked by any consideration but the state of his finances. He was too poor to rush on the instant to assail his antagonist, or he says he would have done it. And when he sat down to write his challenge, he is careful to tell that he couched it in such phrase as made compromise or apology hopeless. "You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar," were the words which one, whose creed was, "God is love," hurled against the man who had accused Moore of attempting to corrupt his fellow-men by his grossly licentious poetry. For the duel he bought ammunition, he says, "for a score;" and after the combatants became the laughing-stock of a kingdom, Moore deliberately says, "Though the business were to be gone through again, I should feel it to be my duty to do it." My duty, he unconsciously means, to shed blood; my duty, to run the risk of appearing before my God charged with a double murder—my own, and that of a fellow mortal. Nay,

"My bosom's lord sits lightly in its throne,"

were the boastful words which Moore quoted on a review of the whole. O how deep the delusion which blinds the heart of man, if things like these be deemed compatible with a creed whose summary is "GOD IS LOVE!"

In the thirty-one poems which Moore has called his "Sacred Songs," what hint is there to tell the soul of the way to pardon and to peace? The religion of emotion is there; but where is the foundation, truth? Truth is named. The gospel is likened to sunrise; and we are told in lines worthy of Moore, that

"As fresh the dreaming world awoke,
In truth's full radiance then:"

but withal, we find nothing to which the earnest soul can cling for one moment of

solid hope. It is fed after all upon flow-ers, not upon truth; it is regaled with poetry, not with the good tidings of great joy; and the question, "How shall man be just before his God?" or, "Who shall bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" disposes forever of all the beauties which so brilliantly sparkle in the "Sacred Songs." Were man only a mourner, and not a sinful mourner, Moore might soothe; but there are sorrows which lie too deep for his appliances. It is the Spirit of God that is the Comforter, as it is the Son of God that is the Saviour; and to neither the one nor the other does the author of the "Sacred Songs" even once distinctly point us.

It is not a little instructive to read in the same volume with the "Sacred Songs," certain malicious lampoons upon Sir Andrew Agnew, in connection with his endeavors to secure the rest of the Sabbath inviolate to man. One of them begins—

"As snug in his easy chair of late,
On a Sunday evening Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught of a Sunday eve but doze,
He dream'd a dream, dear holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can."

Another begins:—

"Puir, profligate Londoners, having heard tell,
That the deil's got amang you, and fearing 't is true,
We hae sent you a man that's a match for his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the deil himsel
Will be glad to keep clear of—one Andrew Agnew."

The man who discharged such verses against one of our truest patriots is said, we repeat, by his noble biographer to have been signalized by his "feelings of devotion," and a "Samaritan charity."

It is too apparent how ineffectual the poetry, or the mere sentiment of religion, must ever prove in repressing the sinfulness of man's heart. It may trim the exterior; it may adorn the coffin; it may place gaudy trappings on the hearse; but it cannot cleanse the sepulcher: and when the light of God's truth is admitted into the dark chambers, then, like the action of the solar microscope upon a drop of water, it brings to light many hideous, monstrous, and misshapen things. But do we pronounce any verdict on the dead, while we thus unmask the insufficiency of their religious opinions? Nay, they stand or fall to their own Master. In Moore,

for instance, we judge the poetry, the opinions, not the man. Tried he often was by poverty and crosses of many kinds. Things took place in his history which he says, "might have put the nine Muses to flight;" and his closing hours were clouded with many woes. Death after death bereft him of those whom he loved with all the ardor of his nature; and as blow after blow descended, he seemed to feel and to love what he had formerly sung:—

"O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!"

Amid these crowding sorrows, who dare say that He who is full of grace was not sought and found? We are far from daring to say it; but this we must say, that judging from the whole tone of his poetry, Moore was one of those who exercised a blighting influence on the morals of his country. The phase of his religion or devotion was spurious, because it was not Scriptural. It was destitute of the basis of truth: he is, in short, a beacon to warn us to keep far from the spot where he shines.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN OWEN.

THE last production of Owen's pen, (observes Dr. Thomason,) was his "Meditations and Discourses on the Glory of Christ." It embodies the holy musings of his latest days, and in many parts of it seems actually to echo the praises of the heavenly worshipers.* We may apply to Owen's meditations, as recorded in this book, the words of Bunyan in reference to his pilgrim,—“Drawing near to the city he had yet a more perfect view thereof.” It is a striking circumstance that each of the three great Puritan divines wrote a treatise on the subject of heaven, and that each had his own distinct aspect in which he delighted to view it. To the mind of Baxter the most prominent idea of heaven was that of rest; and who can wonder, when it is remembered that his earthly life was little else than one prolonged disease?—to the mind of Howe, ever aspiring after a purer state of being, the favorite conception of

heaven was that of holy happiness—while to the mind of Owen, heaven's glory was regarded as consisting in the unveiled manifestation of Christ. The conceptions, though varied, are all true; and Christ, fully seen and perfectly enjoyed, will secure all the others. Let us now trace the few remaining steps that conducted Owen into the midst of this exceeding weight of glory.

Lord Wharton was one of those noble-men who continued their kindness to the Nonconformists in the midst of all their troubles. His country residence at Woburn afforded a frequent asylum to the persecuted ministers; just as we find the castles of Mornay and De Plessis in France opened by their noble owners as a refuge to the Huguenots.

During his growing infirmities, Owen was invited to Woburn, to try the effects of change of air; and also that others of his persecuted brethren, meeting him in this safe retreat, might enjoy the benefit of united counsel and devotion. It appears that while here his bodily infirmities increased upon him, and that he was unable to return to his flock in London at the time that he had hoped; and a letter written to them from this place gives a vivid reflection of the anxieties of a period of persecution, and a most interesting specimen of Owen's fidelity and affection to his people in the present experience of suffering, and in the dread of more.

His infirmities increasing, he soon after removed from London to Kensington, for country air: occasionally, however, he was able still to visit London; and an incident which happened to him on one of these visits presents us with another picture of the times. As he was driving along the Strand, his carriage was stopped by two informers, and his horses seized. Greater violence would immediately have followed, had it not been that Sir Edmund Godfrey, a justice of the peace, was passing at the time, and, seeing a mob collected round the carriage, asked what was the matter. On ascertaining the circumstances, he ordered the informers, with Dr. Owen, to meet him at the house of another justice of the peace, on an appointed day. When the day came, it was found that the informers had acted so irregularly, that they were not only disappointed of their base reward, but severely reprimanded and dismissed. Thus

* "Weakness, weariness, and the near approach of death, do call me off from any further labor in this kind."—*Preface to Reader*.

once more did Owen escape as a bird from the snare of the fowler.

Retiring still further from the scenes of public life, Owen soon after took up his abode in the quiet village of Ealing, where he had a house of his own, and some property. Only once again did persecution hover over him, and threaten to disturb the sacredness of his declining days, by seeking to involve him and some other of the Nonconformists in the Rye-House plot; but the charge was too bold to be believed, and God was about, ere long, to remove him from the reach of all these evils, and to hide him in his pavilion, from the pride of man, and from the strife of tongues. Anthony Wood has said of Owen, that "he did very unwillingly lay down his head and die;" but how different was the spectacle of moral sublimity presented to the eyes of those who were actual witnesses of the last days of the magnanimous and heavenly-minded Puritan! In a letter to his beloved friend, Charles Fleetwood, on the day before his death, he thus beautifully expresses his Christian affection, and his good hope through grace:—

"DEAR SIR,—Although I am not able to write one word myself, yet I am very desirous to speak one word more to you in this world, and do it by the hand of my wife. The continuance of your entire kindness, knowing what it is accompanied withal, is not only greatly valued by me, but will be a refreshment to me, as it is, even in my dying hour. I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me with an everlasting love,—which is the whole ground of all my consolation. The passage is very irksome and wearisome, through strong pains of various sorts, which are all issued in an intermitting fever. All things were provided to carry me to London to-day, according to the advice of my physicians; but we are all disappointed by my utter disability to undertake the journey. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but whilst the great Pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible, that he will never leave us, nor forsake us. I am greatly afflicted at the distempers of your dear lady; the good Lord stand by her, and support and deliver her. My affectionate respects to her, and the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency. I rest upon it that you do so, and am yours entirely,
"J. OWEN."

The first sheet of his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ" had passed through the press under the superintendence of the Rev. William Payne, a dissenting minis-

ter at Saffron-Walden, in Essex; and on that person's calling to inform him of the circumstance on the morning of the day he died, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes looking upward, "I am glad to hear it; but, O brother Payne! the long-wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." Still it was no easy thing for that robust frame to be broken to pieces, and to let the struggling spirit go free. His physicians, Dr. Cox and Sir Edmund King, remarked on the unusual strength of the earthly house which was about to be dissolved; while his more constant attendants on that consecrated hour were awe-struck by the mastery which his mighty and heaven-supported spirit maintained over his physical agonies. "In respect of sicknesses, very long, languishing, and often sharp and violent, like the blows of inevitable death, yet was he both calm and submissive under all." At length the struggle ceased; and with eyes and hands uplifted, as if his last act was devotion, the spirit of Owen passed in silence into the world of glory. It happened on the 24th of August, 1683, the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Day;—a day memorable in the annals of the Church of Christ, as that in which two thousand Nonconformist confessors had exposed themselves to poverty and persecution at the call of conscience, and in which heaven's gates had been opened wide to receive the martyred Protestants of France. Eleven days afterward, a long and mournful procession, composed of more than sixty noblemen, in carriages drawn by six horses each, and of many others in mourning-coaches and on horseback, silently followed the mortal remains of Owen along the streets of London, and deposited them in Bunhill-Fields, the Puritan necropolis.

PAUL was a man as strong in natural and acquired parts as any living, and he knew how to word it and to carry it in as lofty strains as any that breathed; yet who more plain in his preaching than Paul? It hath many a time made my heart sad, to think how those men will answer it, in the day of Christ, that affect lofty strains, high notions, and cloudy expressions—that make the plain things of the gospel dark and obscure.—*Brooks.*

[For the National Magazine.]

WYOMING.

ITS SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

A PLEASING melancholy lingers around those places which are hallowed by the dim traditions of the past. Few spots in all the wide domain of the free American states can boast a more fascinating loveliness, or a more tragic history, than Wyoming. The Susquehanna flows into Wyoming at the north through a narrow pass in the mountains, and is soon swelled by the waters of the Laekawanna, flowing through another pass at the north-east, when, after winding and murmuring through the luxuriant plains, the stream bursts its rocky barriers at the south, gliding or plunging on to the sea. The valley itself is about twenty miles long by five miles wide—a little Paradise guarded by the wild gigantic mountains of Pennsylvania.

Some time in the summer of 1742 Wyoming was visited by Count Zinzendorf, supposed to be the first white man who penetrated to this lonely spot, the surpassing beauty of which was known to the distant colonial settlements only by Indian reports.

Near "Toby's Eddy," where, in the twilight, the traveler looks with rapture through the foliage upon the broad still river, did this pious Moravian pitch his tent, with the high and holy purpose of bringing the Word of Life to the dwellers in the wilderness. A story of thrilling danger is told of the good old man. It is well authenticated, and illustrates the Indian character. The mission of the stranger seemed so incredible that the children of the forest could not believe it. They could not see why, except for gain, this roving pilgrim would brave the ocean, and seek out their secluded home. They resolved to destroy him suddenly and secretly. For this purpose, two Delawares crept under his tent in the twilight, still and deadly as panthers. No defense was in their way, but unsuspecting innocence—no arm interposed but Providence. With a blanket for the door of his tent, the count sat writing, his gray locks being slightly agitated by the night zephyrs: when, to the surprise and terror of the observing savages, a rattlesnake, which had been warmed into activity by the fire, crept over one of his legs, but inflicted no in-

jury. The Indians fled back precipitately, and told the strange circumstance to their tribe, and from that hour the pious Moravian was to them an angel from heaven.

Wyoming was a favorite retreat of the Indians, and at this time, when it first became known to the whites, was claimed by the celebrated Iroquois, or Six Nations. From certain mounds which the oldest sachems found existing in the valleys, with giant oaks, hundreds of years old, growing upon them, it is quite certain that a very ancient people, exhibiting the traces of a higher civilization, once laid in this region the foundations of empire. So great was the attachment of the Indians to this spot, it was not till after repeated solicitations they could be induced to sell it to the white man.

The settlement of Wyoming by the whites, constitutes an era in its history. The people of Connecticut claimed this region under the grant of an old English charter, dated 1662. The Pennsylvania colony claimed the same land under an English charter, dated 1681. The reader will perceive that the Connecticut claim has the priority of the other by nineteen years. In addition to this, the Connecticut people purchased the land of the Indians, at a meeting of the chiefs of the Six Nations, held at Albany, July 11, 1754. Whatever might be said in favor of either of these claims, their collision caused a most disastrous and protracted civil war. The first Connecticut settlers in 1763 were either massacred, or driven off by the Indians. The next party that came on from New-England, found that the Pennsylvanians had fitted up a block house and several huts, left by the first settlers, on the east side of the river, at Mill Creek, about one mile above the present town of Wilkesbarre, and had taken possession of the valley. The Yankees invested the block house and dispossessed the occupants. They were in turn dispossessed, with all the formalities of law, (for the contest was partly *legal*, partly *warlike*,) and twice within sixty days were they thrown into Easton jail, from which they contrived, without fail, to liberate themselves by their wit or their daring. The leading men among the Yankees were Captain Lazarus Stewart, Major John Durkee, and Colonel Zebulon Butler. The principal leader of the Pennymites was Captain Amos Ogden. A writer for

one of the popular magazines, recently characterized this contest as highly ridiculous. Either he had never read a correct account of the facts, or had not sufficient penetration to appreciate them. The importance of a conflict is not to be estimated merely by the numbers engaged in it, but by the principles involved, and by the courage, the sufferings, and the exploits of the parties.

The following instance of personal daring will illustrate the truth of the last remark. On one occasion Colonel Butler had invested the log fort of the Pennsylvanians, by placing a guard on both sides of the river. The besieged, thus cut off from the water, were reduced to the lowest straits, when their leader, the daring Ogden, sought relief by a stratagem. Tying his clothes in a bundle, on the top of which he placed his hat, he glided at night into the river, and floated down on his back, drawing his clothes gently after him by a cord. The attention of the guard was attracted, as he had anticipated, to a dark object in the water, when, in an instant, the blaze of many rifles had pierced it with bullets; but as the object floated on with the same quietness as before, they let it pass; and, in three days, Ogden was in the streets of Philadelphia, beating up for volunteers. The first Pennymite war lasted three years, and was followed by three years of peace, in which the New-England settlers, left in the undisturbed possession of the valley, reaped plentiful harvests from their fields of inexhaustible fertility, and—thanks to their Puritan habits—founded the school, the church, and the forum; debated in town-meeting, prayed, and sang, and passed resolutions, to encourage the Continental Congress in their first stand against British oppression.

The increasing prosperity of the settlers of Wyoming aroused the slumbering jealousy of the state of Pennsylvania, and another expedition was raised against them, under the command of Major Plunket, a man of some little daring, but of no prudence, and, above all, of no knowledge of the danger and cost of his contemplated enterprise. In the middle of winter, the expedition started up the Susquehanna, the provisions being carried in boats on the stream. A mild season left the current unclogged with ice, and they reached the southern pass of the valley,

where they found their way disputed by Colonel Butler, who, in a perfectly warlike manner, had thrown a breastwork across the plain, and concealed sharpshooters along the rocky side of the mountain. After some vain attempts to cross this line, with the loss of several lives, the formidable army retreated down the river, and thus 1775 closed the last warlike demonstration of the Pennsylvanians against the New-England settlers of Wyoming.

While this war of claims was going on within the very territory in dispute, the "Susquehanna Company"—which had been organized to sell land and make settlements in Wyoming—endeavored to enlist the legislature of the state of Connecticut in their favor. Colonel Dyer, a lawyer and statesman of considerable eloquence and ability, plead the cause of his oppressed brethren, and painted, with the hues of Paradise, the beauties of their valley home. It was after one of these impassioned appeals to the legislature that a wit gave expression to the following rhyme:—

"Canaan of old, as we are told,
Where it did rain down manna,
Was not half so good for heavenly food,
As Dyer makes Susquehanna."

So far was this dispute carried, that both parties sent over to England an appeal to the king, and we may well imagine that the eloquence of Colonel Dyer, who plead his cause before the king's bench, was not a little efficacious in creating that popular interest, which induced Coleridge and Southey, in 1794, to form the project of emigrating to

"Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream."

Probably the same cause turned the attention of Campbell to the spot he has rendered immortal by his beautiful *Gertrude*.

The troubles which broke out between the American colonies and the mother country, drew the attention of the king from this dispute to weightier matters, and turned the solicitude of the states from local animosities to the struggle for national existence. The cannonading of the Revolution rolled into Wyoming from distant battle-fields with mysterious and prophetic thunder.

But danger now threatened Wyoming from another quarter. The ablest men were drafted from the valley to serve

among the troops, to be raised by the state of Connecticut, without proper regard to the fact that this region, being on the frontier, was exposed to constant attacks from the war-parties of the Six Nations, who were now in league with the British. It was rumored that an attack was meditated upon Wyoming, to cut off the defenseless inhabitants with one fell stroke. A few hours flow of the swollen waters of the Susquehanna would bring canoes into their midst from the very heart of the Indian territory. Gen. Schuyler wrote to the board of war on this subject, and the soldiers enlisted from Wyoming prayed to be released, to fly to the defense of their families; but all in vain—they were detained; and, by unaccountable delays, the portentous cloud was permitted to gather and burst upon the doomed inhabitants of the valley.

It is not necessary to follow out the heart-sickening particulars of the massacre. Let it suffice to say, that the battle was fought on the western bank of the Susquehanna, July 3, 1778. Three or four hundred ill-armed soldiers, under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler, marched out from "Forty Fort," and after proceeding perhaps a mile, came up with the enemy, about six hundred combined British, Tories, and Indians. The British were led by Butler, who, it is said, came out with a silk handkerchief around his head, which was shot off during the battle. The Indians were commanded by Brandt,* and were placed in ambush, so as to outflank the little band, around whom the yells of these grim warriors rang from rank to rank at regular intervals. An order from Colonel Denison to turn and face the Indians was mistaken for a signal of retreat. In vain Colonel Butler rode through the scattered remnant of his band, exclaiming, "Do not leave me, my children; let us rally, and victory may yet be ours!" But few escaped, some by swimming across the river, and others by concealing themselves in the bushes until night enabled them to flee unobserved.

* It has been denied by Colonel Stone and others, that Brandt was present at the massacre of Wyoming, or had any part in the outrages perpetrated upon her inhabitants. But Charles Miner, by far the best historian of the valley, in accordance with the oldest and most reliable traditions, maintains that Brandt was there.

The fort was given up the next day, and the desolation of the fair fields, lighted up by midnight conflagration, spread untold gloom upon a few defenseless ones, who preferred to try the perils of a pathless wilderness, in preference to the clemency of their foes.

The misfortunes of Wyoming at length attracted the attention of General Washington, and Major-General Sullivan was sent, in 1779, with an adequate force to march through Wyoming, northward, to the territory of the Six Nations. Strong efforts were made by the enemy to divert this expedition, but in vain. Onward it went, a dread thunderbolt of wrath, crushing all before it. Every philanthropist must deprecate the horrors of war, whether they are seen in the massacre of Wyoming, or in the march of Sullivan to the Indian towns on the shores of the beautiful lakes of New-York, burning the homes and harvests of the Iroquois, and turning their Paradise into a desert.

We might notice here, if space would permit, the many adventures of the brave inhabitants, both before and after the battle—how captives rose upon their captors, and struggling against fearful odds, slew their foes and escaped—how from the caves, and gorges, and thickets of the mountains that overhung the valleys, the Indians descended like hungry eagles, and then disappeared in those wild fastnesses, baffling all pursuit. Thus Frances Slocum, a little girl of five summers, was snatched from the very shadow of a fort, and borne to the banks of the Miami, where she became an Indian queen, and was found by her brothers and sisters after their parents were dead, but could not be persuaded to leave her barbaric solitude. All these strange adventures, in which truth surpasses fiction, will linger in the history and traditions of Wyoming with a melancholy pathos, deepening with time.

Last of all, let us glance at Wyoming of the present. The valley is quiet, soothing, and beautiful. To study its beauty, one must not be in haste. He must not leave his impressions to be marred by a rainy day, or the moodiness of a fatigued traveler. He must sail upon the bright Susquehanna, or bathe in its crystal waters, or stroll along its banks in the twilight, or watch in the enchanting moonlight the broad luxuriant meadows,

with here and there an orchard. Yet Wyoming, with her Susquehanna, does not rival Niagara with her thunders, nor the gorgeous Hudson, agitated with ships of commerce. The scene is every way more tranquil. It speaks of the past, of the mournful memory of the once restless hearts that now repose in its bosom. There yet remains the pleasing stillness of old Forty Fort, where a careless boy once raced over the green, or watched the wild ducks on the river, or heard the evening owl in the orchard, or the whippoorwill's note sounding clearer and clearer over the moonlight mountains, or listened with wonder, in the corner of the broad fire-place, to the stories of the dear old woman, the loving, faithful, mysterious woman, who had lived in the olden time. Alas! she lives no more on earth, but lives, I trust, in heaven. Changes are taking place. A monument has been erected over the bones of the patriots, near where they fell in battle. But how devoid that sacred inclosure of trees and shrubbery, nature's ornaments, which in Wyoming are so abundant! This should not be. Wilkesbarre, a large and beautiful town, of about three thousand inhabitants, stands on the eastern side of the river, near the ancient site of Fort Durkee. Pittston, a flourishing village at the head of the valley, has sprung up as by magic, from the great coal interest which is fast developing. At Kingston, a retired rural village, about one mile from Wilkesbarre, is a flourishing seminary, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Catalogue for 1854 is a sufficient index to its success. The number of students in attendance is 691. From the opening of the institution in 1844, to the destruction of its buildings, in March last, (of 1853,) it had been favored with constantly increasing patronage and unparalleled prosperity. Encouraged thereby, and relying for means upon the liberality of the friends of education, the trustees, while the ruins were yet smoking, resolved to commence the work of rebuilding the seminary edifices on an improved and much more extensive plan. The work was immediately begun, and has progressed so rapidly that the buildings are now all finished and furnished. Those in which are the chapel, recitation, and other public rooms, together with apartments to be occupied by the male

students, are three in number, forty-eight by sixty feet each, built of brick, and at a distance of thirty-five feet from each other.

All this is done, and still our dear Wyoming is unchanged, or changed only for the better. But I am fearing, lest the fiery car, whirling at the base of her mountains, and bearing away the black anthracite diamonds treasured in her bosom, may bring the strife, the affectation, the falsity of wealth. Should this be the case, one of the sweetest visions of nature's loveliness the writer of this sketch ever enjoyed will be marred; but still shall the memory of Wyoming blend with the dreams of his childhood, and throw a mournful, yet hallowed light around the remaining steps of his earthly pilgrimage.

[For the National Magazine.]

O, WEAVE ME A CHAPLET.

BY A. MORRELL CORY.

O, BRING me some flowers!
 I'm dying,—yes,—now,—
 And weave me a chaplet
 To hang on my brow!
 I'll wear it to heaven;
 And then as I go
 Along the bright pathway,
 The angels will know
 That earth's fairest flowers
 Bloom but to decay;
 And yearning with pity
 For man, they'll away
 To scatter more freely
 The blessings they may.
 O, make me a garland!
 And hang it, when made,
 Upon my brow loosely;
 And as it shall fade,
 'T will brighten by contrast
 The beautiful one
 That He will bestow me
 When life has begun.
 And friends will assemble
 To welcome me there;
 The crowns growing richer
 They joyously wear,
 When seen near one faded,
 More sweetly shall roll
 The notes of soft rapture
 That gladden the soul.
 Then bring me some flowers
 Of loveliest hue—
 Put buds in the chaplet,
 For they wither too!

CHRISTIANITY, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.—*Châteaubriand*.

BEHIND THE LOUVRE—TRICKS OF TRADE.

"PEOPLE may wish to know why I pull up here, and begin to play the fool. I am a pencil-manufacturer: nothing more. I know that my pencils are good: look here! (*Exhibits a medal.*) This medal was given to me, as the manufacturer of these superlative pencils, by the promoters of the Great Exhibition in London."

With this preliminary address, a very fashionable-looking gentleman, who has drawn up his carriage at the roadside behind the Louvre in Paris, opens an address to a number of persons who begin to gather about him. His equipage is handsome; and people wonder what he means by this curious proceeding. Presently they perceive that in the buggy there is an organ, and that the individual perched behind the gentleman fulfills the double functions of footman and organ-grinder. They perceive also that the servant wears a magnificent livery, part of it consisting of a huge brass helmet, from the summit of which immense tricolor feathers flutter conspicuously in the breeze. The gentleman suddenly rings a bell; and forthwith the footman in the buggy grinds a lively air. The crowd rapidly increases. The gentleman is very grave:—he looks quietly at the people about him, and then addresses them a second time, having rung the little bell again to stop his footman's organ:—"Now I dare say you wonder what I am going to do. Well, I will begin with the story which led me to this charlatan life—for I am a charlatan—there's no denying it. I was, as you all know, an ordinary pencil-merchant; and although I sold my pencils in the street from my carriage-seat, I was dressed like any of you. Well, one day, when I was selling my pencils at a rapid rate, a low fellow set up his puppet-show close by me—and all my customers rushed away from me. This occurred to me many times. Wherever I drew up my carriage to sell my pencils in a quiet way some charlatan came, and drew all my customers from me. I found that my trade was tapering away to a point as fine as the finest point of my finest pencil;—and, as you may imagine, I was not very well pleased. But suddenly I thought that if the public taste encourages charlatans, and if I am to secure the patronage of that pub-

lic, I too must become a charlatan. And here I am—a charlatan from the tips of my hair to the heel of my boot, selling excellent pencils for forty centimes each, as you shall presently see."

This second speech concluded in the most serious manner, the gentleman produces from the carriage-seat a splendid coat embroidered with gold: this he puts on with the utmost gravity—then turns to the crowd to watch its effect upon them. Then he takes his hat off, picks up a huge brass helmet from the bottom of the carriage, and tries it on. Again he looks gravely at the crowd, suddenly removes the helmet, and places, singly, three plumes representing the national tricolor, watching the effect upon the spectators, as he adds each feather. Having surveyed the general effect of the helmet thus decorated, he again puts it on; and, turning now fully upon the crowd, folds his arms and looks steadfastly before him. After a pause, he rings his little bell, and the plumed organist behind him plays a soft and soothing air. To this tune he again speaks:—

"Well, here I am: as you see, a charlatan. I have done this to please you: you mustn't blame me. As I told you, I am the well-known manufacturer of pencils. They are cheap and they are good, as I shall presently show you. Look here—I have a portfolio!"

The gentleman then lifts a large portfolio or book—opens it, and exhibits to the crowd three or four rough caricatures. He presently pretends to perceive doubts floating about as to the capability of his pencils to produce such splendid pictures. Suddenly he snatches up one of them, brandishes it in the air—turns over the leaves of the book—finds a blank page—then places himself in an attitude to indicate intense thought. He frowns; he throws up his eyes; he taps the pencil impatiently against his chin; he traces imaginary lines in the air; he stands for some seconds with upturned face, rapt—waiting, in fact, to be inspired. Suddenly he is struck by an irresistible and overpowering thought, and begins to draw the rough outlines of a sketch. He proceeds with his work in the most earnest manner. No spectator can detect a smile upon that serious face. Now he holds the book far away from him, to catch the general effect, marks little errors here and there;

then sets vigorously to work again. At last the great conception is upon the paper. He turns it most seriously, and with the air of a man doing a very great favor to the crowd. The picture produces a burst of laughter. The pencil-manufacturer does not laugh, but continues solemnly, to the sounds of his organ in the buggy, to exhibit his production. Presently, however, he closes the book with the appearance of a man who is satiated with the applause of the world. A moment afterward he opens it a second time; puts the point of the pencil to his tongue, and looks eagerly at the people. He is selecting some individual, sufficiently eccentric and sufficiently prominent to be recognized by the general assembly when sketched. He has caught sight of one at last. He looks at him intently, to the irrepressible amusement of the spectators, who all follow his eyes with theirs. The individual selected generally smiles, and bears his public position very calmly.

"For mercy's sake do not stir!" the artist fervently ejaculates, as he sets vigorously to work. This proceeding in the open street, conducted with the utmost gravity, and with the most finished acting, is irresistibly ludicrous. As the portrait advances toward completion, the organ plays a triumphant melody. In five minutes a rough and bold sketch has been produced, resembling only in the faintest manner the original—yet sufficiently like him to be recognized, and to create amusement. As the artist holds up the portrait, to be seen by the crowd, he again rings his little bell to silence his musical attendant in the buggy.

And now he dwells emphatically upon the virtues of his pencils. He declares that they are at once black and hard. He pretends, once more, to detect an air of incredulity in the crowd. He is indignant. He seizes a block of oak—informs his imaginary detractors that it is the hardest known wood—and, with a hammer, drives the point of one of his pencils through it. The wood is split, the pencil is not injured:—and he tells his imaginary detractors that even if they are not in the habit of using pencils for art, they are at liberty to split wood with them for winter firing. All they have to do is to buy them. This is, of course, a very popular point in the performances. The next is the display, to the melancholy grind of the organ in

the buggy, of a huge box full of silver money.

This box is opened and exhibited to the crowd as the astonishing result of these wonderful pencils. And then the charlatan goes through all that pantomime which usually describes a man utterly tired of all the enjoyments wealth can give him. He seizes a handful of the money, and then lazily drops it into the box. He throws himself back and pushes the box from him, to indicate that he is tired of riches. At last he jumps up, and seizing a five-franc piece, raises his arm to throw it among the spectators: but he is prevented, apparently, by a sudden impulse.

"Once," he explains, "I threw a five-franc piece in the midst of my customers, when it unfortunately struck a man in the eye. That accident gave me a lesson which I should do wrong to forget to-day."

So he closes the box; throws it to the bottom of the carriage, and calls upon the crowd to become purchasers of pencils which will never break, and which are patronized by the most distinguished artists. The droll thing about this performance is, that the pencils sold really are good, and that they actually did obtain honorable mention from the English Exhibition Committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

The crowd having decided to purchase or reject the merchandise of this extraordinary pencil-manufacturer, are soon drawn away to the occupant of another elegant carriage. Truly, this little licensed space at the back of the Louvre presents odd pictures to strangers.

This is a serious business. The crowd are listening to a lecture on teeth, and on the virtue of certain drugs for the teeth, the composition of which the lecturer alone knows the secret of—a secret that has been rigidly handed down in his family from the time of the ancient Gauls. He is a well-known dentist in Paris, and is in partnership with his father. The senior dentist remains at home to perform operations of dental-surgery, which are the result of the remarkable advertising system pursued by the young man in the carriage. The business, I am led to believe, is a most flourishing one in the city; and, when the father was young, he himself was his father's advertiser.

The scientific gentleman now haranguing the crowd, is certainly the worthy

representative of his parent. It is reported, indeed, that the man is a skillful dentist. At the present moment he offers to prove his dexterity upon any individual present who may be troubled by a refractory tooth. He looks about eagerly for a patient. Presently a boy is thrust forward to be operated upon. The poor little fellow is rapidly hoisted into the vehicle. To suffer the extraction of a tooth in an elegant drawing-room, or in the privacy of a fashionable dentist's apartment, is not a pleasant operation, even for a man with the strongest nerve; but to have a singularly happy illustration of the ills to which teeth are subject, drawn from your head, and exhibited to a crowd of curious strangers, is an ordeal from which all people, save philosophers and small French boys, would shrink with horror. The little victim, however, does not seem to be ashamed of his public position. He seats himself in the presence of the crowd, and allows the operator to fasten a towel about his neck, without displaying the least nervousness. The business-like manner of the operator is very amusing. He looks upon the boy only as a model. When the patient is fully prepared, he displays him to the crowd with much the same expression as that adopted by all parental exhibitors of wonderful little children. The operation is then performed, and the boy's head is rapidly buried in a convenient basin. This accomplished, the dentist, with an air of triumph, begins to sell his tooth-powders, and other toilette necessities, and to refer the crowd to his father's establishment.

We pass the conjuror to enjoy the performances of the sergeant of the old guard. This sergeant is represented by an old, care-worn looking poodle—a poodle that appears to be utterly tired of the world—to have exhausted all the enjoyments of two ordinary poodles' lives, and to take good and evil fortune now with equal calmness. This canine representation of the old guard is dressed—so far as his poodle's proportions can be adapted to those of the human form—in the regimentals of the old Imperial soldiers, and his long gray mustaches and shaggy beard give to his head an appearance not altogether dissimilar to his assumed character. He stands upon his hind legs; he carries his musket with military precision; his most conspicuous fault, which he seems to have abandoned

as quite insurmountable, is his tail. True it is a very little tail; but there it is, and he cannot help it. His master, or superior officer, is an old man, with silver hair, enjoying the advantages of a singularly even pair of silver mustaches. The master and the subaltern appear to have a family likeness. The master is dressed in a blue blouse and wide trousers, and wears a low, half-military cap. In his hand he carries a little drum and a whip.

The poor old guard as he walks round the circle formed by the people, to the time of the drum, looks wistfully at his officer, and sadly at his officer's whip. To describe the military movements through which the old guard passes would be as tedious to the reader as they are certainly tedious to the poodle; but the officer is really impressive. He is a serious old man, with a military severity in his look. He talks to the poodle in a voice of thunder, and comments on the slightest laxity of discipline with tremendous earnestness. He reminds the old sergeant (who absolutely looks conscious of his disgrace) that he is an unworthy representative of the emperor's noble veterans. He tells him that he has twice been fined for drunkenness, and that he spends every sous he gets in cognac. The sergeant looks very much ashamed. And then the anger of his officer rises to a terrific pitch. The end of the matter is, that the sergeant goes through all the forms of a military trial, and is condemned to be shot. The severe old gentleman then solemnly beats his drum, and, with a mournful look, places the condemned soldier in the position he is to occupy while his sentence is carried out. The poodle, with a hang-dog look, then suffers his master to fire a percussion cap at him, and falls dead. But the business does not end here. The old man proceeds with the utmost gravity to bury the sergeant with military honors. Aided by a little boy, he carries the defunct slowly round the circle, and then sings a dirge over his grave.

After the funeral, the dog wakes to a lively air, and performs a country dance with his serious old master. The animal is a character, but his master is a study. His age, his dignified manner, the imperious seriousness with which he goes through the military forms, the well-acted pathos with which he pronounces the old sergeant's sentence, the severity with

which he rebukes any levity in the people, and the insensibility to ridicule with which he dances the country dance, are perfect in themselves. And, as he talks to the dog, his ingenuity in carrying round his discourse to money matters, and to the duty which his spectators owe to themselves not to forget the little ceremony of throwing a few centimes into the arena, is a matter which gives zest to the performance. He never appeals directly to the people—he seldom recognizes them in any way; he talks *at* them in an incidental way, to the old sergeant.

Another public exhibitor claims popular attention behind the Louvre. He is said to share a goodly proportion of Parisian patronage, and to be rewarded with an indefinite number of centimes. His performance is at once rapid and astonishing.

All he does is to break a huge stone—to crumble it up into small pieces. He begins by declaring to the crowd, that this process may be performed by a blow of the hand. He lets the crowd examine the stone he is about to crush with a blow of his mighty arm; all are satisfied that it is a solid mass. He places it upon another stone, and, with one blow with his naked hand, shatters it to atoms. This performance is, of course, both rapid and astonishing; and sagacious men have endeavored to account for it by explaining that the underneath stone is so arranged that the whole force of the blow falls upon one point, and so acts like a sharp instrument,—a pickax, for instance. This may be the right or it may be a wrong interpretation of the performance; but that it is a legitimate thing—that there is no cheat about it—I am well assured.

This last exhibition behind the Louvre sent me away thinking seriously of the strange things to be seen in the byways of Paris, where few strangers penetrate. Indeed, these licensed street performers form a class peculiar to the French capital. Their ingenuity is as extraordinary, as their knowledge of French taste and sentiment is truthful. From the prosperous pencil-manufacturer down to the old man who carries a magic-lantern about the neighborhood of the Luxembourg every night, for hire, all the people who get their living in the streets of this giddy place are worth loitering in a byway to see and to hear.

READINGS ON RATS.

WHEN science was younger than she now is, and less able to distinguish between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvelous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings, investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times, they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his *Doctor*, remarks that whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, digging a grave, plowing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that "flitted too." How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What precedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth, and how did they know he could not see? All these are questions requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats; one tribe comes and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign—that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions—that disturbed the sleep of George I.—were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed, apparently, to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat,

larger in size, and brown in color. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those who are sticklers for the Scandinavian origin to know, that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia in 1730. In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was traveling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more: they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and since the diminution of the croaking race, the waters, as the peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats: human life was hardly safe from their attacks. After making themselves comfortably at home in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic—rat empire, like man's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, till the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defense, to poison them with arsenic and pallets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results, for, tormented by thirst after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers. Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands: the *Formica omnivora* is not the least formidable: a battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time, the negroes used to catch the rats and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for "such small deer;" and it is a

standing bit of fun on board ships lying in Canton harbor, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is rat flung from the ship, than an uproarious scramble follows for possession of the coveted prize. Much mischief has at times been done on board the West India steamers, by rats gnawing their way into the mail-bags, and making free with the contents. In one instance, a will written on parchment was devoured all but the seal, greatly to the vexation of the individual at Demarara to whom it was addressed.

The Greeks knew a good many things; but if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat or the black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get here? Did it swim across Behring's Straits, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, are devoid of the mischievous propensity. Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long—one-half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations. For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty; but when full, they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally carried home well filled for foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr. Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the

pouches filled with young French-beans, packed one upon the other so closely and skillfully, that the most expert fingers could not have economized the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well as prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost, gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

The two sexes live apart in their habitations—the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practice which again shows analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter, and seizing the stores of grain, and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town-hall of Gotha, that not fewer than one hundred and forty-five thousand were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used as store-houses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried. Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kantschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but food being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provant. Olafsen relates that, on such occasions, "the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they

place the berries they have collected, in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendent in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders."

Numerous small animals have been classed by some naturalists as rats, just as in the United States every insect resembling a chafer or beetle is called a "bug." Thus the ichneumon becomes *Pharaoh's rat*, and the lemmings, which appear at times in the north of Europe multitudinous as locusts, are set down as rats. Lemmings, however, are lemmings, and not rats, though where they come from is still a mystery. The learned Munster, in his *Cosmography*, says they have been "manifestly observed by the inhabitants to descend and fall with some feculent showers," which is certainly a very summary way of accounting for the phenomenon, if it were but true. According to old Pontopidan, the peasants in one part of Norway used to hold a fast-day once a year, trusting thereby to get rid of the pest of rats, mice, and lemmings; and he gives the form of an exorcism used on such occasions, beginning with the words, *Exorcizo vos, pestiferos vermes, mures, &c.*

There is another character in which rats have figured: they were once regarded as symbols of witchcraft. In Scotland, if by any chance a rat was ever seen on a cow's back, poor Brindle always "dwined away" as an inevitable consequence. Then they showed themselves impressible by a strange charm or spell. We have all heard of the Irish Whisperer, who could quiet the most restive and intractable horse by a whisper into his ear. Well, it appears that the bards of Ireland—that is, the hereditary race, not the interlopers—had the power of rhyming rats to death, as it was called; in other words, they put the creatures out of existence by reciting certain rhymes near their haunts. That there was something in this, may be gathered from the frequent allusions to the practice by writers within the past four hundred years. Shakspeare makes Rosalind speak of it in words that seem to anticipate a modern theory; and Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, has—

"Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats,
In drumming tunes."

In the *Rhythmies against Martin Mar-Prelate*, also, the possibility of rhyming rats to death is indicated in the lines—

"I am a rimer of the Irish race,
And have already rimde thee staring mad ;
But if thou cease not thy bold jests to spread,
I'll never leave till I have rimde thee dead."

And again, a mention of the practice is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's writings ; and Swift, with covert humor, says, rhyming to death was a power that continued to his day. May we not add, to ours ?

The potency of the spell was supposed to consist in the satire, more or less pungent, conveyed in the lines. Satire has always been dreaded in Ireland ; so much so, that laws were made against it at an early period. Rats, too, have been much dreaded, and not without reason ; for in the newspapers of our own day, we sometimes read of infants being attacked by these predaceous animals. Many in Ireland regret that St. Patrick did not banish them with the snakes. Belief in the effect of the rhyme has held its ground even to the present century.

[For the National Magazine.]

NO LIGHT.

ALL nature seems alive to-day ;
The bright and happy earth doth smile ;
The sky like some resplendent sea—
The world like some enchanted isle !

Look up, O man ! how bright and blue
The soft and balmy air doth lie
In yon far realms—its azure hue
Like depths of light in woman's eye !

See yonder clouds !—resplendent sight !
Dread, piled like Alpine rocks on high ;
From battlement and shining height
Bright banners waving in the sky !

See yonder roll the purple seas,
Whence strains of sweetest music pour,
Enrancing with their melodies
The list'ners on this alien shore !

Look up, O man ! a voice doth seem
O'er those far waters dim to brood—
And sounds are breaking like a dream,
From sky and air, and wave and wood !

O, would that on this broken heart,
As on the radiant world to-day,
Yon bright and glowing orb would dart
Its sweet and life-awakening ray !

Like to the wreck of yon fair pine,
Whose fresh and rended roots lie torn,
Is this poor shatter'd heart of mine—
It knows no more the breezy morn !

Nor verdure of returning spring,
Shall e'er its bitter grief assuage—
Nor music's breath, nor fancy's wing,
Awake its perish'd foliage !

Nor sun—nor star—nor sail—nor shore,
Long while hath met this weary eye :
The darkness and the deaf'ning roar
Of restless waters—far and nigh.

O, such my bitter memories—
Else seen, nor heard, nor sound, nor form.
Like one forsaken—on life's seas
Lone driving through the night and storm !

O, what if then, at such a time,
My spirit fold her weary hands,
Like pilgrim in some torrid clime,
Who sinks upon the desert sands !

• • • • •

O, speak not thus—though anguish sharp
Transfix thee with its keenest dart,
And stormy wind may sweep that harp,
Whose chords traverse the human heart !

O, even then, at such a time,
When thy despairing heart is faint,
O, thou canst make thy part sublime,—
Submit, and utter no complaint.

There is a balm for every wound—
And spring will surely come again—
The morning come—and music's sound
Awake thee with its joyous strain !

O, ever cloud, and sky, and star—
And field, and flower, and balmy air,
Persuade me—though, in realms afar,
Eternal light doth shine somewhere !

And on the mind—with broken mast,
Now drifting on the boundless sea,
The radiant day shall break at last,
In time, or in eternity !

Then be not sick nor faint of heart,
And do not say that hope is dead ;
Hope *never* dies—can ne'er depart—
The heavens bending overhead.

Life's no gala—its light doth glance
From iron helm and armor steel'd—
And sounds that move some to the dance,
Are bugles on the tented field.

Ay bugles, bugles blowing loud,
The squadrons closing near and far—
And steel, like lightning from the cloud,
Each sabre gleaming like a star !

Not a gala, nor conflict light,
But battle like the raging sea—
And every soldier in the fight
Must face its loud artillery !

Then be a man—O, join the strife !
Thy way yon ensign red with blood—
Thy leader is the LORD OF LIFE—
Thy comrades all the brave and good !

J. C. S.

THE HEEL OF TYRANNY—THE TERRORS OF JESUITISM.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER many narrow escapes, and not a little kind attention from the country people, the boys arrived at a part of the country which the geographical studies of the elder enabled him to recognize.

"This is the Kuhstall," said Rudolph.

"I don't see anything so very particular about it," replied Hans. "Why do they call it the Kuhstall?"

"There was a great war once, which lasted thirty years; and because the plains were plundered of everything that could be found, they say the peasants drove their cattle into these glens, and that this rock formed a shelter for them."

"Is that the reason why so many fine people come to see it?" said Hans. "There is the path by which it is ascended; let us go up, Rudolph."

"We had better not," said Rudolph; "it is getting very late, and besides, I think, from the appearance of the sky, we shall soon have a storm."

"O, we need not stay long; and, as to a storm, it has looked dull all day: I dare say it is nothing but heat."

"Well, go along, then; but we must make haste. When we get a little higher, I will look out for a cottage, where we may ask for a night's lodging, for I think we cannot reach the next village before nightfall, even if the storm should keep off for another hour or two, which does not seem very likely."

So they went up, and looked about them, and then Hans scrambled out of the track to see if he could find anything else, for he thought there must be something more than rock and wood to bring people so far as they had been told visitors came to inspect the Kuhstall. They stayed longer than they had intended; and the first thing which reminded them of their imprudence was the low, growling thunder, which announced that the storm, which had been threatening for hours, was on the point of bursting.

"It is a long way off," said Hans; "perhaps we shall not have much of it."

He had scarcely spoken, when there was another and louder peal, then another and another, and at last one of such terrific violence, that it seemed to shake the solid rock on which they stood. It was

accompanied by large drops of rain, which fell with heavy splash faster and faster around them.

"It will rain in torrents directly," said Rudolph. "Is there no place of shelter we can get into? for it is vain to think of going on in a storm like this."

"Look," cried Hans, "there is a hollow in the rock just above us; we can easily climb up there, and we shall be quite dry."

"Up with you, then," said Rudolph; "there is no time to be lost, for I have no desire to get wet if I can help it."

Hans scrambled forward with his usual agility; but either his haste made his footing insecure, or he was startled by another peal of thunder, for he slipped and fell.

"O, my foot!" he cried, as he tried to rise.

They were fortunately near their intended place of shelter, and Rudolph managed to drag him inside, secure from the rain, which soon poured down, as he had anticipated, in torrents. He placed Hans in a recumbent position, with his back against the rock; and, having disposed the injured limb on the ground, as carefully as he could, he hoped that in a short time the pain would abate, and that Hans would be ready to go forward as soon as the violence of the rain should cease. But, far from abating, it seemed to increase, and Rudolph anxiously examined the foot, in order to ascertain the amount of injury it had sustained. It did not appear that any bones were broken, but the foot and ankle were becoming alarmingly swollen, and there seemed little probability that Hans would be able to walk any more that night. What was to be done? This was the most perplexing dilemma in which they had ever found themselves, and at first Rudolph did not know how to act. The only plan that occurred to him was to leave his brother in the little cavern, and go himself in search of assistance. But to this Hans vehemently objected.

"O, do not leave me!—pray, do not, Rudolph," he said; "we can do very well here till morning, and then I dare say my foot will be better, and I shall be able to walk again."

"I am afraid not," said Rudolph; "and it will be worse from stopping in this damp place. You see the rain has beaten

in already; and if it should continue to fall during the night, we should not be able to keep ourselves dry."

"But it does not rain nearly so fast as it did," returned Hans.

"No, but it looks still less likely to clear up, and I think the wind is rising. I am afraid it is going to be a very rough night."

"O dear, what shall we do?" said poor Hans, beginning to cry, for his courage gave way under the pain he was enduring, combined with the unpleasant alternative before him of being left alone for some time in that desolate place, or of passing the night exposed to wet and cold. "I wish we had never come here!"

"So do I," said Rudolph, "but there is no use in wishing that now. I am sure you had better let me go and look for a house. If I can find nobody, I will come back before dark. But I am almost sure to meet with some one who will come and help me to carry you to a better shelter. Do let me go."

After a time, Hans gave a reluctant consent, and Rudolph rapidly descended the rock, carefully observing, however, the turns which he took, and, for additional security, marking some of the trees on the way, that he might be certain of finding the spot again. He was soon in the road through the valley, and walked on, looking anxiously around for some trace of human habitation. He walked without seeing any sign of a house, till he dared go no further, and was preparing, with a heavy heart to retrace his steps to the cavern, when he observed a light, apparently at no great distance, among the dark pine-trees. It seemed not yet dark enough to light a candle in a cottage, and Rudolph was a little puzzled to determine what this might be. Nevertheless, the sight of fire was an indication of the neighborhood of man, and, without hesitation, he directed his steps toward the spot whence the light proceeded.

The rain again fell fast, and the wind blew with terrific violence, hindering him not a little. This delay and his ignorance of the road, caused his progress to be so slow, that it grew nearly dark while the light yet glimmered at a distance. He began to feel seriously uneasy when he reflected on the uncomfortable situation of poor Hans in his solitary cavern. He knew how timid his brother was, and that

he would really suffer much from being quite alone in that desolate spot, surrounded by the darkness of night and the terrors of the storm. He would fain have returned to him now, but he had rambled so far from the beaten track, that it would have taken him a long time to find it again; he therefore determined to pursue his original design, and, if possible, reach the fire, feeling tolerably certain that he should meet with assistance. Buffeting the wind, and bending his head before the pelting rain, he struggled forward, and at last gained the light, which had gleamed at such a distance, and which he now found to proceed from a charcoal kiln, close to which stood a rude hut, constructed of the boughs of fir-trees, the solitary dwelling of the charcoal-burner. The door of this simple edifice opened readily at Rudolph's cry for admittance, and he found himself hurried into the hut before he had time to explain the object of his visit.

"Come in, whoever you are," was the first greeting from a rough voice; "it is not fit for a dog to be abroad on such a night as this. Come under shelter!"

But shelter was not what Rudolph wanted, though he looked as if he needed it. Pale with fatigue and anxiety, and drenched with rain, he presented a wretched spectacle to the eyes of the charcoal-burner and his wife. But he did not think of himself. His whole soul was intent on Hans, and his anxiety and terror on his account had by this time risen to a most painful height. In a few hurried but moving words, he explained his brother's situation, and concluded by begging the charcoal-burner to accompany him back to the Kuhstall, and assist him in conveying the poor boy to a place of security and shelter. But, at this request, the man shook his head with an expression of mysterious terror on his countenance, which Rudolph found it impossible to understand.

"Poor lad," he answered, "I am sorry for him. But go out to-night, I cannot, and dare not. Stay here till morning, and then I will go with you to fetch him."

"Morning!" cried Rudolph. "O, he will die with pain and fright before morning. If you have any pity, go with me now, before he quite despairs of my return; the storm will not harm us."

"It is not the storm, boy, it is those

who ride on it, that we have to fear," was the answer. "It is a gale like this"—and the speaker lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard—"that brings out the wild hunt, and Hakelberg has little mercy on those who cross his path, when it pleases him to lead the chase."

"For pity's sake, come with me!" cried Rudolph; "and, trust me, good angels will keep you from all that is evil, while you are engaged in a work of mercy."

"Listen to him, husband," said the woman; "he is right. Nothing can harm you while you are doing a good deed, and it is a good deed to help yonder poor child."

But the husband only shook his head, and Rudolph, in despair, turned to leave the cottage alone.

"Stay!" exclaimed the woman, rising, and offering her husband the baby she held in her arms. "Take the child, and I will go with the boy, and do all I can to help him!"

The man pushed the child away with an impatient gesture:—"If nothing else will serve, I must go," he said; "but remember, youngster, I shall not be to blame, if you and I find cause to wish that we had never undertaken this adventure."

Rudolph took no notice of this speech; he was too happy at having obtained assistance, and returned as cordial thanks as if it had been rendered with the best grace in the world. Once on the road, it was not long before they reached the Kuhstall, from which the kiln was not far distant. Rudolph had been so long in reaching it, because, in consequence of his complete ignorance of the country, he had taken a very circuitous road. Arrived at the rock, they ascended by the path which Rudolph well remembered, and then he looked anxiously for the spot where they had first diverged from it.

"Here it is, I am sure," cried he; "this is the old stunted oak that I marked: it was the last—but it is so dark, that I cannot see the notch I made in the bark."

One of the pine torches they had brought with them was lighted, and the mark was found. They then pressed onward, and reached another tree, which Rudolph recognized, and now he was sure he could not be very far from his brother's place of shelter. He shouted "Hans!" but the gusts of wind, which were still violent, would have been sufficient to pre-

vent the sound of his voice from being heard in the cavern, even if it had been much nearer than it really was. They continued to ascend until they saw by the torch-light the mouth of the little hollow. Rudolph scrambled joyfully up, calling his brother's name, and speaking words of comfort. His companion followed with the torch; but, just as Rudolph reached the entrance to the cavern, the light was extinguished by a sudden blast.

"Never mind, Hans; we shall have another light in a moment," cried Rudolph. "How tired you must be of waiting! But you shall be taken from this dismal place directly."

No answer was returned. The inside of the cavern was perfectly dark, so that no object could be distinguished within; but if Hans were there, how strange that he did not speak! Could he be asleep, amidst all the roaring of the storm? Rudolph did not hear him breathe, but it might be that the noise of the wind was sufficient to account for that circumstance. In his feeling of vague apprehension, Rudolph's hands trembled so much, that he let the torch fall, and it was a second time extinguished. His companion again struck a light, and rekindled it. Then he hastened into the cavern, and discovered, with such a feeling of disappointment and dismay as he had never before experienced, that it was quite empty. One hope still remained; this might not, after all, be the same spot in which Hans had been left. No doubt, there were many similar fissures in the rock, and, in the darkness, it was very easy to mistake one for the other. This certainly was very like the one Rudolph had lately left, and it had every appearance of having been recently occupied, for there were still traces of footsteps on the loose sand which had blown into the chasm. There was one way to clear up all doubts: Rudolph remembered that, as he went out, he had marked a stump, which stood at the mouth of the cavern, with a large notch. He ran to look, and there indeed he found it! He threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of despair and grief. The charcoal-burner shook his head: he had little doubt as to what had become of the lost one. He felt as sure that Hans now made one of the train of the Wild Huntsman, as if he had with his own eyes seen the fiery troop pass by and carry him off.

How could it be otherwise, exposed on such a night, and in such a place, the very haunt of those terrific spirits! Strange to say, the honest man did not feel so much oppressed by his fears, now that he had, as he thought, such excellent reason for believing them well-founded. Perhaps he took the disappearance of the boy as a proof that the fiend had already visited this spot, so that there was little danger of his returning that night; or he had become excited and interested in the search, and was moved to compassion by the distress of Rudolph. At any rate, he recovered his self-possession, and exerted himself kindly in the boy's behalf. He roused him from his posture of despair, and again they examined the rock, and again called out the name of Hans. But it was with little hope, for Rudolph was tolerably certain that this was the right cavern, and he knew that Hans was too lame to leave it without assistance. Even supposing such assistance to have been at hand, it was extremely improbable that he would have availed himself of it, as he knew that his only chance of again meeting with Rudolph lay in remaining where he had been left, as his brother would surely return to seek him there.

After some time spent in this useless labor, his new friend persuaded Rudolph to go home with him for the night, and to defer further search until the morning. The storm having considerably abated, and the fears of the charcoal-burner having subsided in a corresponding degree, he became more talkative, and could not help giving his companion broad hints of what he conceived to be the fate of his unfortunate brother. When he saw the effect which these hints produced, (for Rudolph had his share of the superstition of his country,) he tried to counteract it, by supposing causes for his disappearance so unlikely, that they only made the previous supposition seem more probable.

On their return, they found the good woman watching anxiously for them, and, when she heard the issue of the expedition, she felt almost as much distressed as if the missing one had been a friend or relative of her own. She had made ready a bed for the lame boy, and mixed a lotion prepared from herbs, which she considered an infallible remedy for sprains and bruises. But all her labor had been vain; so she consoled herself by comforting Rudolph

to the best of her power, and by endeavoring to find some cheering probability to account for the disappearance of his brother. He could not be far off, she said; no doubt he had fallen into the hands of some kind person, who would take care of him, and apply a remedy to his hurt. They could not fail to have tidings of him in a day or two.

All this her husband answered by shaking his head ominously, but nevertheless it gave Rudolph courage, and made him feel more hopeful. Still he could not help recurring to the subject of the Wild Huntsman as soon as they were seated at supper, for there is a kind of fascination in anything that fills us with distress and horror, which prompts us to make it a subject of thought and conversation. Rudolph shuddered when he thought of Hakelberg, and of the possibility that Hans might have been carried off by him; yet he could not desist from putting all kinds of questions concerning the manner of the goblin's appearance, his power and his achievements. Now that his host was under the shelter of his own roof, and no longer disturbed by the noise of the storm, he was less unwilling to be communicative than when they were abroad on the Kuhstall.

"Did I tell you what happened to two young fellows in the wood hard by?" asked he of his anxious listener.

Rudolph thought not; what was it?

"Why, you see, they were two bold young fellows, especially the younger, and they were accustomed to pass through the wood every evening to meet their sweethearts. Neither storm nor tempest hindered them, though the neighbors often cautioned them, that, when the wind blew and the thunder rolled, the Wild Huntsman was abroad; and it is dangerous to cross his path, as all the world knows well enough. But the lads only scoffed at this good advice; and one night—I should think, from what they say, much such a night as this—they set out as usual. When they were in the midst of the forest, they heard strange sounds, at first distant, and high in the air. These sounds approached gradually, and, when near enough to be distinguished, the cry of hounds in full chase was heard, accompanied every now and then by the halloo of the huntsman; but such a cry and such a halloo were never heard from earthly dog

or mortal man. Well, what think you did this simpleton, the younger of the lads, do? Why, at the moment the demons were close upon him, he returned the cry, and hallooed right boldly to the infernal host. He had reason to repent his folly!"

"What happened to him?" asked Rudolph.

"The whole pack swept by—(awful fiery forms they were, such as his comrade never forgot to his dying day)—they swept by, horse, and man, and hound. When they had passed, there was no trace left of him who had dared to make so free with him. He was gone too, and was heard of no more."

"What was thought to have become of him?" asked Rudolph.

"Some say he had to take the shape of a fiery dog, and that he is compelled to go foremost every time it pleases the Wild Huntsman to lead forth his pack."

"Do you think it is true," asked Rudolph, "that the Wild Huntsman was once a man, and that what he now does is the punishment of his wicked deeds on earth?"

"Yes, that's true enough. But, as to who or what he was when in the body, it is not quite so certain. We in Saxony call him Hakelberg, and they say that such was his name on earth. Some say he was a Sabbath-breaker; but most believe him to have been a proud Saxon prince, who loved the chase so well, that he cared not what torments he inflicted on those who killed the game, or in any way transgressed the forest-law. It makes one sick to hear of his cruelties. But he has his reward; he has enough of hunting now, and I should think would be glad to be at rest again!"

"What does he hunt?" asked Rudolph, trembling.

"All bad things," interrupted the housewife; "witches, thieves, and murderers. He has no power over the innocent and the good."

Rudolph felt relieved, for, if so, Hans could not have become the victim of the spirit. He thanked the good woman in his heart for this comfort. His eyes thanked her too, and she seemed to understand him; but as neither spoke, the honest host had no opportunity of contradicting them. He admitted that the class which his wife had named was generally

considered to be more especially the object of the Wild Huntsman's pursuit, and the matter having thus been placed on a footing more agreeable to Rudolph's feelings, they went to bed.

It was long before Rudolph could find any rest. Tired as he was, the thought of Hans drove sleep far away. He bitterly regretted that he had been tempted from his brother's side; he reflected on the uncertainty of the poor boy's fate, and his probable sufferings. Then the terrific idea of the Wild Huntsman would still obtrude itself; and, against his reason, he could not help connecting the mysterious disappearance of his brother with the tales he had heard of that frightful apparition.

Although their notions of a purer faith had not entirely dispelled in Rudolph's family the proneness to superstition which was universal in their country and in their age, Casper's acquaintance with the Scriptures had given him an exalted idea of the character of God, and he had represented the Supreme Being to his children as the only object of their fear and worship—their infinite, all-powerful Preserver and Friend. It could not be, then, that wicked spirits were allowed to work their will on an innocent and defenseless child, and so Rudolph decided again and again; but superstitious terrors, once entertained, haunt the mind long after the understanding has proved them to be groundless. Again and again, therefore, did the image of Hakelberg present itself to his imagination while he lay awake, and again and again, in still more fearful distinctness, did it disturb his uneasy slumbers.

Now the Wild Huntsman himself was glaring on him; now his fiery train hurried by, and trampled him under foot; then, O horror! in one of the pack he recognized his unhappy brother, who looked at him as he passed, as if to reproach him with his dreadful fate.

Harassed by these terrific visions, Rudolph was glad when the day dawned, and the inmates of the hut were once more awake and stirring. As soon as it was sufficiently light, he prepared to renew his search on the Kuhstall, and after thanking the kind people with whom he had passed the night for their hospitality, he would have said farewell. But they would not hear of parting so soon with their guest. "As long as he continued in

the neighborhood, the roof which sheltered them should shelter him;" and it was only after a promise that he would return in the evening, that they allowed him to depart.

All that day he prosecuted his fruitless search. He climbed every peak, he penetrated every fissure, he made every echo ring with the name of Hans; but all in vain. Weary and dispirited, he returned at night to the hospitable hut of the charcoal-burner.

It was not necessary to ask him how he had sped, for his dejected countenance told his tale too well.

"Don't be cast down, my poor boy," said his kind-hearted hostess; "to-morrow will bring you better luck."

The next day he again explored the country, and made inquiries of every one he met with in a wide circuit, but to no purpose. No one knew anything of a person answering to his description of Hans. His tale was listened to by some with indifference or incredulity; by others, with interest and sympathy. These were the more numerous, and to some of them Rudolph ventured to put the half-despairing question—What could he do?

The most sensible advice which he received was, that he should proceed to Dresden, where there was a hospital for those who were accidentally injured, and where it was not improbable that some compassionate traveler might have placed the disabled boy.

On this course Rudolph decided. He could do no good by lingering about the scene of his misfortune, for he now felt sure that Hans was not in the neighborhood; and besides that, he did not like to intrude longer upon his kind host and hostess, who, he thought, could ill afford their generous hospitality. Accordingly, the next morning he took his leave, followed by the good wishes of the honest charcoal-burner and his wife, who promised to keep him in remembrance, and to do their best to succor Hans, if chance should ever throw him in their way.

CHAPTER VIII.

No one can tell how desolate Rudolph felt when thus, for the first time, he set out on his journey quite alone. It was at such times that Hans and he had been accustomed to congratulate each other, and to calculate how much of their jour-

ney yet remained to be accomplished. Every league they passed over used to be a subject for rejoicing, for it brought them nearer to the goal which they so ardently desired to reach. Now, Rudolph regarded his progress with indifference, sometimes almost with regret, for the thought would recur, that perhaps, after all, Hans might be somewhere in the neighborhood, and if so, by leaving it, he was losing the only chance of their reunion. He never thought of pursuing the journey alone—of joining his parents without his brother. His mission now was to seek Hans, and the complete uncertainty he was in as to how to begin the task made his young heart sink within him.

He had walked a long way, when he entered a village, and began to think of rest and refreshment. His mind was so much occupied, that he paid little attention to his bodily wants, and thought little of husbanding his strength, an object which he had always kept in view when he had Hans to take care of as well as himself. But now he felt so indifferent about everything, that it was only from the excessive fatigue which he experienced that he became conscious of having prolonged his march beyond its accustomed length.

Sounds of merry music greeted him as he walked sadly and slowly up the little street, and he soon encountered a procession, so gay with its holiday dresses and bunches of flowers, that he knew it at once to be a wedding. But he did not look for the bride and bridegroom among the gay assembly. His attention was completely engrossed by the music, for he had immediately recognized the tune to be one which Conrad Birnstein had taught him more than a year ago. It was a particular favorite with Conrad, who always said it should be played on his wedding-day; and it was an old promise that Rudolph should bear his part in the performance.

All this, and much more, came into his mind at the sound of the well-known air, for what awakens old thoughts and feelings like a familiar strain of music?

These recollections contrasted painfully with his present desolate situation. One moment he felt as if he could cry; then he had a strange disposition to laugh; and, as the band came near, prompted by a

sudden impulse, he put his instrument to his mouth, and joined in the melody. The musicians nodded, and signed to him to take his place among them. He complied; but they had not proceeded far, when the bridegroom, stepping out of his place in the procession, approached the boy, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said, in a hurried voice, "In the name of Heaven, who are you?"

Rudolph looked round, and as soon as he saw the person that addressed him, the flute dropped from his hands, and he threw himself passionately into the young man's arms, exclaiming, "O, Conrad, Conrad, is it indeed you?"

"Rudolph Wolfgang!" cried Conrad, who scarcely knew whether to be pleased or terrified at the sudden appearance of his young friend among the bridal train, "where have you come from, and how did you get here?"

These questions would have taken some time to answer, even had Rudolph been sufficiently composed to reply coherently. But this was neither the time nor the place for confidential communications, as they both remembered, when the first surprise was over.

Strange to say, Rudolph was the first to recover himself. He broke from Conrad and Grete, for the latter was almost as much affected by the sight of him as her husband, and saying, "You know, Conrad, you always said I was to play at your wedding," he took his place among the musicians, and the march was resumed in the same order as before this unexpected interruption.

"This is strange, Grete, is it not?" said Conrad, as he walked by the side of his bride. "We had just been talking about Berchtesgaden, and thinking of those who would have been around us if we had all been at our old home. This boy came into my mind with the rest, and when I saw him walking just before us, and playing the very tune I myself taught him, I almost thought it must be his ghost, or some false spirit that had taken his likeness."

"And it is neither the one nor the other," answered Grete, "but himself in his own person. I long to know his history, how he came here, and where he is going. Poor fellow! he looks ill; I am afraid he has a tale of sorrow to relate!"

"Most likely," said Conrad, sadly; "we hear little but tales of sorrow from our unhappy countrymen."

"But we may be able to do him some good," said Grete, cheerfully; "and if so, it will be pleasant to have one Berchtesgaden face near us on our wedding-day; will it not, Conrad?"

Conrad agreed that it would. He rejoiced to see Rudolph, he said, and he would rejoice still more if he could be of any service to him, for indeed it was too probable that he stood in need of assistance.

(To be continued.)

A MUEZZIN-SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Noon is coming: brightly gleaming
Sunshine, without cloud or screen,
Sends its golden banners streaming
O'er dark heath and woodland green.
Day is on us, light around us,
Life with all its varied hum;

Up and work! for rich and poor,
There is one without the door
Calls for "labor" evermore!

Up! Night's slumbers, which have bound us,
Break: for Day is come!

Twilight cometh: birds are winging
Treetowards to their leafy inns;

Cattle lowing, milkmaids singing—
Lo! the bat its flight begins.

Twilight brings the merry voices
Of the village fife and drum;

But, pale Evening, too, hath duties,
Leisure loveth thought's grave beauties,
And the hymn, which never mute is
In the thankful mind, rejoices
That gray Eve hath come!

Night is coming: upward gazing,
What a field of stars is there!

Prayer its humble hands is raising,
Whispering words that wander—Where?

Ask not! They shall reach a hearer
Where God's music ne'er is dumb!

Work, and hope, and smile, and pray;
Pass thus manfully the day,
Thanking Him for health, and say,

"Earth's rest near, and Heaven's rest nearer:
'Tis well that Night hath come!"

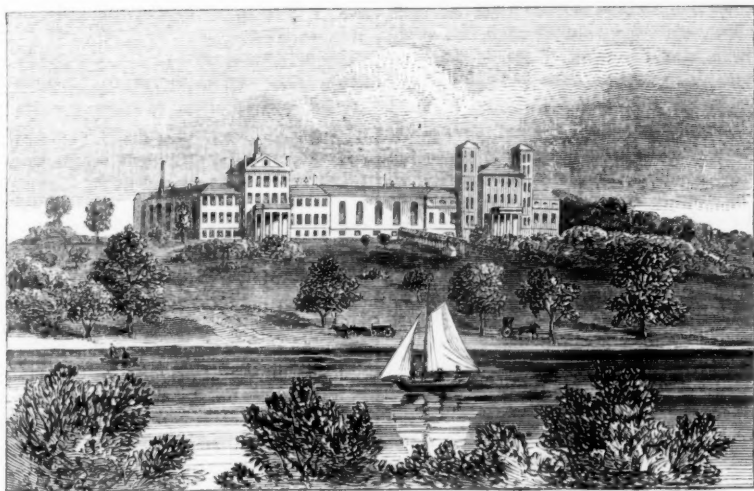
And the Night will pass: in shadow
One would never rest for aye;

In dark lane, as on light meadow,
Welcome is the dawn of day!

Labor calls: even thou shouldst labor,
Thou, the Rich! for there are some

Who, poor and sick, thine aid require—
Clothing and food, a roof, a fire—
Which thou mayst give them. Then as-

pire
To help the helpless! Lo, thy neighbor
Calls thee: Morn has come!



SCHOOL OF REFORM, WESTBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

"THERE are few things more hopeful in the present aspect of the times than the multiplication and extension of Houses of Refuge and Reformation for Children and Youth. Those who have observed with much care the various processes by which a depraved character is built up, can appreciate, in some degree, the importance of any means to interrupt them. But it is only those who have seen and known the incorrigibility of a finished rogue, that can put a proper estimate on early reformatory influences."*

On the other hand, there is no sight on earth more pitiful than that presented by a large class of the children, especially the boys, of our cities and more considerable towns—with ignorant, vicious, and wretched parents; ever engaged in a running fight with hunger; with miserable sleeping places, even if they have a home; with little or no education; breathing from the first a corrupting atmosphere; taught and often forced to lie and steal; the moral nature, in addition to its own proclivity, always urged in the wrong direction, and the gentle affections and higher aspirations of susceptible childhood crushed down under the oppression of cruelty and crime. What manner of chil-

dren must these be! "I have seen enough of the poor and desolate," says the Hon. Theodore Lyman, "to be long ago convinced, that many of the persons that go to jails, houses of correction, and state prisons, are originally led there in consequence of the ignorance, or the poverty, or the neglect, or the dissolute habits of parents, or from the want of proper guardians in their youth; in other words, from being exposed in some way to a temptation, that they had either not knowledge enough, or resolution enough to resist." Who can look into the faces of these little street merchants and vagrants without feeling a keen pang and an inward conviction that there has been unpardonable neglect somewhere. Scarcely a characteristic mark of childhood is to be seen; the buoyant step, the ingenuous look, the plump cheek, the ringing laugh, have given place to the long, measured tread of a man, the broad stare of the knave, the emaciated and precociously mature face of one familiar with fasting, toil, and disease, and the coarse shout of the street. This is one of the class so quaintly and truly called "anybody's child—a little fiend, a social curse, a hypocrite, a liar, a thief." "If," says the author of the above sentence, "the state had long ago made somebody accountable for the child, and taken upon itself the duties of the parent, anybody's

* *The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline* for April, 1854.

child, in lieu of the dreadful creature you recoil from, would now be a hopeful little fellow, with the rose of youth upon his cheek, and the truth of happy childhood upon his lips. Let our voice cry aloud—To whom does anybody's child belong? To some of us, surely; if not to all of us. What are our laws if they secure for the child no protection? What are we if, under our eyes, anybody's child grows up to be everybody's enemy." The way the state has been accustomed, heretofore, to take care of "anybody's child" has been, to allow him to remain, under the Argus eyes of the officers of the law, rapidly passing through his preliminary discipline for crime, unrestrained; watching him until he begins to exhibit the necessary and irresistible results of his training, in the commission of petty offenses. Then the state resolutely takes hold of "anybody's child," (still a child,) and places him for his further discipline in the house of correction, with mature and finished criminals of every character. Sidney Smith says, with characteristic point, "Large public schools are established for the encouragement of profligacy and vice, and for providing a proper succession of house-breakers, profligates, and thieves. They are schools too conducted without the smallest degree of partiality or favor, there being no one, however mean his birth, or obscure his situation, who may not easily procure admission to them. The moment any young person evinces the slightest propensity for these pursuits, he is provided with food, clothing, and lodging, and put to his studies under the most accomplished thieves and cut-throats the community can supply."

It is the deliberate opinion of an English magistrate, resulting from personal observation, during a long experience, that early imprisonment is the great and primary cause from which crime originates. "From this source most of the evils flow which affect the youthful offender, and at the earliest age he is led into those paths of vice, from which afterward there is no escape; from which the light of hope is almost excluded, and where the tears of repentance (if they fall) are generally disregarded."

The increase of crime, of late, among the young, from whatever cause it arises, has been a subject of general and painful remark. In our cities it has called forth

the most earnest inquiries of municipal bodies, and the investigations of intelligent philanthropists. The Hon. Emory Washburn, now Governor of Massachusetts, says, "I doubt if a term of our criminal courts passes, in our larger cities, in which children, and those too of a tender age, are not arraigned before them. Often is the heart pained at the spectacle of boys, with the open and ingenuous countenance that gives so much of its charm to that age, and with all the interesting associations which cluster around childhood, standing up amidst old and hardened villains, and receiving, like them, the sentence of an ignominious punishment."

From the report made to the legislature of Massachusetts, preliminary to its action upon the subject of a reform school, it is stated that during the year 1845 there were ninety-seven youths, under the age of sixteen, convicted and sentenced to the houses of correction; the statistics of four counties not being included, in one of which, (Suffolk,) in the year 1847, one hundred and one boys were committed to the House of Reformation in eight months. In the city of New-York, before the establishment of the House of Refuge there, of the persons brought before the police magistrate in one year, four hundred and eighty were under twenty-five years of age, and a very large number of both sexes between nine and sixteen, most of whom were children wandering about without home, and with no one to care for them. Out of the four hundred and ninety-one convicts now in the State Prison of Massachusetts, two hundred and twenty-one were not more than twenty-two years of age when admitted, sixty-seven not more than eighteen, and fourteen only sixteen. Sixty-two boys were committed by the court in Boston last year to the House of Reformation, their ages running between seven and fifteen. Quite a number of these boys were sentenced for inveterate truancy, and of these the directors of the institution say, "A want of wholesome parental control at home, rather than any natural tendency to evil, is the cause of their straying from school. A large proportion of them were between seven and twelve, and but little acquainted with crime. But little hope can be entertained of their being good and obedient children until the improving and reforming process shall reach the homes

of these boys, and convert them from the abodes of wretchedness and evil example to those of comfort and better influences."

The sentencing of a boy of immature age to a house of correction or county jail, has been understood to be tantamount to utter ruin. The pestiferous society of older and hardened criminals, the almost absolute lack of reformatory culture, the utter poverty both as to means of subsistence and reputation in which the young offender issues from his confinement, at the close of his sentence, are almost positive prophecies of his early return to the same quarters for his second offense. Indeed, crimes have been committed to secure a home and bread by famishing youth shut out from honorable employment by their loss of character. This course is continued until sudden death or a terrible crime arrests forever, or for a long period, the course of depravation. There are boys now in the Reform School who, according to their own testimony, have been previously committed for crimes more than a score of times. The state punishes them for their breaches upon her peace, and in addition makes them worse, and then punishes them again more severely for the crime she herself has nursed in them.

In the old world, of late, special attention has been drawn to the cause and cure of juvenile crime. In England, France, and especially in Germany, reformatory and manual-labor schools for the neglected and exposed portions of the young have been established, and the experiments have been eminently successful. It has been found to be a matter of social economy to take those that are most tempted, and have just yielded to the first overt act of sin, and place them beyond the reach of the solicitations with which they have been surrounded, and the pressure of want; bestow upon them a good education; inspire them with all the wholesome incentives to an upright and virtuous life, and instruct them in all the principles and practices of the Christian religion, rather than to allow them to sink deeper into iniquity, acquire a greater power to do harm, peril the peace of society, and then, without the hope of reformation or corresponding returns, to be forced to restrain them at increased expense. Sufficient evidence of the wisdom of this course is found in the fact that a large proportion of those now confined in our prisons, commenced their

career in crime when they were children. A convict in the prison in Auburn, N. Y., was first convicted when only ten years old, and has since been, at different times, twenty-eight years a convict, supported by the state, at an expense of not less than two thousand dollars. "Half the interest of that sum, seasonably expended in his proper training, might have given him to the state as an intelligent, industrious, upright citizen, and a sharer of the public burdens." It is said that the worst use the state can put a subject to is to execute him; and the next is to imprison him. There is a higher and a nobler office that she may perform for her children. Like a wise and loving mother, she may shelter and nurture them in her arms, correct with gentle discipline their errors, and secure for herself their future benedictions and services. A young man was passing along the streets on his way to the state prison, in the company of the officers of justice. The sight was peculiarly painful, and much feeling was manifested in his behalf. Said a thoughtful man to another by his side, "If the same amount of interest that is now exhibited had been practically shown this youth ten years ago, he would never have been found in such a condition."

The state of Massachusetts had the honor of being the first to provide a state institution for the reform and moral training of juvenile offenders. The cities of Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, had previously provided houses of refuge and reformation for the youth of their several municipalities, and several noble private establishments, like the Farm School in Boston, had been in operation for a few years; but the Westborough School "was the first enterprise in our country, whereby a state, in the character of a common parent, has undertaken the high and sacred duty of rescuing and restoring her lost children, not so much by the terrors of the law as by the gentler influences of the school."

The proposition for a school of reform was brought before the legislature in the session of 1846, by a petition numerously signed by the citizens of the state, and containing among them the name of the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Commissioners were appointed at this session to select an eligible lot of land, to procure the proper plans for the

necessary buildings, and to elaborate a system of government and discipline. In their report to the next legislature, they set forth this noble object as the leading idea of the school: "to take those who might otherwise be subjected to the degradation of prison discipline, and separate them from vicious influences; to teach them their duty to God and their fellow-beings; prepare them to earn an honest livelihood by honorable industry, in some trade or agricultural employment; and to give them such an intellectual education as will fit them properly to discharge the common business of life." During the session of this commission they received from a gentleman—who with a modesty equaled only by his munificence, withheld his name from the public—ten thousand dollars for the promotion of the interests of the new institution, and a proposition to bestow ten thousand more if the state would grant an equal amount, an offer that was at once responded to by her representatives. But this was not the limit of this extraordinary anonymous endowment. It being thought desirable at a later date to annex an adjoining farm, the twenty-five hundred dollars required for its purchase came from the open hand of the same donor, who had veiled his face from the public acclamation, and the sincere gratitude and admiration of the community. And even this was not all. In the month of July, 1849, the Hon. Theodore Lyman died at his residence in Brookline, Mass., honored and lamented by all that knew him, leaving in his will the princely sum of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to all his former donations, as a legacy to the school. Thus from one truly Christian gentleman, the state received the ample sum of over seventy-two thousand dollars, for the purpose of reforming the wretched and tempted children of the commonwealth. A gift so unostentatious, so noble, and so well-distributed, is rarely recorded in the annals of our charities. It is not within the province of the human mind to measure the good that will be accomplished by this benevolent act, or to number the benedictions, from the lips of those ready to perish, upon the memory of this philanthropic man. A simple bust in the beautiful chapel of the institution is the only visible representative of the donor; but the whole massive pile of buildings is his

noblest monument, and his memory among the boys will ever be "like ointment poured forth."

General Lyman had felt the importance of this state movement for the reform of juvenile offenders, from his active participation in the Farm School, of which corporation he was, for a number of years, the president. This institution, an illustration of which has been provided for us, by Moses Grant, Esq., the vice-president and energetic patron of the school, is a private charity, receiving no aid from the state or city, and established by generous individuals, at first in the city itself, and afterward removed to Thompson's island, in Boston harbor, the whole of which is owned by the corporation. Its object is to secure the education and reformation of boys, who from the loss of their parents, or from other causes, are exposed to extraordinary temptations, and liable to become vicious, dangerous or useless members of society. In this institution manual labor is coupled with careful mental and moral instruction; and from the fact of the isolated position of the island, the restraint and discipline of the boys is easily secured, without severity, and more indulgence in recreation can be allowed than if upon the main land. From 1835 to 1852 there were seven hundred and thirty admissions, an average of about fifty a year. These boys are indented to farmers or mechanics in the country, where their advancement in education and improvement in moral character justify their removal. The number of inmates is now limited to one hundred. The success of this experiment in the unmitigated reformation of many of the youths, and their heartfelt gratitude when, in mature life, they could appreciate the kindness that saved them from destruction, prepared General Lyman's mind for a wider field of effort, and he at once seized upon the occasion offered by the inquiry on the part of the state to accomplish this object. In his anonymous letter accompanying the offer of the second ten thousand dollars, he says, "I put a great value on the State Manual-Labor School, and am exceedingly desirous not only that it should begin well, but that it should meet with undoubted success, and deserve and secure the approbation and support of the community. For I do not think that a measure, costing an equal

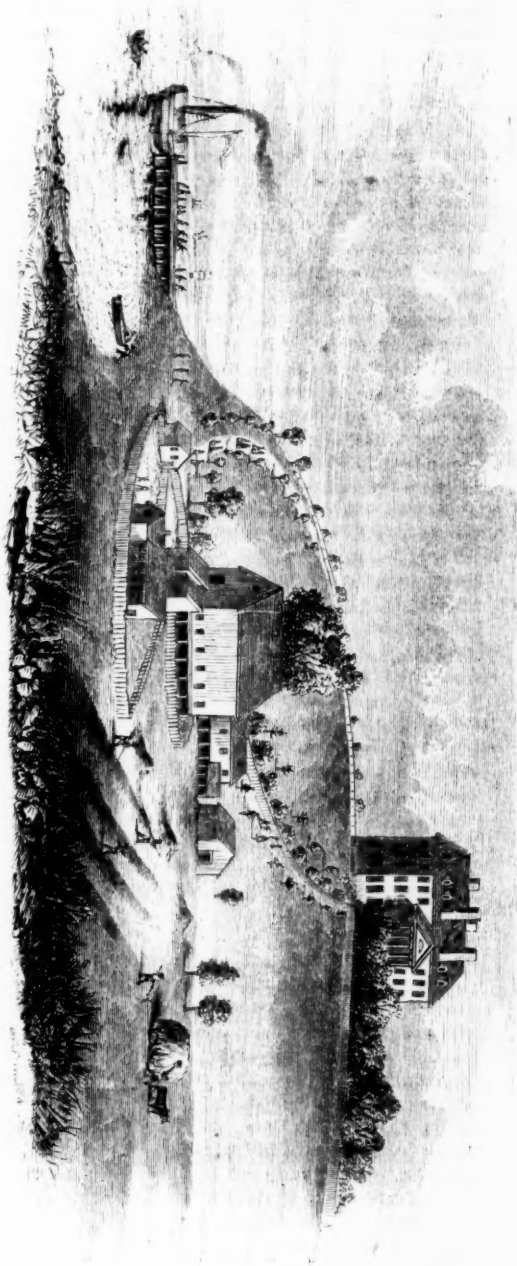
amount of money, care, and attention, could have been devised that will in the end diminish, to a greater extent, crime and suffering in the commonwealth."

In the selection of a site, in the agricultural town of Westborough, upon a farm of over two hundred acres, two miles and a half from the village, which is upon the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and in about the center of the population of the state, the commissioners were peculiarly fortunate. A fine sheet of pure water forms one boundary of the farm, and the land rises by a gentle ascent from it to a height that overlooks the surrounding country. Upon this beautiful and healthful eminence the buildings have been erected. The farm is capable of high culture, and is well stocked with the different varieties of fruit. After considerable inquiry it was concluded to erect an edifice equal to the accommodation of three hundred boys, and the necessary officers; the question having been thoroughly discussed and settled as to the impropriety of having girls who had been arrested for crime, or were exposed to it, in the same building. It was not supposed, however, that the whole capacity of the edifice would be required for a number of years.

In order to keep up the idea of a *school* rather than a prison, and to awaken the confidence of the boys, and at the same time provide adequate restraint for the incorrigible, a prison yard with its high fence was

avoided, by erecting the building in the form of a hollow square, including the playground within the quadrangle—the

FARM SCHOOL, THOMPSON'S ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.



surrounding sides being the school-rooms, workshops, officers' rooms, and dormitories. As will be seen from the illustrating cut, reference was had to the requirements of good taste in the design and external appearance of the building. It has not the aspect of a house of correction, but rather the appearance of a university. The first impression of the boy as he approaches it will be peculiarly cheerful; and his last look as he goes from it to the home which it has procured for him will leave a grateful and lasting trace of beauty upon his memory.

It was a delicate question to decide upon the age of admission. In the experiment of the Farm School it had been found that success, almost without exception, turned upon the youthfulness of the boys. After sixteen years of age the attempt to reform became very uncertain. This period was, therefore, fixed upon as the maximum limit, within which boys committed in the various courts might be sent to the school. As an additional security against an accumulation of incorrigible and hopelessly depraved youth, it was required by the special law provided for the government of the school, that the courts should pronounce upon the offenders sent to the institution an alternative sentence to the house of correction; and the law also gave the trustees the power of rejection and removal. So that, if the young criminal proved refractory, he could be at any time placed in the county jail, for the period of his alternate sentence by the judge. Experience proved, in a few years, what might have been judged *a priori*, that the hope of reformation would depend largely upon the period during which the boys enjoyed the advantages of the school. When they were sentenced for a short term, they were more obstinate, continually dwelling upon the expectation of release, and were but little benefitted by the training of the institution. Those that came young and were sentenced for their minority, or until thorough reformation, have been the most promising subjects for testing the full power of the reformatory processes. All the inmates are sent thither by legal authority and by a direct sentence of the court; but vagrancy and stubbornness, and disobedience to parents, when the complaint is made by the parent or guardian, are considered offenses against the law sufficient to justify a sen-

tence to this school. Indeed, it has been found that boys sentenced for stealing, and like offenses, are not nearly as desperate and hopeless as those who, for lack of parental discipline, have been sent thither as stubborn or refractory. It is a remarkable fact that, in the first year of its operation, one hundred and ten boys, about one third of the whole number, were committed for this offense. The second report says:—"Generally there is more hope of reform in the lad guilty of some petty larceny, or even of a higher offense, than of the really stubborn child, made so by injudicious parental training. Many lads have been led into theft under strong temptations, frequently owing to parental neglect, who readily yield to wholesome discipline and instruction, and to the parental care exercised over them in the institution."

When boys are committed for their minority, it is not expected that they will remain in the school for any longer period than is needful to prepare them to make good farmers and mechanics by apprenticeship. At the earliest hour of safety they are sent into rural districts, and placed in the hands of reliable men, who become responsible for them, and who can, at any moment, if they manifest evil tempers, return them to the school. For this reason they do not make the learning of a trade in the institution a prime object. They have forms of labor best adapted to the age and condition of the boys, to induce habits of diligence, and for exercise and discipline—such as boot-sewing, carpentering, farming, cutting, making and mending clothes, and the domestic work of the institution; but everything is intended to be preliminary to the acquiring of a trade *after* leaving the institution.

The daily routine is as follows:—"Rise at five or half-past five o'clock, according to the season of the year, and after attending to their morning duties, repair to the chapel for religious exercises; breakfast at six or half-past six; labor from seven to ten; school from that time until twelve; then one hour for play and dinner; commence work again at one, and continue until four, when they have another hour for play and supper. From five to seven is for school again, and from this time until their bed time is for examination of the misdemeanors of the day, moral in-



WORKROOM—SHOEMAKERS.

struction and devotional exercises." Thus, four hours are devoted to school, six to labor, eight and a half to sleep, and five and a half to recreation and miscellaneous duties.

In a little more than a year after its opening, the building that was thought to be adequate to the wants of the state for a long period was filled to its maximum number, three hundred and sixteen being enrolled upon its list; and the trustees were obliged to give notice to the officers of justice, that they could not receive more until vacancies occurred. Of the success of the first year's experiment, the managers say, "We can already, in looking over our three hundred boys, select not a few who are giving hopeful evidence that they have been stayed in their career of vice and crime; that new thoughts and better feelings are fast finding place in their bosoms; and that they are forming resolutions, which if strengthened by right example and timely encouragement, will make them a future blessing to the society, whose fundamental institutions their former training was rapidly preparing them to lay waste and destroy. It is a somewhat unexpected fact that of the above number of boys, one hundred and sixty-eight were the children of American parents—more than one half of the whole number committed.

Early measures were taken to enlarge

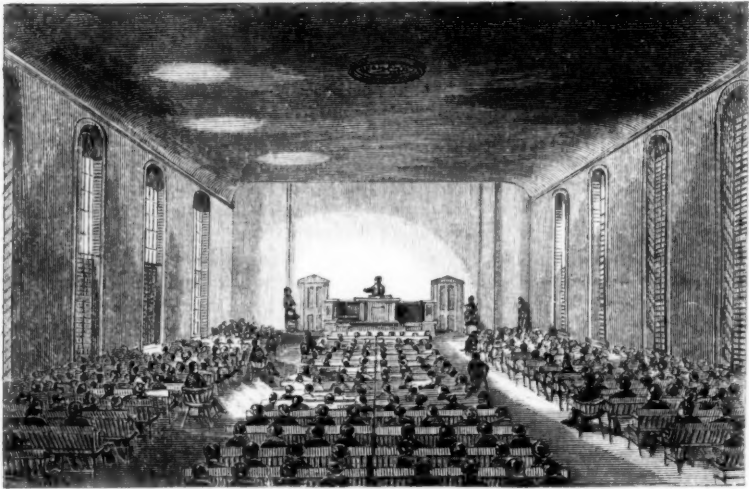
the building; and an addition equal to the original structure, combining improvements suggested by experience and securing one of the finest and most commodious chapels to be found connected with any reformatory establishment in the world, was built, the boys aiding in the manual labor. This addition increased the capacity of the institution so far as to admit of the proper training of five hundred and fifty pupils; and at the present time the school lacks but one hundred of its complement; and by the end of the year it will be full again. "Five years have elapsed," says the last report of the trustees, "since the opening of the institution. Nearly one thousand boys have been subjects of its discipline, of whom, six hundred have gone forth to their various places in the community, many of them, we have reason to believe, carrying hence characters and principles that justify the confident expectations of their future usefulness and respectability."

While the utmost precaution has been taken to have the building guarded with adequate fastenings, and to have the boys conscious of the presence and careful observation of their officers and teachers, a much greater amount of indulgence, it has been found, can be safely allowed them, than was at first supposed to be practicable. Labor on the farm has been made a reward of good behavior. Boys who

had justified the confidence reposed in them by previous good conduct have been permitted to work by themselves in distant parts of the farm, under one of their own number, as a monitor to direct in the work. It is worthy of remark that the boys themselves frown upon any attempt to betray this confidence. If on any such occasions any one should propose to escape, in their own language, "they would be down upon him;" and when any one has fallen in this respect, "he never hears the last of it" from his fellows. Last season they were permitted to go out several miles for berries, and never forgot on their return to bring a noble basketful, in addition to the rest, with no ordinary pleasure, for the superintendent. In answer to a question that the writer asked of the gentleman who so worthily fills this office at the

present time, how often his confidence had been betrayed, where indulgence had been allowed? his answer was, "Not once!" Says the former superintendent:—

"We daily send boys to the village, to mill, and to towns around us, on business. Some of those who were sent for larceny, have been trusted to pay and collect bills. Most of the carting of our supplies has been done by the boys, taking the entire charge of a two-horse team. Though our confidence has been generously bestowed, it has ever been rewarded by their faithfulness. We grant them many privileges for good conduct, such as excursions on our beautiful pond in a boat, in summer, and sliding and skating in winter, inviting them to spend a few hours in our parlor, occasionally taking tea with us, or accompanying us to ride. We depend much more upon appeals to reason and representations of the consequences of a life of vice, than upon any punishment. Much more can usually be gained by kindness and



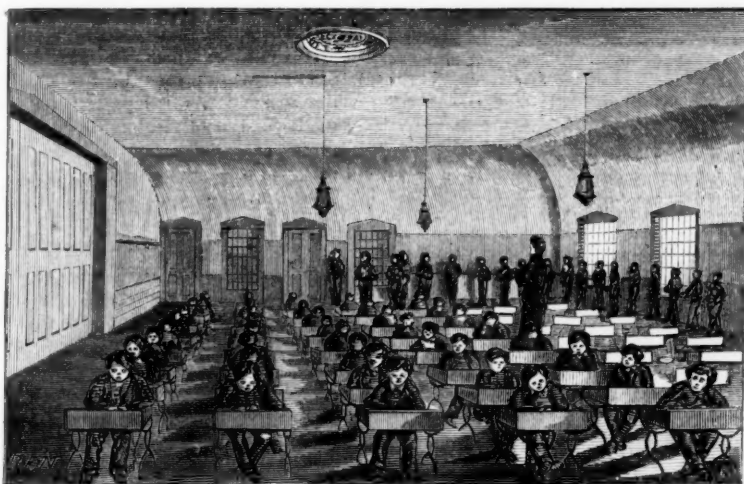
CHAPEL.

appeals to conscience, than by any other means. Boys of this class generally have but little self-respect, therefore great effort is made to lead them to respect themselves. Thus treated, they do not regard themselves as in the confinement of a prison; they become interested in our affairs, and speak of *our* farm, *our* cattle, &c., as though they were interested in their proper management."

The first object of the superintendent is to win the confidence of a new comer, and to learn the history of his life, so that he may be better prepared to apply the suitable moral remedies to his case. In

the stillness of the night, just after retiring, when the little fellow feels more intensely than ever the loneliness of his situation, he stands by his bedside, and taking him by the hand, kindly calls him by his name, and gives him a favorable opportunity to disclose the whole history of his short life. The kind paternal voice awakens the warmest response in the heart of the boy: he almost involuntarily calls him father, and a new relation is formed between them.

The religious discipline of the institution



SCHOOLROOM.

rests in the hands of the chaplain, whose only business is the "cure of souls," and few have a more delicate and responsible parish than the most excellent clergyman who now officiates at the Reform School. Public services are held in the chapel twice on the Sabbath, at which the officers are always present, as well as others who reside in the vicinity—the presence of these older persons having a favorable influence upon the boys. The exercises, however, are conducted with special references to their wants. "The most practical truths of divine revelation are selected as themes for discourse." In these services the boys often manifest deep interest.

A Sabbath school is also held on the Sabbath, the teachers of which are obtained from the village Churches. A more interesting school is not to be found in the state. In addition to the public religious services, private interviews are frequently sought by the chaplain with the boys, on which occasions the most intimate personal relations are secured, and sincere disclosures of the prevalent states of feeling are freely made. Earnest religious advices and directions are given during these interviews; and, says the chaplain speaking of them, "I have always been heard with respectful attention, and frequently asked that such interviews might be repeated." Of the success of these

reformatory measures he thus expresses himself:—

"The thorough reformation of these youth, then, is not a visionary scheme, which we may desire, but not expect to see realized. There are, indeed, some,—though the thought be a sad one,—whose conduct does not authorize us to expect a harvest from the good seed which we are endeavoring to sow, but for whom we may nevertheless labor in hope. This number, however, is comparatively small. We may believe that by far the larger number, penitent for the past and determined for the future, will be restored to the bosom of society."

"An extremely ignorant and unpromising boy was committed about fourteen months since. The unfavorable domestic influences by which he had always been surrounded, and the viciousness of his past life, together with the habitual recklessness both had induced, allowed but faint expectations of his reformation; but he soon applied himself to his books with avidity, is now among the most advanced boys in his English studies, and has been pursuing the study of Latin three months, with a perseverance and success that indicates no common superiority of mind. The ferocity of the lion is changed to the mildness of the lamb. He is a model of diligence and integrity; equally desirous to know and to perform the right for the right's own sake, and is respected and beloved alike by the officers and the boys."

The death of one of the boys is thus touchingly described by the same pen:—

"My last interview with one of them, was but a few hours before his death. He seemed dwelling as much in the future as in the present; now pouring out his own soul in prayer, now desiring that he might be remembered by

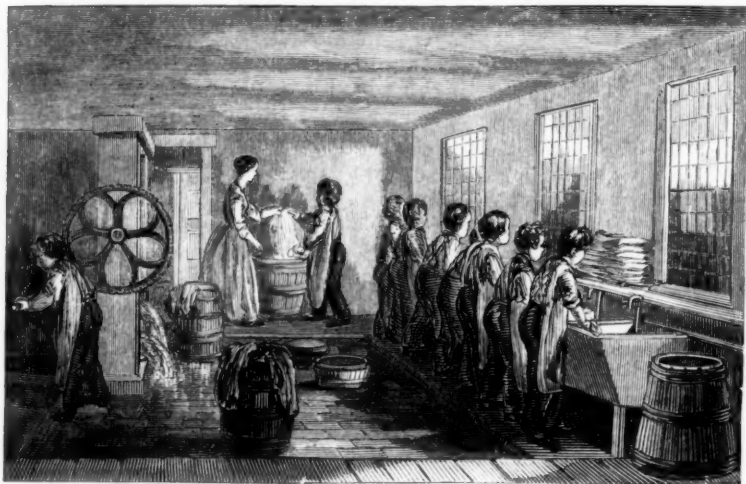
others at the mercy seat. There were times when he seemed lost in his own contemplations; and these were more protracted, as he drew nearer and nearer to the close of his life. But the intervening moments were spent in repeating such passages of the sacred Scriptures as his memory had treasured in health. It was in the last of these lucid intervals, that he opened his eyes, already dim and unexpressive, and repeated those beautiful words of the Saviour: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' There was no hesitation or faltering. They were the last words that could be distinguished with certainty. I have no doubt they were learned in the State Reform School."

The boys for educational purposes are arranged in six principal divisions, according to their proficiency, under separate teachers, and their progress in the ordinary branches of an English education is very encouraging. Indeed, upon examination, they will compare favorably with most country schools, although many of the boys entered the institution without a knowledge of the first steps in study. In addition to their studies, they are eager to use all the facilities offered by the school for reading—they seize the newspapers sometimes sent to them with the utmost avidity. The great lack at the present moment in the establishment is a library sufficiently full to meet this extraor-

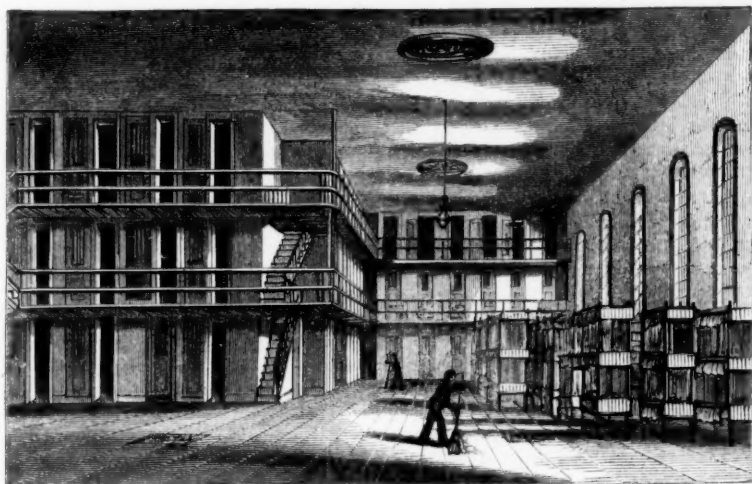
dinary craving for knowledge. We cannot believe that the citizens of Massachusetts will long allow this imperative want to exist. Upon asking questions during a late visit, in reference to the current affairs of the times, the prompt answers of the boys showed the interest they had taken in public events, and the faithfulness of their teachers in their instruction.

The arrangement of the inmates for labor last year was after the following division:—Number in the stitching shop, 74; contractor's shop, (shoes,) 73; tailor's shop, 85; farming, gardening, and outdoor-work, 48; laundry, scrubbing, and work about the house, 44; kitchen, cooking, and baking, 16; miscellaneous, 4.

The laundry work performed by the little fellows is exceedingly well done; specimens of ironing for the officers were shown us, that we have rarely seen surpassed. All the clothes for the boys are cut and made by those of them that work in the tailor's department. There is an air of neatness pervading every department. The dormitories are lofty in the ceiling, well ventilated, and inviting in their appearance—the sleeping-places in the open hall being allotted to those whose behaviour and character justify special indulgence. In each division is an officer's bed. The appearance of the boys is a significant evidence of the wholesomeness of their training. A cheerful, cleanly,



LAUNDRY.



DORMITORIES.

healthful aspect presents itself to the eye as you look down upon them from the chaplain's desk. When they enter, the majority are haggard, ragged, emaciated, and vile in the extreme. Last winter, several lads were taken from one of the crowded dwellings of poverty and vice upon Broad-street in Boston, and sentenced to the school. A more disgusting and painful picture could hardly be conceived—uncleanly, hatless, shoeless, pinched with hunger, their feet bleeding. One little fellow said as he crept up the steps, "My feet are so cold, I cut myself." He meant that he was so numb, that he could not manage his feet, as he trod upon the frozen earth and ice; sensation having in a degree ceased, he mangled his feet every step he took. In a short period, with the cleansing processes, the comfortable clothing, abundant food, and wholesome sleep, these lads could not be distinguished from the others in their appearance.

And these boys, many of them, are among the brightest minds in the commonwealth. Many of them will make their mark upon society if God continues their lives. There are high determinations set in motion in their breasts during the hours of their Christian training. Quite a number of former inmates are now in academies, seeking an advanced education with a brave ambition for the future.

The state has not only saved herself from the evil which these active minds, if perverted, would have accomplished, but has purchased for herself an incalculable amount of good.

An interesting illustration of this we learned from Mr. Talcott, the present superintendent: the young man referred to was under his care in the Reform School in the city of Providence. S— was arrested for breaking into a bank, and was sent to the school upon an alternate sentence of two years in the state prison. When committed he could read and write, but beyond this his education had been entirely neglected. His associates having previously been of the very lowest class, his mind had become fearfully depraved. His reading had been of the most impure description; and in the compositions which he had written himself and preserved, he had closely imitated the spirit of the vile prints that he perused. A few volumes, and newspaper scraps, and some of his own productions he brought with him in a bundle to the institution. He gave them up with much reluctance, and wished to have them carefully preserved until his term should expire; for, said he, "I would not lose them for anything." About a year after this he said to Mr. Talcott, "If you have not looked over those papers, pray don't; but burn them. They are neither fit for you nor any one else to look

upon. I wonder how I could ever take delight in such stuff." The first three months of his stay in the institution, he spent chiefly in endeavoring to effect his escape, and made little or no advancement in his studies. He commenced with the simplest arithmetic in the school; and after giving up the idea of escape, he began to study right earnestly. In mathematics he studied, in course, about all the authors used in our colleges, members of the faculty of Brown University taking a special interest in his case; and when he left the institution he was reading the "*Mécanique Céleste*" of La Place. He also made great proficiency in history, geography, philosophy, and chemistry, besides obtaining quite an insight into the Latin, Greek, and French languages. He so far secured the confidence of the officers of the school, that he was permitted to go to the city unattended, and was often placed in charge of other boys. S— is now employed as a civil engineer in the western part of Massachusetts, and we append with great satisfaction, a portion of a letter recently written by him to Mr. Talcott:—

"I am now engaged in a business that suits my notions of things exactly—engineering. All the old mathematical theorems that have long been dormant in my cranium will now be roused to vigorous action. Arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, and the calculus, will now help me to master my profession. O! how happy I feel sometimes, when, engaged in some abstruse calculation, I arrive at the solution! Tell all your boys to *study hard*. Tell them to persevere, to conquer! I wrote you in my last that I had been down to the Reform School, but I did not tell you how I felt when I grasped the hand of my old teacher. Recollections of Reform School days crowded thick and fast upon my memory. And while I gazed and beheld the change, my eyes were moistened. O! thought I, thrice consecrated spot! You recollect the day when the officers brought me to be placed under your care. O, happy day! when I was taken from the dregs of society, unlettered, uncultivated, rude, filthy, and profane, and placed under such sacred influences! It seems to me if there ever was a sphere in life where a man could do good, and enjoy himself, it is yours. What is it to live, but to do good? How much better a person feels after doing a good action!

"I am coming to see you this summer; until then adieu.

"Your affectionate pupil."

There now, what say you in reference to "anybody's child?" Is he worth the saving? What would this high and proud spirit have accomplished of evil, if it had

finished its preparatory discipline in the state prison instead of the School of Reform?

At the dedication of the institution, Honorable Horace Mann remarked in his address, if *one* boy should be effectually reformed, and be led to the choice of a virtuous life, as the result of all the expense and toil incident to the establishment and support of the school, the compensation would be ample. "Did you notice that expression?" said one gentleman to another. "I did." "Did you not think it rather strong?" "Not if *my* boy should be the one that was saved." Let us not forget that "anybody's child" is *our* child; and that its salvation is worth every trial and all expense.

We have presented this outline of one of the noblest charities of the age, as an example for other states. It is the true philosophy respecting crime—*prevention rather than cure*.

LORD JEFFREY.

THERE was no one of the friends of Lord Jeffrey's later acquisition for whom he had greater admiration or regard than Mr. Macaulay; and he testified the interest which he took in this great writer's fame, by a proceeding which, considering his age and position, is not unworthy of being told. This judge, of seventy-four summers, revised the proof-sheets of the two first volumes of the History of England, with the diligence and minute care of a corrector of the press toiling for bread; not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very commas and colons—a task which, though humble, could not be useless, because it was one at which long practice had made him very skillful. Indeed, he used to boast that it was one of his peculiar excellences. On returning a proof to an editor of the *Review*, he says:—"I have myself rectified most of the errors, and made many valuable verbal improvements in a small way. But my great task has been with the punctuation—in which I have, as usual, acquitted myself to admiration; and indeed this is the department of literature in which I feel that I most excel, and on which I am most willing now to stake my reputation!"

MODERN BRITISH ORATORS—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IT was on a bright September morning, in the year 1835, that we left the little red-tiled village of Pitlessie, in Fife, for Edinburgh, to be present at the O'Connell Festival.

Arrived, we lost no time in securing what was the main desire of our heart at the time, a ticket for the O'Connell Dinner. Thursday, the 17th of September, the day of the festival, dawned in keen, but somewhat cold splendor. We were up early, and wandering with high expectations through the crowded streets; for, although it was autumn, Edinburgh was in flood, and the center of all its multitudes and of all its material grandeurs was for the day Daniel O'Connell. Every group was talking of him, every eye we saw told that the soul within was thinking of him, either for or against, and you heard the very poorest, as they passed you, breathing his name.

It was a sublime and affecting spectacle, to see what Carlyle has called the loyalty of men to their sovereign man! For O'Connell *was*, for the time, the real king, not only of Ireland, but of Scotland, nay, of Britain. It was arranged that, ere the dinner in the evening, there should be a preliminary meeting on the Calton Hill, where the greatest of out-of-door orators should appear in his own element, and have the blue sky for his canopy. It was the most imposing spectacle we ever witnessed. We stood, in common with some hundreds more, on a platform, separated from the general crowd, and surrounding, at no great distance, the still more elevated spot on which O'Connell and a few of his committee and friends were stationed. The day was clear and bright when he began his address. The scene, all who have stood on the Calton Hill can conceive. By and by, first a hum among the multitude, then a sudden departing of its wave, and then a cheer, loud, universal, and long-continued, announced that He was there. And quietly and suddenly as an apparition, up stood the Czar of Ireland, in the presence of fifty thousand Scotchmen, and of the grandest scenery in Scotland, tall, massive, clad in green; his bonnet girdled with gold—with those eloquent lips, and that indescribable eye of his. "Will this immense multi-

tude hear him?" was a question we overheard asked by a gentleman, at Rentoul of the "Spectator," who was standing immediately before us. "They'll hear his arms, at least," was the reply. The cheers had now subsided, and a death-like stillness obtained. After an address to him, which had been hurriedly read, he commenced his speech with a serene dignity and depth of tone which no language of ours can represent. His first words were, "Men of Scotland, I have news for you; I have come to tell you the news. The Tories are beginning to repent that they have permitted the Reform Bill to be passed, and I believe their repentance is *very* sincere." What struck us first about the address, was the simplicity of the style. It was just the after-dinner talk of a gifted man produced to the ear of thousands, and swelled by the echoes of the hills. But such talk, so easy, so rich, so starred with imagery, so radiant with wit, and varying, so freely and so quickly, from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the stern to the gay, from coarse abuse to lofty poetry, from bitter sarcasm to mild insinuating pathos! What struck us next, were the slowness and excessive richness of his tones and cadences. Such a voice we never heard before or since. It seemed to proceed from lips of ivory. The tones were deep, lingering, long-drawn out, with sweetness and strength strangely wedded together in every vibration of their sound. The words, as he uttered them, "*Red Rathcormac*," still ring in our ears. And then, Rentoul had prophesied truly: his arms, as he kindled, seemed to become inspired. Now he waved them both aloft over his head; now he shook one of them in the air; now he folded them, as if they had been eagle's wings, over his breast; now he stretched them out imploringly to his audience; and it was all so thoroughly natural! His abuse and sarcasm were, as usual, exceedingly fierce, but accented by the music of his tones into a kind of wild harmony. He called Peel, we remember, "the greatest humbugger of the age, and as full of cant as any canter whoever canted in this canting world." Yet, mixed with all this truculence, there were passing gleams of truest pathos and poetry. He alluded to the glories of the scene around him in terms of enthusiastic admiration, and quoted—giving thereby a thrill to our hearts which we feel at this

moment again there—the words of Scott in “Marmion :”—

“Where is the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land ?”

About the middle of his speech the sky became overcast ; a black cloud, with rain, hailstones, and a muttering of thunder, came over the assembly, and the thought occurred to us, “What a catastrophe it were, and how the Tories would exult, did an arrow of lightning leap from that darkness, and slay O’Connell, in this the very culmination of his triumph ?” But it passed away, and the September sun shone out again gloriously on the stalwart form of the Titan, who closed his speech by depicting the coming of a day when Ireland and Scotland should be reconciled, and when the “Irish mother” would soothe her babe to rest with

“Scots wha ha’e wi’ Wallace bled.”

The effect of this touch at the time was indescribable, although, on reflection, we thought that a war-song, though the finest in the world, would be a strange lullaby for a child. The multitude, as he ended, seemed to heave out their feelings at one loosened heart, and although there were tumultuous cheers, they seemed but a faint echo of the deep emotion. And although the breaking up of a crowd is always intensely interesting, from the various sentiments and opinions expressed by the various groups, the sudden analysis of one immense body into its constituent parts, and the emblem supplied of the last awful separation which is to take place after the general judgment, yet we seldom mingled in any dissolving multitude with such emotion. Every one seemed not only pleased, but moved to the depths of his being, and filled, for the time at least, with a determined purpose to prosecute the cause which the great orator had plead.

The hour for dinner came. It took place in the Canonmills Hall. Good speeches were delivered by Dr. Bowring, James Aytoun, Dr. James Brown, and others. But, compared to O’Connell, they seemed all schoolboys learning to speak in a juvenile debating society. His speech was not, of course, equal to that of the morning. It wanted the accessories. Instead of mountains, he was surrounded by decanters, and had wine-glasses before him, in place of seas ! Yet it showed

quite as much mastery. What struck you again about his style and manner, was its exquisite combination of ease and energy, of passion and self-command. Again, the basis was conversation, and yet, on that basis, how did he contrive to build energetic, although unlogical thought, fierce invective, sarcasm which scorched like grape-shot, and touches of genuine imagination ! We noticed the power with which he used the figure of interrogation. His questions seemed *hooks*, which seized and detained his audience whether they would or no. His first sentence was, “I am not going to make you a speech—I am going to ask you a question—what brought you all here ?” Altogether it was Titanic talk. Its very coarseness was not vulgar, but resembled rather the coarseness of some mighty Tartar prince like Tamerlane. And then his voice ! Again that wondrous instrument, which Disraeli admits to have been the finest ever heard in Parliament, rolled its rich thunder, its swelling and sinking waves of sound, its quiet and soft cadences of beauty alternated with bass notes of grandeur, its divinely-managed brogue, over the awed and thrilled multitude, who gave him their applause at times, but far more frequently that “silence which is the best applause.” We left with this impression—we have often heard more splendid spouters, more fluent and rapid declaimers, men who coin more cheers, men, too, who have thrilled us with deeper thought and loftier imagery ; but here, for the first time, is an orator in the full meaning and amplest verge of that term—*totus, teres, et rotundus*.

This, indeed, we think was the grand peculiarity of O’Connell. As an orator, he was artistically *one*. He had all those qualities which go to form a great speaker, united into a harmony, strengthened and softened into an essence, *subdued* into a whole. He had a presence which, from its breadth, height, and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass, and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, cajolery, and craft mingling in its ray. He had the richest and best-managed of voices. He had wit, humor, sarcasm, invective, at will. He had a fine Irish fancy, flushing up at times into imagination. He had fierce and dark passions. He had a lawyer-like acuteness of understanding. He had a

sincere love for his country. He had great readiness, and had also that quality which Demosthenes deemed so essential to an orator—action; not the leapings, and vermicular twistings, and contortions, and ventriloquisms, and ape-like gibberings, by which some men delight the groundlings and grieve the judicious, but manly, natural, and powerful action. And over all these faculties he cast a conversational calm; and this rounded off the unit, and made his varied powers not only complete in number, but harmonious in play. Hence he “moved altogether, when he moved at all.” Hence, while others were running, or leaping, or dancing, or flying with broken wing and convulsive effort, O’Connell was content majestically to *walk*. Hence, while others were screaming, or shouting, or lashing themselves into noisy fury, O’Connell was simply anxious to *speak*, and to speak with authority. A petitioner is loud and clamorous; a king may be quiet and low in utterance, and yet his very whispers be heard. On *this* hint O’Connell spake. For, unquestionably, a king he was among a peculiar people. Since Cromwell, or perhaps Burns, no man has been born in Britain whom nature did, by divers infallible marks, more distinctly destine, whether he were ever to be crowned or not, to be a monarch—to rule, whether with a scepter, or a sword, or a tongue, great masses of men—than Daniel O’Connell. The subtlety in his eye was that of a Northern despot. And his high stature, his dignified carriage, and his massive brow, all seemed to bear the inscription—“This man is made to reign.”

Morally, we do not rate him high; for he was false, reckless, and a self-seeker. But, as a man of intellect and energy, or, at least, as a powerful popular force, we doubt if Ireland has yet produced his match; and *more* than any other, is he her representative man. The really great *men* of that country (we speak not so much of her writers or orators) have been Berkeley, Swift, Burke, and O’Connell. Berkeley, however, although an Irishman by birth, had little relationship with his birth-place in his feelings, predilections, or style of thought; he belonged not to Ireland, but to earth;—rather he was the “Minute Philosopher” of the Universe. Swift obtained vast power in Ireland, through his talents and the terrible energy and des-

peration with which he wielded them; but, although in it, he was not of it. He hated his native land with a hatred only inferior to that with which he regarded the men in England who had compelled him to rusticate there; and of the Irishman there was little or nothing in his constitution; at best, he was only a dried specimen of the class—the gigantic fossil of an Irishman. Burke’s universal genius carried him up clear and high above his native bogs, and made him free of

“Whatever clime the sun’s bright circle warms.”

He left Ireland early; his soul, manners, and mental habitudes had left it before, and never returned. But O’Connell, while not to be named with Berkeley in subtle thought; while not to be named with Swift, the Demon of Common-sense, in inventiveness and Satanic power, or with Burke in depth, comprehension, richness, and grandeur, excelled them all in his knowledge of his country, in his sympathy with it, in his determination to link himself with its fortunes, and in power of popular effect, not to speak of his religious creed, and of the influence it gave him over the minds of “seven millions.” Just as certainly as Burns or Scott was the Genius of Scotland; the ideal of its powers, tendencies, weaknesses, and passions; the express image of most that was noble, and of much that was ignoble, in its idiosyncrasy—so surely was Daniel O’Connell the express image of an Irishman; the biggest beggarman in a land of beggars; the calmest, yet most powerful orator in a kingdom of eloquence; the craftiest scion of a crafty race; the most self-seeking and the most patriotic of a people who love “the sod” and themselves with an identical affection.

To dwell at length upon the faults of this extraordinary man’s eloquence, or of his career, is not necessary. Suffice it to remind our readers, that his language was often blotted by personalities, and his counsels marred by indiscretion; that he griped at the gains of patriotism with an avidity, an earnestness, and a perseverance, which justified the general charges brought against him, and that special nickname in which his image stands up before the view of many as in a niche of shame; and that his last journey, to “hide his head under the petticoats of the Pope from the great Fact of Death which was coming upon

him," as Carlyle said of him, was nearly as foolish, as for millions to confront eternity with bare head, blaspheming lips, and without either fear or hope, belief in the devil or in God, in the antichrist or in the Christ. Nevertheless, nothing discovers to us more the energy of O'Connell's genius than his vituperation. Witness his onset on Disraeli: unjust though that in many points was, yet it was so powerful, so refreshing, and so original, that you fancied the spirit of the author of the "Legion-Club," or of him who wrote the "Irish Avatar," to have entered O'Connell for the nonce. It was a touch of genius worthy of Swift or of Byron, to call Disraeli the "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." All men, great and small, can call names. But there is the widest difference between the vituperation of a porter, and that of a poet—between a kick given by an ass from below, and the stroke dealt by an angel from above. The one recoils from the object of assault, and impinges upon the stupid assailant; the other rests on the brow, the scar of an irresistible and supernal blow. The one strikes, the other strikes *down*. The one, to use the words of Christopher North, is "like mud thrown by a brutal boor on the gateway of some glorious edifice;" the other is a flash of lightning from on high, which can neither be repelled nor replied to, but leaves a Cain-mark on the devoted brow, which may be its only passport into future ages.

In 1828, the name O'Connell was a name of reproach. His talents were underrated; he was spoken of as a mere "mob-orator;" his own kind of vituperation, only destitute of its vital force and burning genius, was applied to him without mercy; every small prophet was predicting, that, as soon as he entered Parliament, he was sure to "find his level." In 1830 he became a senator; in 1831 he was listened to as the first orator in the House of Commons; and in 1835, as he stood on his proud pinnacle on the Calton Hill, he had become (Wellington not even at *that* time excepted) the most noticeable and powerful man in the country—the most loved by his friends, and the most dreaded by his foes. And had not some selfish elements mingled with his motives, and some imprudences characterized his conduct, he had been as broad a benefactor to his kind, as he was a special deliverer to

his caste. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Still, he has left behind him a reputation so wide and wondrous, that we may almost call it fame. He has proved what a single man may, and may not do. He has driven the notion of the capacities of individual power almost to its extreme point. Never, since the days of Oliver Cromwell, was there in Britain a man who exerted more power, who was more of, and who, on the whole, deserved more to be a monarch. The fact that he failed, instead of teaching us the lesson of his weakness, ought to teach us a lesson far more true, wide, and instructive—this, namely, that all merely human power, unless supplemented from above, is utterly incapable to produce any result which shall deliver the world permanently from any one of its *primal* evils; and that, out of the broken fragments of the statue of an O'Connell, we should proceed, as out of all similar half-finished or totally-wrecked structures, to rear a shapelier fabric, and to inscribe upon it no earthly name, past, present, or to come, but the simple and sublime words—"To the coming One, even Jesus, the Prince of the kings of the earth, who shall come, will come, and will not tarry!"

EARTHQUAKE UNDER THE TROPICS.

THE impression which the first earthquake makes upon us, even if it is unaccompanied by subterranean noise, is an inexpressibly powerful and quite peculiar one. What moves us so powerfully is the disappointment of our inherent faith in the repose and immutability of the firm solid earth. A moment destroys the illusions of a life. We are undecieved as to the repose of the earth, and feel transported within the sphere of destroying unknown powers. We scarcely trust the ground on which we stand; the strangeness of the occurrence produces the same anxious uneasiness in animals. Pigs and dogs especially are overpowered by it; the crocodiles of the Orinoco, generally as dumb as our little lizards, leave the agitated bed of the river, and rush howling into the forests. To man, an earthquake appears as something omnipresent, unbounded. We can escape from an active eruption, or from a lava stream flowing toward our dwelling; but during an earthquake wherever one flies seems the hearth of destruction.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

GEOLOGICAL MONSTERS.—One of the most interesting, as well as instructive sections of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham is that which contains examples of the organic remains of the "Pre-Adamite World," as discovered by geologists—huge, fantastic monsters, of amazing magnitude and shape. We have now in preparation some articles and engravings respecting these marvels which, we doubt not, will interest our readers; meanwhile we learn from the London *Athenæum* a fact or two about the method of constructing the Crystal-Palace imitations. Restorations, sketch-models to scale, either a sixth or a twelfth of the natural size were first made, and such attitudes were given to them as Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's long acquaintance with the recent and living forms of the animal kingdom, enabled him to adapt to the extinct species he was endeavoring to restore. Clay models built of the natural size by measurement from the sketch models were then made, and when they approximated the true form, the author in every instance secured the anatomical details and the characteristic features of each specimen. Some of these models contained *thirty tons of clay*, which had to be supported on four legs, as their natural-history characteristics would not allow of recourse being had to any of the expedients for support allowed to sculptors in ordinary cases. In the instance of the iguanodon, this was no less than building a house upon four columns, as the quantities of material of which the standing iguanodon is composed consists of four iron columns, nine feet long by seven inches diameter, six hundred bricks, six hundred and fifty five-inch half-round drain-tiles, nine hundred plain tiles, thirty-eight casks of cement, ninety casks of broken stone, making a total of six hundred and forty bushels of artificial stone! This, with one hundred feet of iron hooping, and twenty feet of cube inch bar, constituted the bones, sinews, and muscles of this large model, the largest of which there was any record of a casting having been made. What a scene must the earth have presented in the far-off epoch, when this and similar monsters peopled its partially developed regions!

HANS ANDERSEN.—A Dresden correspondent of a London paper writes as follows, respecting this world-renowned "Story-Teller":—"Yesterday the poet Andersen arrived here, from Copenhagen, on a tour to Italy, accompanied by a young Danish nobleman confided to his care. Andersen was very well-looking, and in good spirits. He went to the house of Frau Von Serre, who had invited his friends to meet him, and among them the poets Gutzkow, Auerbach, Hammer, Otto Roquette, and the well-known traveler, Neigebauer. Andersen is tall and lank; he surpassed in size everybody in the room. He expressed great satisfaction in seeing again so many well-known faces, and put on a great liveliness of manner, not altogether becoming

to him. He will only stay a few days, and then go on to Venice; for, unfortunately, he is compelled to hurry, in order to be home again, after a lapse of two months, as his proof-sheets are waiting for him. He speaks German very badly, and by no means fluently; still, when telling one of his charming little fairy-tales, his mistakes are so *naïve*, and his manner is so well adapted to the thing, that they bear a thousand times' repetition. Singularly enough he has met Dickens here, who was never before in Dresden, we suppose."

WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP.—President Allen of Girard College addressed a large assembly in Faneuil Hall, at the "Collation" of the Unitarians, during the last Boston Anniversary Week. In the course of his remarks, he presented some interesting explanations of the manner in which religious instruction is given in the college. Girard's will, it will be recollected, puts some very scandalous restrictions on religion in the institution. A clergyman is not allowed to cross the threshold to peep even at the ugly statue of the old sinner which deforms the noble architecture around it. The managers and instructors seem to be able, nevertheless, to give a really Christian character to the institution. Dr. Allen remarked that his reverend and learned friend (Dr. Lathrop) had asked him some questions with regard to the school, and he had that gentleman's permission to answer these questions to the audience. The Girard College for orphans was instituted under peculiar restrictions, which had brought upon it a great degree of odium from large classes of our community. The institution was opened six years ago, with many misgivings; its proceedings had been watched with the deepest interest; it had gone abroad that this was to be an *infidel* institution, and that the Bible could not be read there—and that there was to be no moral or religious instruction. But though they had "no religion to boast of," yet they tried to give such moral and religious instruction as laymen could give. He would try to explain their system. Girard's will required that the pupils of the institution should be instructed in chemistry and natural philosophy—but it named no text-books in these sciences—and they had assumed that they must use the books recommended by the highest authority in that department of learning. So the same will required that the boys should be instructed in the purest principles of morality; but no text-book was prescribed—and the officers of the college took it for granted that, *here also*, they were to use the book recognized as of the highest authority by the greatest number—the Bible, and the Bible was read daily there, without note or comment. The founder also required the teaching of astronomy, and the other high sciences; but this could not be done without a previous instruction in the elementary departments of mathematics necessary to enable a boy to understand astronomy; so they had assumed the right to teach conic sections, in order to teach astronomy. On the same principle, in order to teach morality, we must first teach that without which morality can have no basis or sanction—and therefore we teach religion. This might be termed whip-

ping a certain person, not to be named, "round the stump;" but no matter *round what* he is whipped, provided only he be *roundly* whipped. President Allen then proceeded to give some account of the religious exercises in Girard College on the Sabbath. These consisted of family worship, in singing hymns and reading a portion of Scripture, and in prayer, sometimes written and sometimes spontaneous; using no sectarian forms, and giving no sectarian instructions; and also in religious services, including discourses on moral and religious subjects. Although *clergymen* were not allowed to officiate, yet laymen could conduct such services and exercises. The boys also had appointed hours for reading, and for walking and recreation; and these exercises were varied with the view to make the Sunday both interesting and profitable to them. They recognized Christianity as the law of the land; and if a Jew or a Mohammedan pupil should enter their institution, he would be required to conform to these regulations.

When we were last in Philadelphia we found that our old friend, Cummings, of the *Evening Bulletin*, had, the previous Sunday, been "*whipping roundly*" the above nameless personage, at the institution. If he does it as effectually as he whips the times with his editorial scourge, he ought to be "pressed" into the Methodist itinerancy forthwith. Right glad are we, and the public, doubtless, also, that the whimsical will of Girard can thus be met by lay ministrations. We have no fear of the results.

NEW-YORK OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.—This noble charity was opened in May, 1852, since which time (being little more than two years) over sixteen hundred patients, with diseases of the eye, have received gratuitous advice and medicines, at an expense of only about \$1,300, being less than one dollar for each patient, including rent of building. The majority of these patients have been cured or relieved—a degree of success which is unparalleled in the history of any similar institution. Many of them, but for the relief here obtained, would have now been inmates of the Blind Asylum or the Alms House, and thus been a permanent expense to the citizens of New-York. The hospital at present is located at No. 6 Stuyvesant-street, near the junction of Ninth-street and Third Avenue. The apartments, however, are too small for the purpose of carrying out the benevolent designs of its founders. Such, indeed, has been the rapid increase of patients within the last six months, that it was found indispensable to appeal to the state for aid. The legislature has recently appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose of building an Ophthalmic hospital, provided an additional sum of \$10,000 is raised in this city. We hope it will be forthcoming from our benevolent citizens. This is a true, economic charity. It is "*pre-vention*," though by a process of "*cure*." Drs. Stephenson and Garrish are the attending physicians. The enthusiastic and successful devotion of Dr. Stephenson to ophthalmic surgery has secured him remarkable success. We notice, in the public papers, the announcement of a deserved testimonial, which the classes attending his lectures lately made him—the

presentation of the case of the celebrated Luer's ophthalmic instruments, which was on exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—The following hymn, composed for the Whit-Monday festivities of the Manchester Sunday-School Union, is believed to have been the last composition of the lamented poet, James Montgomery:—

Welcome, welcome, glorious day,
When the children, year by year,
All in Whitsuntide-array,
On their festival appear:
Not with sound of trumpet and drum,
Nor death-weapons in their hands,
Though with banners spread they come—
Humble, peaceful, happy bands!

With the gospel-message shod,
Fearless faith their seven-fold shield,
And their sword the word of God,
Who shall foil them in the field?
While a holy war they wage,
Through strange perils and alarms,
Satan's malice, wiles, and rage,
And the world in Satan's arms.

Prince Immanuel at their head,
These, where'er they face a foe,
By their teacher-captains led,
Conquering and to conquer go:
Still a self-renewing race,
As the elder rise in life,
Young recruits supply their place,
To maintain the endless strife.

For till Time his roll hath seal'd,
And the dead in Christ arise,
(Heaven, and earth, and hell reveal'd
Unto all created eyes,
Soldiers, valiant for the truth,
Shall this holy war prolong;
Men and angels, age and youth,
Sing the Church-triumphant's song.

Learn we now that wondrous strain,
In our schools, our homes, our hearts,
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain!"
In all languages, all parts:
Then the countless chorus swell,
Round his throne, with glad accord,
Never more to say, "Farewell!"
But, "Forever with the Lord!"

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.—We gave in our last number some interesting deductions from the late "Census Survey of England." A very full and elaborate review of the returns of that census has been published in the *Reformer's Hand-Book*, London, from which the following important conclusions are clearly deducible:—

1. That the state having taken upon itself the charge of the nation's spiritual interests by "establishing" a Church—such Church assuming to be the only authorized religious instructor of the people—does not, in fact, provide places of worship for more than one half (about) of those for whom such accommodation is required.

2. That twenty years ago this deficiency was much greater, and that the extension of the resources of the Establishment which has taken place during that period, has resulted, not from state-support, but, almost exclusively, from the spontaneous liberality of its members, and that, therefore, the Church of England has grown stronger as a Church since it has become, in a pecuniary respect, less of an establishment.

3. That notwithstanding all the supposed advantages—legal, pecuniary, and social—possessed for centuries by the Church of England, those who dissent from it, besides contributing to the support of the establishment, and in spite of past persecution, have erected a greater number of religious edifices, and provided nearly as many sittings.

4. That Dissenters, being unfettered by state restrictions, and not enervated by state patronage and wealth, display a greater amount of religious activity, and work their religious machinery more extensively than the members of the Establishment.

5. That in the large towns, where there is the greatest amount of mental activity, and which have an increasing weight in influencing the national policy, dissent from the Established Church decidedly preponderates; the two most important counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, manifesting that preponderance in the greatest degree.

6. That Wales, while much poorer than England, is better provided with the means of spiritual instruction, and that as the result of voluntary effort—the "Poor Man's Church" being maintained by the poor man himself and not by the state.

7. That England has a national Church to which two-thirds of the nation do not belong; and that the appellation "Church of England" is a misnomer.

8. That this establishment taxes all other religious bodies, and places them at a serious disadvantage, and yet they do one-half its work at their own cost.

Such results must have powerful effect on the voluntary question in England. There is *mathematical* demonstration in them.

VOLTAIRE—THE VILLAINY OF HIS CHARACTER.—One of the worst works in any language is Voltaire's poem on Joan of Arc—an obscene production in which that noble heroine is villified with a vulgarity which, we should suppose, could be learned only in the vilest brothel. Some new fragments of the great infidel's correspondence have recently been exhumed in France. Not the least curious is a note written to Professor Jallabert. The professor was also a magistrate, and having seized, in the exercise of his functions, some copies of the poem that were in circulation, had sent them to Voltaire, expressing his surprise that such things should be attributed to him. The answer was as follows:—

"I return you, sir, the rhapsody which you have had the goodness to confide to me. I thank you for your attention. None but a rogue of the lowest order could have written the *greater part* of those verses, especially those on which I have written a little note. The valets of Paris are more successful when they make verses in our ante-chambers. If I could find out the unhappy being who has put forth these stupid impertinences, I would beat him to death. Excuse my just indignation against the low scoundrel who is the author of this rubbish. I am persuaded that you share my just anger. When will you come and sup with us, and make us forget by your amiable society and by your virtue all these abominations?"—VOLTAIRE.

The note alluded to is as follows:—"What lackey has written the greater part of these verses—above all, these? What scamp of the dregs of the people can have written this insolent rubbish?"

If these fragments be genuine, it must be confessed that they add an additional touch to the character of the philosopher of Ferney. Voltaire was capable of the profoundest hypocrisy as well as of almost every other vice—hypocrisy only the worst for its badinage.

GHOSTS—HOW THEY ARE CREATED.—The literature of "supernaturalism" has grown largely within a year, some of its most valuable productions tending however to dispel the old superstitions which amused or crazed our forefathers. The last careful work of the kind, and one of the best, is Mr. Radcliffe's "*Fiends, Ghosts, and Spirits*," published by Bentley, London. Mr. Radcliffe attributes many so-called

ghosts to the diseased action of the bodily organs, which, at times of painful excitement or general ill-health, possess the power of giving an appearance of reality and "outness" to the conceptions of the mind. This, like the rest of his arguments, has received many previous and convincing expositions; but Mr. Radcliffe has collected a great number of cases of hallucination, which may be read with interest and profit. The following is very much to the purpose:—

"A gentleman with whom we are acquainted happened, when young, to have a severe fall on the head. After this accident and until he attained the age of eleven years, he was subject to visions of brilliant and variously colored light, when he retired to bed at night, and all light in his room had been extinguished. Occasionally these visions were so gorgeous and resplendent that he is accustomed to compare them to the jeweled decorations of the palaces of the genii in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' When about eleven years of age he got possession of a volume of legends and romances, which was pregnant with supernatural events and personages; and a friend injudiciously gave him a work full of ghost-stories, and entitled, 'News from the Invisible World.' These works he read with avidity, and the effect upon the mind was such that henceforth his nightly visions were transformed into foul, horrid, and often variously colored specters, rendering the period of time intervening between retiring to rest and sleep, one of unmitigated terror, and it became necessary to have a light constantly burning in the room until sleep occurred. After the twelfth year the intensity of the visions rapidly diminished, and at length only occurred when he turned himself upon his face in bed. In this position a sensation as if the bed had passed from under him occurred, and his eye formed the center of a circle of imps which whirled rapidly round it. The number of these specters next began to diminish, and by the time he was fifteen years of age, but one remained, and this appeared only occasionally. This solitary specter gradually lost its fiend-like form, and assumed that of a respectable-looking old Roman, clothed in a toga; and it at length vanished to reappear no more. * * * The spontaneous appearance of light in the visual field, in this case, formed the substratum upon which the mind molded the specters; and it is interesting to remark the influence which the perusal of a volume of legends and ghost-stories, and subsequent classical studies, had in determining the form of the phantasma."

Here are some of the hallucinations of great men, who, from the brain-excitement in which they constantly live, are peculiarly subject to such tricks of the senses:—

"Spinello, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions caused him to commit suicide. Muller, who executed the copperplate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Toward the close of his life the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown toward her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tartars, Turks, Romans, and Catholics climbing up, and struggling and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light-colored coat, riding toward him."

Of the terrible and bewildering effects of the opiate called *haschisch*, Mr. Radcliffe relates that the sense of hearing "becomes, occasionally, so developed, that a word pronounced low, or a slight movement, sounds like a peal of thunder." He says further:—

"In the state induced by hashish, the singular and fantastic forms which those under its influence, and the parties surrounding them, have appeared to undergo, are of great interest. 'The eyelashes,' writes one gentleman, 'lengthened themselves indefinitely, and rolled themselves as threads of gold on little ivory bobbins, which turned unassisted, with frightful rapidity. . . . I still saw my comrades at certain moments, but deformed, half men, half plants, with the pensive airs of an ibis standing on one foot, of ostriches flapping their wings, &c.'—I imagined that I was the parrot of the Queen of Sheba, and I imitated as well as I was able the cries of this praiseworthy bird."

The same gentleman "thought he could look at will into his stomach, and that he saw there, in the form of an emerald, from which escaped millions of sparks, the drug he had swallowed." Here is some of the raw material of which ghosts are made.

ORGANIC CHANGE.—At the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a resolution of Dr. W. A. Smith was adopted, giving the college of bishops the privilege of presenting their objections to any rule or regulation adopted by the General Conference, which, in their opinion, is unconstitutional, and requiring a subsequent vote of two-thirds in favor of the rule or regulation so objected to, to pass the regulation.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.—A correspondent of *The Athenæum* says:—In the summer of 1852 I went to the top of Dunsinane Hill along with the "neighboring clergyman," a most accomplished gentleman. Of Macbeth's Castle, the "Great Dunsinane," nothing remains; there are, however, three mounds, which we imagined to be the site of "the outward walls" where the banners were ordered to be hung out:—

"Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come!'"—*Macbeth*, act v, sc. 5.

When we came to the foot of the hill, we discovered that there was a very fine echo; and surely Shakspeare knew that this was the case, or else some one told him, for he makes Macbeth say to the doctor:—

"I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."—*Act v, sc. 3.*

BIRDS SPEAKING ENGLISH.—A traveler in South America, speaking of the birds of his native land, says it is pleasant to notice that, into whatever strange countries they may have wandered during winter, and whatever strange tongues they may have heard, they nevertheless come back *speaking English*. Hark! "Phoebe! Phoebe!" plain enough. And by-and-by the bobolink, saying, "Bob o' Lincoln," and the quail, saying, "Bob White." We have heard of one who always thought the robin said, "Skillet! skillet! three legs to a skillet! two legs to a skillet!" A certain facetious doctor says the robins cry out to him as he passes along the road, "Kill 'em! cure 'em! physic! physic! physic!"

JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT'S "Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New-Mexico, California, Chihuahua," &c., has been published, in two volumes, by the Appletons. It is an interesting and instructive work, replete with incident and adventure. We quote

the following pleasing description of the log-houses of a small German colony, which he found on reaching the Guadalupe River:—

"Among these, I was not a little surprised to find one occupied by a gentleman of learning and taste, with a choice library of scientific books around him. In chemistry and mineralogy, his collection was particularly rich; and even in other departments of natural science, as well as in history, voyages, and travels, it would have been a very respectable one in our large cities, where books are easily procured. Some good pictures, including copies from Murillo, evinced his taste in the fine arts. There was no floor or glass windows to this humble dwelling, and as much daylight seemed to come through the openings in the logs as through the windows. A plank table, chairs covered with deer skin, and a rude platform, on which was spread a bed filled with corn husks, but destitute of bed-clothes, constituted the furniture. The walls were covered with books except one spot, where were arranged twelve rifles and fowling-pieces of various kinds, with other paraphernalia of a genuine sportsman; while here and there, jutting out from a projecting corner or log, were sundry antlers, evidence of the skill of the occupant. For want of closets and drawers, these antlers served to hang his clothes on.

"On entering this primitive dwelling, we found its owner, Mr. Berne, busily engaged upon his meteorological table. He received us with kindness and suavity of manner; and we found him, as well as several others of his countrymen who had entered, communicative and intelligent. They had been here two years, and formed part of a large colony of Germans who had settled in the vicinity. By invitation, we called at an adjoining house, equally primitive with that before described. On the rude wall hung some beautiful pictures, while other articles of taste, and a cabinet of minerals, had their appropriate places. Here, too, was a fine harpsichord, from which we were treated to selections from the most popular composers, played with an expression and feeling which indicated a master's hand. . . . It is pleasant to meet such emigrants. They bring cheerfulness and contentment with them, and impart to the pioneer population by which they are surrounded that love for refined enjoyments in which it is so often deficient."

JEREMY TAYLOR says:—"Marriage has in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

A FRENCHMAN IN AMSTERDAM.—A Parisian, who, by some means, had found himself in Amsterdam, had his attention attracted by a remarkably beautiful house near the canal. For some moments he silently gazed on the edifice, as if lost in admiration; then suddenly turning round, he addressed himself in French to a Dutchman who stood beside him:—

"Pray, sir, may I ask, To whom does that house belong?"

The Hollander answered him in his own language:—

"*Ik kan niet verstan*," (I do not understand.)

The Parisian not doubting he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the proprietor's name.

"O, O!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstan! Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated! The house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious! I don't know that I ever saw a better! A friend of mine has one like it, near the River Choise—but I certainly give this the preference!" He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman made no reply.

When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman walking on the quay, arm in arm with a gentleman. He asked a person who passed him who that charming lady was; but the man, not understanding French, replied:—

"*Ik kan niet verstan*,"

"What, sir!" exclaimed our traveler, "is that Mr. Kaniferstan's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed this gentleman's lot is enviable, to possess such a noble house and so lovely a companion!"

The next day when he was walking he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian, wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, it was still answered:—

"*Ik kan niet verstan*."

"O!" said he, "this is too great an accession of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferstan proprietor of such a fine house, husband to such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery. It must be allowed there are some fortunate men in the world!"

About a week after this, our traveler saw a very superb funeral. He asked whose it was.

"*Ik kan niet verstan*," replied the person of whom he inquired.

"O gracious!" exclaimed he; "poor Mr. Kaniferstan, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery! He must have quitted this world with great regret! But I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration!"

He then went home, reflecting on the instability of human affairs.

IDLENESS.—Old Burton says that idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion on which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

FREAKS OF THE BRAIN.—It is curious, sometimes ludicrous, to observe the freaks which the brain plays in an "abnormal condition," as the doctors say.

Dr. Gooch relates the case of a lady who, in consequence of an alarm of fire, believed that she was the Virgin Mary, and that her head was constantly encircled by a brilliant halo. Dr. Uwins gives an account of an intellectual young gentleman, who, from some morbid association with the idea of an elephant, was struck by a

horrific spasm whenever the word was named, or even written before him; and to such a pitch was this infatuation carried, that elephant *paper*, if he were sensible it were such, produced the same effect. A similar case is told of a gentleman, who, on narrowly escaping from the earthquake at Lisbon, fell into a state of delirium whenever the word *earthquake* was pronounced in his hearing. The Rev. John Mason, of Water Stratford, England, evinced in every thing sound judgment, except that he believed he was Elias, and foretold the advent of Christ, who was to commence the millennium at Stratford. A lady, twenty-three years of age, afflicted with hysterical madness, used to remain constantly at the windows of her apartment during the summer. When she saw a beautiful cloud in the sky, she screamed out, "Garverin, Garverin, come and take me!" and repeated the same invitation until the cloud disappeared. She mistook the clouds for balloons sent up by Garverin. The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his *rational soul* was annihilated by a special fiat of the divine will; and a patient in the Friends' "Retreat," at York, thought he had no soul, heart, or lungs. There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me." Bishop Warburton tells us of a man who thought himself a "goose pie;" and Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had "swallowed the devil." In Paris there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined; and when Napoleon was emperor, their heads were all restored, but in the scramble he got the wrong one! Marcus Donatus tells us of one Vicentinus, who believed himself too large to pass one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physician that he should be dragged through the aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along, Vicentinus screamed out in agony that his limbs were fractured, and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died. The singularity, and indeed the mischief of many of such cases is, that they are *monomaniacal*, the patient being rational on all other subjects, and, therefore, when the hallucination relates to a matter of speculation, in science, in theology, say, it often has a grave result, being taken as rational matter of inquiry or the poor "cracked" author being held responsible as a heretic, and, in former times, burnt alive, with devout zeal by his orthodox brethren. We have fallen upon more merciful times, and assuredly need them much, for madness is amazingly rife among us.

A CURIOSITY.—The following curious sentence is said to have been taken from a volume of sermons published during the reign of James I. of England: "This *dial* shows that we must *die all*; yet notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *de houses*, our *cares* into *cates*, our *paradise* into *pair o'dice*, *matrimony* into *matter of money*, and *marriage* into *merry age*, our *divines* into *dry vines*: it was not so in the days of Noah—O, no!"

Book Notices.

Gold and the Gospel—Black Water Chronicle—Dr. Dempster—Scott's Daniel—Bow in the Clouds—Camp-Meeting Manual—Plurality of Worlds—Chesney's Russo-Turkish Campaigns—Sunshine on Daily Paths—Fern Leaves—Hunter's Select Melodies—The Bride of the Iconoclasts—Works of Rogers—Armenia—Miss Strickland's Lives—Bird's Calavar—Recreations of Christopher North—A Defense of the Eclipse of Faith—Protestant Church in Hungary—Greece and the Golden Horn.

A VERY valuable book has been issued by Carlton & Phillips, New-York, entitled *Gold and the Gospel*. It contains two prize essays on the "Scriptural duty of giving according to means and income." They discuss fully the Biblical doctrine on the subject, and present it so distinctly that the book cannot fail of a profound effect. These essays are making a stir in England. It is certainly a hopeful sign of the times that the subject of "systematic beneficence" is assuming so much interest in the Christian world. It is precisely in this idea that we believe lies the chief hope of the Christian movements of the age. The world is yet to see a practical revolution on this subject.

Redfield, New-York, has sent us *The Black Water Chronicle*, an amusing sketch of "An Expedition into the Land of Canaan," a section of Western Virginia, in Randolph County. It was undertaken by "five adventurous gentlemen, without any aid from government." The region invaded by these unrivaled heroes—"hillbusters" against panthers, bears, and wolves—is exceedingly romantic in its scenery and sporting opportunities; and the profound historian who has undertaken to record the memorable expedition, rivals, in some respects, the extraordinary claims of the venerable Diederich Knickerbocker, that ever-to-be-venerated historiographer, who has preserved from oblivion the history of New-York, "from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty." The book is full of rollicking humor, and presents a large amount of information respecting a very interesting portion of the "Old Dominion."

We have received a very able *Discourse on the Ministerial Call*, addressed, by request, to the members of the Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H., by Rev. Dr. Dempster. While the style of the address is highly ornate, its tone of thought is vigorous and sober. We have not before seen the peculiar topic of the ministerial call more thoroughly sifted, or more intelligibly presented.

Daniel: a Model for Young Men, is the title of a substantial octavo, containing a series of lectures which were delivered in New-Orleans, by Rev. Dr. Scott, and introduced to the public by the Rev. Dr. Sprague. The book is too large to be very inviting to young men. It is replete, however, with good sense. The salient points of the prophet's history are well presented, and its lessons strikingly drawn out.

Monroe & Co., Boston, have issued a new edition of *Briggs's Bow in the Clouds*, a book not of the strictest accordance with some of our

theological opinions, but full of refreshing thought and noble sentiments, on the darker problems of human life. Some nine of the present discourses were not in former editions, and they are among the very best of the volume, as their titles will suggest. Among them are "Sorrow incidental to Man's Greatness," "The Ministry of Nature to Human Grief," "Action, not Repose, the Heavenly Rest," &c.

Everything has its peculiar literature now a days, not excepting the Methodist camp-meeting. Degen, Boston, has sent us the *Camp-meeting Manual*, a practical book for the camp-ground, in three parts, by Rev. B. W. Gorham. It is a curiously complete little affair, giving the history of such meetings, defending them against objections, telling you how to "go to camp-meeting," how to behave there, and how to return; and detailing with much practical good sense, the "requisites of a good camp-meeting," and all desirable suggestions respecting "tents," "buildings," "fixtures," &c.

The Plurality of Worlds is the title of a very remarkable book, reprinted from a London edition, by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and prefaced by an introduction from President Hitchcock, of Amherst. The design of the volume is to dispute the hypothesis that the stellar worlds are inhabited. The argument is both geological and astronomical. It is strikingly plausible, and pretty effectually upsets the common reasonings in favor of the other worlds being inhabited, except in respect to Mars and Venus. We do not, however, believe in the author's theory; it appears to us an amazing fallacy; but we were not aware before of the great amount of plausible argument with which it can be defended.

We are indebted to the same publishers for another "valuable addition to our literature," on the Eastern question—*Chesney's Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829*. It goes over the localities of the present war, and describes the actual state of affairs in the East; and in an appendix gives the diplomatic correspondence of the four powers, and the secret correspondence between Russia and England. The whole subject is made intelligible by excellent maps. The book will effectually aid the reader to appreciate the present posture and probabilities of the "Eastern Question."

A very interesting compilation of articles from Dickens's *Household Words*, entitled *Sunshine on Daily Paths*, has been published by Peck & Bliss, Philadelphia, and is for sale at Clark, Austin & Smith's, Park-Row, New-York. They consist of papers of a curious character, revealing "Beauty and Wonder in Common Things," and are illustrated by eight original and very good engravings. Charles Dickens, perhaps, wrote not one of these pages; but as he is the responsible editor of the *Household Words*, we have his indorsement of them, and the reader will pronounce them fully worthy of his pen.

Miller, Orton & Mulligan, Auburn and Buffalo, have issued a second series of *Fern Leaves*, from *Fanny's Portfolio*. They are all new pieces, and are illustrated by eight full page engravings. The first series, and the *Little Ferns*, had a sale, within six months average time of their first publication, of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. Fanny Fern's popularity arises entirely from her intrinsic merits as a writer—her naturalness, wit, good sense, and good sensibility. Her books are everywhere, and deserve to be.

Higgins & Perkinpine, Philadelphia, have issued a new edition of *Hunter's Select Melodies*, a little volume that comprises many of the best hymns and spiritual songs in common use, but which are not found in standard Church hymn-books. It is a "curiosity of literature;" there are some specimens of outré composition, some of real doggerel, perhaps; but the book, as a whole, abounds in genuine melodies and in the most striking sentiments of religion. The translations from the mystic devotional poetry of Germany are especially good.

The Bride of the Iconoclasts, is the title of a poem by a young writer, as we learn from the preface, published in very neat style by *Monroe & Co., Boston*. There are evidences of a juvenile hand about it, but also of real poetic genius; a skillful use of language, a fine fancy, genuine sentiment, with occasional obscurity and other remediable faults. A fervent devotion to the "divine art" will, we think, secure enviable success to this young author.

Lord Byron in his time called *Samuel Rogers* the master of the living poets, and still the venerable bard lives on in his elegant residence, surrounded by all that art, and taste, and wealth can furnish for the enjoyment of a green old age. The volume of his works lately issued by *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston*, is edited by *Epes Sargent*, and issued in a style to which the fastidious elegance of the author could not object, while its price will place it within the reach of all. It contains the complete poetical works of Rogers, and a Prefatory Memoir by the editor gives the critical articles of *Mackintosh* and *Jeffrey*.

Messrs. Harper have issued *Armenia—a Year at Erzeroum and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia*, by *Robert Curzon*. Whoever has read *Curzon's* "Monasteries of the Levant," will eagerly seize any volume from his pen. The one now presented to the public relates to a country which is daily increasing in importance as the theater of events upon which the eyes of the world are fixed. The author was attached to a commission composed of Russians and English, appointed at the request of the Turkish and Persian governments to fix the boundary line of the two countries. It was hoped that this might end the border feuds which have existed between the two countries almost from time immemorial, rendering the whole region unsafe for travelers, and consequently almost unknown in civilized lands. It is a book one will not readily close, till he has reached the final sen-

tence, and his only regret will then be that there is no more of it.

We have received from *Messrs. Harper* the fourth volume of *Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses*. It contains the biography of *Mary Stuart*, and is one of the most interesting volumes of the series.

Dr. Bird's Calavar; or, The Knight of the Conquest, has been republished, in excellent style, by *Redfield, New-York*. It ranks among our best indigenous works of fiction, having passed through three editions, and survived fourteen years—a considerable longevity, certainly, for a romance now-a-days. It is founded upon the invasion of Mexico by *Cortes*, and describes with much power, and as much historical accuracy, the first campaign of the conquest.

We are indebted to *Magee, Boston*, for *Wilson's Recreations of Christopher North*, as published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* The whole of these favorite sketches are included in one volume. The mezzotint portrait is excellent, but the type and paper are execrable—at least for so fine a work. It is like setting jewels in pottery.

Redfield, New-York, continues his fine series of *Simm's* works. The last volume we have received is *Katherine Walton, the Rebel of Dorchester*. It is a sequel to the "Partisan," which we lately noticed, and illustrates revolutionary life in *Charleston, S. C.*, as his "Partisan" and "Mellichampe" illustrate the interior scenes of the movement. There is a remarkable historical accuracy in the fictions of *Simm's*, and they have done more than any other writings to bring out the resources of history and romance in the South.

Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, have published *A Defense of the Eclipse of Faith*, by its Author, a rejoinder to *Professor Newman's* "Reply." Also, *Newman's* "Reply," together with his chapter on the "Moral Perfection of Jesus," &c. The whole field of this spirited controversy is thus laid open before the reader. Of course, *Rogers* is the victor; his rejoinder is overpowering.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, have published *The History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the beginning of the Reformation to 1850*. It has special reference to *Transylvania*, but presents a comprehensive and valuable, if not very entertaining outline of Protestantism throughout Hungary. *D'Aubigne* introduces it; we wish he had written it, for it lacks his graphic and dramatic skill.

President Olin's Greece and the Golden Horn is out, with an introduction by *Dr. McClinton*. Written some years ago, it is yet decidedly the best description of the modern Greeks in the market. Though a rascally race, they present some most interesting aspects. *Dr. Olin's* sketches are abundant in the variety of their details. They are marked by sober good sense, and his usual breadth, accuracy, and elaborateness of thought. We have already referred to this work; it deserves an extensive sale.

Literary Record.

Boston Letter—Methodist Episcopal Church, South—Griswold's Poets and Prose Writers of America—Discovery of Galileo's Commentaries on Dante—Royal Society of Literature—Encyclopaedia of American Literature—Lamartine—Newspapers in Turkey—Oliver Goldsmith's Works—Quicksands on Foreign Shores—Spiritualism—Macaulay—Cobbett's Articles—The Old Printer and the Modern Press—Reid's Scalp Hunter—The Athenaeum.

Our Boston correspondent sends us the following literary epistle:—

BOSTON LETTER.

The town has adjourned to the country. Only those poor fellows whose business or poverty forbid their *hégira* at the height of the dog-star, hover, ghost-like, about the heated brick walls of the city. In all airy places, upon the mountains and by the sea-side, crowds of these refugees from heat and business are thronging.

The multitude of books, cool and comfortable duodecimos, which have been gathering upon bookshelves with such unprecedented rapidity during the past six months, a long appalling and appealing rank, pleading clamorously for a hearing, now have a fair chance to receive their proper attention. Under the trees, and in shadowy verandahs, between genial conversations, they may now step forth and present their claims to an undisturbed reading. The call will soon be for readers; books are so cheap who can help buying them? But to read them, a man must have as many heads as Briareus had hands. The question will be asked soon, who reads American books? for a very different reason from that which occasioned its first utterance.

The amount of volumes published in Boston for the few months past has been unprecedented; and they are most of them really valuable additions to the library, meriting a permanent place and a careful reading. Our largest booksellers are looking about for more ample quarters, their present shelves refusing to bear up the rapid and large editions pouring from the press. Phillips, Sampson & Co., who have heretofore conducted their business in chambers, in a few months move "up town," as you would say in your city, to occupy a noble granite front store on Winter-street. The large rooms in the new building will afford accommodations for their immense publishing business, while the lower story will form the most elegant retail book-store in the city, and their counters will exhibit the gathered current literature of the English tongue. They have quite a number of new works in the press, every week introducing through their establishment some fresh claimant upon the public attention. The *History of England*, in thirteen volumes, by Lingard, the Catholic, is now being published at short intervals, it having been delayed for a few months back by the urgent demand for other publications. It forms an excellent and cheap library edition. The volumes of Talfourd & Campbell, which fell under your critical pen, will be re-stereotyped and issued in a more worthy dress. The present editions, however, are very respectable for the marvelous cheapness at which they are offered. The wonderful blacksmith, who has been covering England with his "Olive Leaves," and seeking to secure cheap international communication, in order to attain a permanent peace, has just issued from their press a volume of miscellanies, entitled, "Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad"—pleasant and profitable reading. A graceful *Memoir of Mr. Burritt*, by Mary Howitt, introduces the volume, and it is illustrated by an excellent engraved portrait of the *polyglot* author. "Blessed are the peace-makers" in these days of "wars and rumors of wars," and this benediction rests eminently upon the head of Ellen Burritt. The volume upon the "Poets and Poetry of Greece," a noble octavo by Mills, consisting of popular lectures upon the poetic literature of classic Greece, with admirable English translations, deserves, and undoubtedly will enjoy, a concursive reception among the reading community. By a mutual arrangement with J. C. Derby, of New-York, the books of the two establishments bear a common imprint, and the volumes of your spirited bookseller enjoy the circulating medium of P., S. & Co.'s large business. Under this arrangement, the excellent

volume of Dr. Olin, covering the scene of the seat of the present European struggle, "Greece and the Golden Horn," has been issued and has been very cordially received by the press and the public. This has been followed by the "Morning Stars of the New World," graceful biographies of the discoverers of our continent, and by a volume for the season, redolent of the forest and vivacious in its record of personal recreations and adventures, called "Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams," a lively description of a sporting excursion in the counties of Northern New-York.

Our near neighbors, Jewett & Co., who have long beguiled their customers into our Crescent-street, have been crowded by their increasing business out of Cornhill, and have taken one of the finest stores upon Washington-street. With the increased facilities which they will enjoy in their new establishment for the retail trade, we may readily imagine that it will have few superiors in the country under the management of its enterprising proprietors.

Gould & Lincoln are taking a moment's breath in the publishing department, and yielding up their growing presses to the reprinted editions of the valuable volumes they have lately published. The "Plurality of Worlds" has made an uncommon impression upon the thoughtful portion of the reading community. It may not succeed in depopulating the stars, but it will serve to chasten speculative philosophy, and suggest a limit to the human fancy. I notice that the English answer to the work is announced by two of your New-York publishers—Carter and Harper—as well as by our respected Boston firm. As Carter has purchased early sheets, he undoubtedly will usher in the new volume to the American field of the controversy.

There is one of our book establishments that is not obnoxious to the prevailing spirit of change. There it stands, with the same homely and inviting presence that it has borne for years, right under the shadow of its venerable friend, the "Old South" Meeting House, all windows and doors upon the two streets of which it marks the corner, its shelves and extended tables crowded with all the rarities of the season, and ordinarily surrounded with those that prepare the reading matter from the raw material, or those whose ample income allows the expensive luxury of rare editions and richly illustrated volumes. Here Ticknor & Co. receive their multitudinous friends and patrons, and offer the numerous and excellent editions of the poets of the nineteenth century, which they have been busily collecting for the last few years. This must be the height of the season for these works. So portable, just fitted to the carpet-bag, and so wonderfully adapted to grove and mountain reading and to sea-side recreations. They have lately published one of the most characteristic of New-England tales, which first charmed the readers of Putnam's Magazine, and will be a traveling companion of many others during the summer months. In its present beautiful form. It is called "Wensley," and is also styled a "Story without a Moral," which, after all, is the most serious objection which rests against this order of literature. They have also issued in their elegant style of publication, "Atherton, and Other Tales," by Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village." It is illustrated by a beautiful steel engraving, from an original painting in the possession of Mr. Fields, of the delightful authoress—one of the pleasantest faces of age that we have looked upon, full of thought and covered with sunshine, although exhibiting a few lines significant of the severe physical pain to which she has been subjected. The principal story is marked with all the graces of Miss Mitford's style, although it was composed and written under circumstances of almost incredible prostration and pain. It is a rural, moral tale, as are the others published with it—true to the charming scenery of England and to its social life.

Upon the opposite side of Washington-street we naturally enough tarry a moment before the inviting windows of Little, Brown & Co.'s great law and foreign bookstore. It is a temptation that one with a small capital ought not to allow himself often to fall into. The gravity of many of the works, and the immense rows of portly octavos and quartos fairly subdue one's spirit, and we step more gently, and find ourselves on the point of raising our hat as we walk along by their side. A more goodly collection of the library editions

of foreign classics is perhaps not to be found in the country than is presented here. A new American book, "Ames's Life and Works," edited by his son, Seth Ames, Esq., in two octavo volumes, meets you and holds your eye upon its beautiful pages and rich contents, as you enter. Few names have a more fragrant reputation in American annals for patriotism and eloquence than Fisher Ames. In their press they announce a work that will excite attention, both from its subject and its author: "Brownson's Spirit Rapper," designed to show the connexion of spirit manifestations with mesmerism, socialism, revolutionism, magic, &c., by O. A. Brownson. "Plutarch's Lives." Partly from Dryden's translation, and partly from other hands. The whole carefully revised and corrected. With some Original Translations by the editor, A. H. Clough, Esq., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, 5 vols. Svo. "Norton's Translation of the Gospels." A translation of the Four Gospels, with Notes, by Andrews Norton, 2 vols. Svo. "Pierce's Mechanics." A Treatise on Analytic Mechanics, by Benjamin Pierce, LL. D., Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University, 1 vol., 4to. "Lyell's Manual of Geology." New edition. Manual of Elementary Geology; or, the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments, by Sir Charles Lyell. Fifth and entirely revised edition. Illustrated with maps, plates, and wood-cuts. Svo., cloth.

The same firm have made arrangements with Murray, the well-known English publisher, for a supply of his fine edition of the "British Classics," now in course of publication, by which they are enabled to furnish them at a great reduction from the English price. The following volumes will be forthcoming at an early day:—"The Works of Oliver Goldsmith," edited by Peter Cunningham, F. S. A., with vignettes. To be completed in 4 vols. "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with Notes, by Milman and Gulzot. Edited with Additional Notes by William Smith, LL. D. Portrait and maps. To be completed in 5 volumes. "The Works of Alexander Pope," containing nearly one hundred and fifty unpublished Letters. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, assisted by Peter Cunningham, F. S. A. 6 vols. Svo. "The Works of Dryden and Swift." Thoroughly revised and edited. Based upon the editions of Sir Walter Scott. "The Works of Joseph Addison." Edited, with a new Life and Notes, by the Rev. W. Elwin, B. A. 4 vols. Svo. "Johnson's Lives of the Poets." Edited, with Notes, by Peter Cunningham, F. S. A.

In a previous letter, we referred to a movement among the "Franklin Medal-Scholars" and the "Charitable Mechanics' Association," to erect a statue to the philosopher and statesman, in his native city. The committee charged with the preliminary work has secured funds adequate to authorize them to engage an artist and adopt a model of the statue. Mr. Richard S. Greenough has been selected, and the evidence which he has already given of his capacity justifies the expectation that he will execute a work that will be worthy of its subject, and of the city that has thus sought to express its respect for an honored former resident. In the model prepared by the sculptor, the face and head have been copied from the original bust of Franklin, by Houdon, taken for Mr. Jefferson, and now the property of his granddaughter, resident in Boston. He is to be represented in the costume of the times. In the dress he wore at the time he signed the Treaty of Peace in 1783, the identical clothes having been preserved as most valuable relics, and accurately copied by the artist. It is proposed to have the four sides of the pedestal to represent, in bas-reliefs, as many prominent events in Franklin's life: the first, "Franklin working his press;" the second, his "Experiment in electricity;" the third, "Signing the Declaration of Independence;" and fourth, "Concluding the Treaty of Peace." It is also proposed that these bas-reliefs be intrusted to different artists. If the statue is executed in the spirit of its design and model, it will be a most admirable work of art, and an expressive tribute to our Franklin.

You will recollect the fearful storm in April, 1851, which swept away the iron foundations, with the superincumbent lighthouse and its occupants, from Minot's Ledge, outside of Boston harbor. This exposed ledge, the scene of many wrecks, has been unprotected with a light since the time of this dreadful casualty. But now the United States engineers have surveyed the ledge, and reported that the base will permit of the construction of a stone lighthouse of sufficient dimensions to resist the force of the most powerful wave, and immediate measures will be taken to commence the work.

Our noted East Boston ship-builder is now at work upon a clipper ship of the first class, and of two thousand five hundred tons' capacity. She is intended for the trade of James Baines and Co., of Liverpool, and is to bear the honored name of its constructor, "Donald McKay."

It is reported that Mr. McKay is about to build a beautiful yacht of about ninety tons, which he intends as a present to the Emperor of Japan. She is to be named the "Queen of the Orient."

In several of our towns we have had serious discussions upon the "Bible question in Schools," and in every instance the Bible has been retained. In Winchester, by a very large majority, the request of the Catholics to give up the Bible was refused; and in Holliston, the committee have ruled that where a child objected to read the Protestant version, he should be excused. A public meeting was called, and after many spirited addresses, the following resolution was passed, with only a few dissenting voices. The school committee, however, at once resigned:—

Resolved—That it be the sense of this meeting, that while no blame attaches to the school committee in regard to the reading of the Bible in our schools, yet, in view of the fact that the Bible furnishes the only safe foundation of moral instruction, and in view also of the repeated encroachments of the Catholics in various parts of our country, as well as in our own town, in regard to schools, we deem it the duty of our committee to direct, under all circumstances hereafter, that the Bible be uniformly read in all our schools by all the scholars thereof of sufficient acquirement to read the same intelligibly.

The last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, provided the following large literary corps for the ensuing four years:—

Book Committee—Messrs. M'Ferrin, Hamilton, Green, Gardner, and Evans.

Editor of Sunday-school Books, Tracts, and Books of general catalogue—Dr. T. O. Summers.

Editor of Lady's Companion and Sunday-school Visitor—L. D. Huston.

Quarterly Review—Dr. D. S. Doggett.

Nashville Christian Advocate—Dr. J. B. M'Ferrin.

Richmond Christian Advocate—Dr. L. M. Lee.

Southern Christian Advocate—E. H. Myers.

Holston Christian Advocate—S. Patton.

St. Louis Christian Advocate—D. R. M'Anally.

New-Orleans Chris. Advocate—H. N. M'Tyeire.

Memphis Christian Advocate—J. E. Cobb.

Texas Christian Advocate—C. C. Gillespie.

California Christian Observer—Dr. Jesse Borning.

A resolution was adopted, giving liberty to the book agents to publish, if they think it advisable, a monthly magazine of a high literary character.

Agos of English Periodicals—The Edinburgh Review is just 50 years old; the Quarterly, 34; the New Monthly Magazine, 33; Blackwood, 38; and Fraser, 24.

Dr. Griswold's two works, the Poets and Prose-Writers of America, are about to pass to a new edition, with the preparation of which for the press he is now engaged. The addition to his list of poets is considerable, several new competitors for poetic fame having made their appearance within a few years past. On the new edition of the Prose-Writers, Dr. Griswold, it is said, is bestowing a good deal of pains, writing over some parts of it, and making it in every respect more complete.

The Tuscan *Moniteur* announces that Signor Sigli has discovered in Florence Galileo's Commentaries on Dante, which were supposed to

have been lost. They are in the autograph of the philosopher, and will doubtless be given to the world in due time.

At the last meeting of the *Royal Society of Literature* in London, the Rev. D. J. Heath read a paper, "On the Select Hieratic Papyri," published by the British Museum, in 1844, in the deciphering of which he has lately been making considerable progress. Mr. Heath believes that he has succeeded in discovering that some of these, as the fifth and sixth of the Anastasi collection, which belong to the reign of Menephtah II., narrate the exodus of a "mixed multitude" from Egypt, and probably that of the Jews themselves. In the commencement of his paper, Mr. Heath gave several reasons why he imagined that the exodus did really take place during the reign of this Menephtah II., though, if his theory be true, the date of that event is brought down as low as B. C. 1312; and he stated that he had been led to this conclusion by perusing some remarkable papers, contributed by Miss Corboux to the "Journal of Sacred Literature." The contents of these papyri Mr. Heath showed to be very various, each new subject being, generally, distinguished by red-letter headings; some are verses, sung by the tutor to the royal youths in the harem; some are official orders to different officers; some are praises, not only of kings but of individuals. In one instance there is a psalm, by a royal psalmist, and some are plain historical statements. The dates appended to some of the paragraphs are those of the copyist; for the same paragraphs are sometimes repeated in different handwritings. Mr. Heath then proceeded to give various portions of the papyri translated, but necessarily in a very fragmentary form, in illustration of his theory and belief with respect to their contents.

Scribner, of this city, will soon issue a work entitled, "An Encyclopædia of American Literature," embracing personal and critical notices of authors, with passages from their writings, from the earliest period to the present day, with portraits, autographs, and other illustrations.

M. de Lamartine has a new work in the press, a "History of Turkey," of which a notice has appeared in the *Paris Constitutionnel*.

Newspapers in Turkey.—Constantinople has thirteen papers, Smyrna six, and Alexandria one. Servia is rich in its periodical press, having eight papers, while Wallachia and Moldavia have only four. In all there are thirty-four newspapers in the Ottoman empire.

Murray, the celebrated London publisher, has issued a new edition of *Oliver Goldsmith's Works*, edited by Peter Cunningham, (John Murray,) containing the "Bee," the "Essays," collected from various periodicals by the author, and first published by him in 1765, unacknowledged Essays, and miscellaneous prefaces, introductions, and other papers.

A work of fiction, referring to *Conventual Institutions*, by a member of the family of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, (Whately,) will shortly be published, entitled "Quicksands on Foreign Shores."

Judge Edmonds, *Dr. Dexter*, and *O. G. Warren*, are out with a new monthly, (*The Sacred Circle*), devoted to *Spiritualism*. But this, like nearly all the "Spiritual" organs, (there are eight of them in the United States,) assumes the truth of the "spiritual" hypothesis, but does not undertake to prove it. It is a work for the elect, and not for unconvinced inquirers.

Mr. Macaulay has been elected President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in the room of the late Professor Wilson.

Cobbett's articles, from his once celebrated "Register," on the "Reasons for going to war with Russia in defense of Turkey," have been reprinted in London, and are creating quite a sensation.

"The Old Printer and the Modern Press," is the title of a work recently published by *Murray*, of London. The author, *Charles Knight*, is a "fast" and amusing writer, full of anecdote and mirth. He reviews the history of literature in all its phases; sneers at patronage, and abuses the British Government in no measured terms for creating a people that rush to casinos and sottish beer-shops instead of being purchasers of weekly volumes. As a specimen of the manner in which he handles his subject, we give the following amusing notice of the transformation of rag into paper:—

"The material of which this book is formed existed a few months ago, perhaps, in the shape of a tattered frock, whose shreds, exposed for years to the sun and wind, covered the sturdy loins of the shepherd watching his sheep on the plains of Hungary;—or it might have formed part of the coarse blue shirt of the Italian sailor, on board some little trading-vessel of the Mediterranean;—or it might have pertained to the once tidy *camicia* of the neat straw-plaiter of Tuscany, who, on the eve of some festival, when her head was intent upon gay things, condemned the garment to the *dracel-vendolo* (rag-merchant) of Leghorn;—or it might have constituted the coarse covering of the flock-bed of the farmer of Saxony, or once looked bright in the damask table-cloth of the burgher of Hamburg;—or, lastly, it might have been swept, new and unworn, out of the vast collection of the shreds and patches, the fustian and buckram, of a London tailor; or might have accompanied every revolution of a fashionable coat in the shape of lining—having traveled from St. James's to St. Giles's, from Bond-street to Monmouth-street, from Rag Fair to the Dublin Liberty, till man disowned the vesture, and the kennel-sweeper claimed its miserable remains. In each or all of these forms, and in hundreds more which it would be useless to describe, this sheet of paper a short time since might have existed. No matter, now, what the color of the rag—how oily the cotton—what filth it has gathered and harbored through all its transmutation—the scientific paper-maker can produce out of these filthy materials one of the most beautiful productions of manufacture."

There are two translations of *Captain Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunter"* on sale in Paris; and of one of them there are two editions. The *Moniteur*, in a review of the work, pronounces the author equal to Cooper, and original in the same field where that romancer was so successful. *M. Allyn Basseau*, the translator of the edition thus enlogized, certainly understands and seizes upon the singularly vigorous and picturesque Western American-English better than any other Frenchman who has applied himself to the task.

The *Athenæum* is at present edited by *Mr. Hepworth Dixon*, author of the "Lives of Penn, Howard, and Blake;" the first undertaken to counteract the slanders of Macaulay in his "History of England."

Fine Arts.

The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers—Washington at the Battle of Monmouth—Niagara Falls—Mary Russell Mitford—Francesca da Rimini—Discovery in Greece—Death of an Artist—Ancient Art.

LUCY's prize picture, *The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers*, is exhibiting at Exeter Hall, London. The little band of Independents, who quitted Holland after twelve years of exile, has here started into life. The sympathetic interest excited by this historical work proves that lofty aim and conscientious pursuit bear their own reward. It will, we understand, shortly be sent to this country for exhibition.

Washington at the Battle of Monmouth.—A correspondent of a New-York journal, in writing from Berlin, states that the point of time which Leutz, the artist, has seized, in his historical picture of Washington at the Battle of Monmouth, is that of his encounter with the retreating troops, and his stern reprimand to Lee. He rides fiercely up, with his sword raised in his right hand, his countenance indicating astonishment and determination, mingled with suppressed passion. Immediately behind Washington are Lafayette and Hamilton. On the left is the figure of a soldier, who has dropped in a state of exhaustion upon the green margin of the pool. His eye is fixed upon the water, his right hand extended toward it as if vainly attempting to reach it; his left hand is clasped around the arm of a hardy, sun-burnt, "leather-stocking" character, habited in the wild garb of a Western trapper. His strongly-marked and weather-beaten face is turned, with an expression of great interest, toward the Commander-in-Chief. The foreground upon the right is occupied by the figure of a dying youth, supported by a brother-in-arms of a stately form and bearing: the intense interest with which his eyes are bent upon the dying man—as well as the contrast in years—would at once suggest to the mind the relation of father and son. The ghastly hue of death is suffused over the features—the eyes are set. The father's hand is pressed upon the breast of the dying man as if to be sure that the spark of immortality still lingered in its earthly tenement. Immediately in front a soldier is introduced dipping water with his hat for the relief of the sufferer. As a whole, I can hardly believe that this work is calculated to add greatly to Mr. Leutz's reputation as an American historical painter, particularly when contrasted with his very successful picture of Washington crossing the Delaware.

Mr. Gignoux, of this city, has completed a painting of Niagara Falls for Baron Rothschild. It is a winter view of the Falls, and conveys a most faithful picture of the cataract in the midst of its icy grandeur.

A critic in the north alludes, in handsome terms, to the portrait of *Mary Russell Mitford*, which has lately been on exhibition at the Athenæum Gallery, at Boston. He says, that "a more engaging picture of the features of old age is not often seen. The clear, brownish, florid complexion—the eyes blue, with an ap-

proach to gray, sparkling with wit and kindly feeling—the broad forehead, from which her silver hair is neatly brushed behind her cap, betoken a fullness of years, with an unimpaired youthfulness of feeling. Miss Mitford has already passed the age of sixty-five."

The well-known picture of *Francesca da Rimini*, by *M. Ary Scheffer*, now at the Gallery of French paintings in London, is to be sent for exhibition to this country.

Several remains of antiquity have lately been discovered in Greece. At Megara, two columns and part of the pavement of a small temple; at Athens, a triangular pedestal, bearing a winged spirit on each of its sides. A statue of Jupiter and the torso of a priestess are also mentioned.

One of the most distinguished artists of America, *Mr. Wright*, died at his residence, in this city, last month. The most beautiful medals in gold, silver, or bronze, which have ever been struck in this country to commemorate the deeds of our military and naval heroes, or to illustrate memorable events in our history, and to preserve in durable form the lineaments of American statesmen, have been the work of Mr. Wright. The Congress of the United States, the states of New-York, Virginia, and other members of our confederacy, have testified to his superiority of taste and skill as an artist, by employing him to execute medals which they have awarded to citizens distinguished for their military and civic services.

A valuable collection of *Works of Ancient Art* has recently been sold in London. It includes amphore, statuettes, bronzes, fibule, vases, masks, lachrymatories, cameos, Etruscan pottery, terracottas, gems, ancient jewelry, marbles, ivories, armor, marqueterie, mosaics, Venetian and German glass, and Raffaele and Faenza ware. Among the more curious specimens may be mentioned a pair of Etruscan ear-rings formed of hollow ovals of flat beaten gold; an Etruscan bronze of a group of small figures witnessing an execution; a bronze trough from Xanthus, supposed to have been an incense burner; a bronze lamp from Cumæ, intended for suspension, ornamented with bosses of lions' heads, and an Etruscan vase, the bottom of which was formed by a wild beast's head and jaws. We may add to this list a small gold statuette of Cupid, and some ancient vases of semi-opaque Greek glass, found in a tomb at Ruvo, very pearly and iridescent from long corrosion; and some curious bracelets, bullæ, necklaces, and tirings of Greek workmanship. Of the luxurious fifteenth century work there were some rich instances. Of these, the best was a silver shrine, twenty-five inches high, containing a figure of St. John, and attended by cherubim, angels, children holding festoons, and decorated with fruit and flowers; and a baronial salt-cellar, surmounted by a figure of Fame, surrounded by Cupids riding on dolphins.

Scientific Items.

Meteorological Observations—Cutting Steel—Printing Paper—Gold in South Africa—Electricity—Mineral Resources of the West—Marble Quarries.

CAPTAIN FITZROY, of the English navy, has been appointed superintendent of the newly-created office for analyzing and tabulating the uniform system of meteorological observations. "This," says the *London Athenæum*, "is an important result of the excellent proposition made by Lieutenant Maury, on the part of the United States Government, for an extensive international series of maritime meteorological observations on a uniform plan."

There is, says the *Scientific American*, a method of sawing or cutting hardened steel, which is not as generally known as it should be. A circular piece of common thin iron plate, or sheet iron, being adjusted to a lathe, or by other means put into a violent rotary motion, will readily cut off a file, a cutting tool or tempered steel spring, without drawing or reducing the temper. There is much mystery in the wonderful effect of this buzz, and its cutting property is attributed to electricity. It answers a very convenient purpose, however, when the shape and form of articles are required to be altered without effecting their temper. It furnishes a convenient method for cutting teeth to large saws, but objectionable on account of the newly-cut surface being left so hard that they cannot be readily filed by a common file.

The growing demand for printing paper, and its present high prices, render it necessary that some new material should, if possible, be brought into use, which, from its abundance and cheapness, may recommend it to the manufacturer. To this end several of our most able scientific men are devoting their time, and with satisfactory results; for it has been discovered that in the southern and western states, south of the 30th degree of latitude, a plant is grown from which printing paper may be manufactured in greater quantities and of a finer quality, than is now made from all the materials now used in the manufacture of that article. The plant flourishes best in damp soils and a humid atmosphere. Under the most advantageous circumstances, it grows from six to ten feet in height, and will yield several tons to the acre. The stem, like hemp, requires to be stripped of its bark, leaving a core of a beautiful whiteness, with a fiber of the full length of the plant, very strong and pliable. Experiments on a limited scale have recently been made with it, in the manufacture of a cloth used for bagging, with highly favorable results. In texture it bears some resemblance to manilla, though it is not so harsh, and is more readily converted into pulp.

Gold in South Africa.—It has been known for several years that copper to some extent was to be found in the country of the Namaquas, or, as it is called, Namaqualand; but, owing to the barrenness of the country, the scarcity of water, and the consequent difficulty of transport to the coast, it was doubted whether it could be profit-

ably worked. An enterprising mercantile firm has, however, tested this, and is reaping its reward, the ore collected being found to be of a very rich description, and the difficulties of transport much less than were at first anticipated. It has been lately discovered that some of the copper ore collected contains a portion of gold, thus greatly enhancing its value, even if the more precious metal be not found in large quantities, as by many it is anticipated it will be. The foregoing remarks refer to the Namaqualand—a country bounded by the South Atlantic Ocean, the Great Orange River, and the district of Clanwilliam. In the sovereignty, or country north of the Orange River, small nuggets of gold have been discovered in the quartz rock, with which that country abounds, and many people are "prospecting" in that direction; and further to the north, in the country occupied by the Dutch farmers, some similar discoveries have been made, but it is said a law has been passed by the "Volksraad," excluding all Englishmen from the right to search for it.

Dr. Robert de Lambelle, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

From an article in a late number of the *American Phrenological Journal* we clip the following on the mineral resources of the West:—

"The mineral wealth of the West is beyond all computation. The greater portion of this vast valley is underlaid with rich beds of coal. Practically inexhaustible are these mines of wealth. They crop out at short distances; show themselves along the ravines and river bluffs; exhibit their sooty lines on the hillsides, inviting attention to their beds of wealth. They will afford fuel for thousands of years for all who may wish to use it. Next to coal, iron is the most widespread mineral of the West. Its mines are practically inexhaustible. It is found in almost every state, and in some in great profusion. In the arts of civilization, iron is by far the most useful and valuable mineral yet known. In many places the iron ore of the West is very rich, containing sometimes as high as ninety per cent of iron. There is probably iron enough in the West to make all the railroads and all the factories and iron utensils that will ever be needed in the valley, should it be as densely populated and highly civilized as we have contemplated. Next to iron, lead is the most plentiful metal. It is found in numerous places. The lead mines of Illinois and Missouri alone will produce enormous quantities of this valuable mineral.

"Copper is found in some parts in abundance; and some silver has been found. And yet the West is comparatively unexplored. The speculator and the huntsman have passed over it, but the eye of science has yet revealed but little of its mineral wealth. The whole underground West is one grand mine-kn, in which are interspersed its varied beds of minerals; and the greater portion of the soil is ready to be made into bricks of the best quality. Stone, brick, and lime, are almost as plenty as soil and water."

A German sculptor, established in the ancient city of Athens, has again discovered those celebrated kinds of marbles, the *red and green antique*, the quarries of which have been lost from time immemorial. He has discovered the red antique on the southern part of the chain of the Taygetus, and the green on the northern side of the island of Tinos.